

# POTTER TOTTER

BY: Marauders' Marauderette

AN: Hello everyone!

I'm new to ff, just signed up. I've read many fics but this is the first one I am writing. Please give it a try...I have great plans in mind for this one.

Disclaimer: I am not J.K. Rowling. I do wish that I was though.

## PROLOGUE.

A six year old Lily Potter sat at the window sill, staring outside, watching the rain as it fell. She loved the rain; dancing while water droplets pattered on her face, splashing in puddles, she loved all of it.

James and Albus wouldn't help her convince their mom to let her play outside. They were too busy messing up kitchen. Teddy would've taken her outside... if he wasn't in school. Teddy would play with her outside and teach her how to do cartwheels and fly .

She loved flying as well. She was getting her new training broom tomorrow. Her old one could only fly up to five feet, but her new one could go three times higher...and it was faster.

James had a real broom. Lily rode it once, when all the Weasleys were over at the Potter House, and no one was watching...or so she thought.

She flew high, so high, the wind whipping her flaming red hair around her, emerald eyes shining with excitement and exhilaration. Lily felt as if she was in heaven.

Harry Potter was looking up at his youngest child with admiration as she flew twenty feet above him.

He was one proud Daddy at that moment.

Lily watched the drops of water trickle down the window, as if they were racing. She couldn't go outside right now; she was stuck inside, afraid that if she would defy her mother's orders she would never be allowed outside again.

As she dreamed of twirling in the rain, something outside caught her attention. It was a dove. With an injured wing, it could not fly, and the rain poured, drenching it until it resembled a wet rag.

Tears stung Lily's eyes as she jumped down from the window and rushed to the door. She stepped outside and a chilly breeze hit her lightly clothed form, but she did not care.

She ran over to the bird and shielded it from the rain with her hands but that hardly made a difference. Wanting to find James or Albus or anybody else, she turned and looked back at her house, while her hands still formed a shed over the bird. She saw no one who would be able to come over and assist her, so she turned back to the bird, pain glittering in both, hers' and the dove's eyes.

As she looked at the bird, she was shocked to find another pair of hands join hers in sheltering the bird. They were pale hands, paler than Lily's, and that was saying something.

She looked up and found a young boy, about nine, staring at the dove with concern in his grayish-blue eyes. His light blond hair was falling in his eyes wet from the rain.

Her mother had told her not to talk to strangers, but she had to talk to him, to thank him, and to perhaps ask his name, but before she could utter a word, he turned and walked away, towards Narcissa Malfoy's house.

Now Lily was angry. Really angry. She had inherited her mother and grandmothers' temper, and even James and Albus knew to steer clear from Lily when she was in one of her rages.

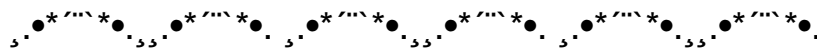
How dare he? Here was a bird, dying, abandoned by its family and drenching in the rain, and there was he, walking away as if nothing was the matter. She already hated him.

She wanted to go Narcissa's house and give the boy a piece of her mind, but her anger was momentarily halted as she realized that the

rain had stopped. No it couldn't have stopped; she could see it...but she couldn't feel it. She looked up and saw a black umbrella over herself and the dove...and over a certain blonde haired boy.

He bought an umbrella, that's where he went! She realized with gratitude shining in her eyes.

She smiled, and that was when she knew that she would try her best to befriend this boy.



That night she told her mum about the dove.

"No one was helping her...it was so sad. Please don't punish me! I had to go help the bird." She pleaded.

"It's okay," Ginny Potter said, comfortingly "it's a good thing that you helped it. What happened to the poor thing anyways?"

"Her family left her," she replied, then with a hint of panic, "you'll never leave me will you?"

"No sweetie, we won't," Ginny reassured.

Comforted by her mother's words, Lily slept peacefully, but the next morning, all that peace and comfort was gone, replaced by panic and rejection.

When Lily woke up, she found the house empty. She searched all the rooms and still saw no one. They probably went to visit the Weasleys, she thought, trying to keep the fear out of her thoughts.

As a kid, Lily had always had a sense of knowing when something was about to go wrong, and that is why when she saw it; lying on the kitchen table, all innocent, she had half mind to ignore it and run away. But she couldn't do that. She couldn't.

With trembling fingers, she picked up the piece of paper, closing her eyes tightly in an attempt to make all the bad thoughts go away, but they just wouldn't leave her alone.

Lily wasn't as good as Albus and James were at reading, but she could read what was written on the note with ease.

We're sorry. We had to leave. We had no other choice.

Well, there it is. The prologue.

Review :)

## CHAPTER 1

AN: hello again everyone. I am soooo sorry for such a late update. I just got my laptop (yay!) and so updating will no longer be a problem for me. OMG! 4000 words! Yippee! You guys need to pay me back by reviewing!

Thanks to the three people who reviewed.

Lionesseseyes13: yours was the first review I have ever received. When I first read it I felt like stabbing your eye out with a blunt quill (no offence though), but after reading it a few times, I realized that what you wrote was constructive criticism. The prologue was supposed to be blunt and "monotonous" but I promise things are going to become more interesting. I did not put a semi colon to look "smart", I put it because I thought it was supposed to be there. I have decided to not stab your eye out because:

- you are my first ever reviewer
- you said that the idea was "cute"
- it was kinda like constructive criticism
- I did not have a blunt quill.

Anyways, thanks

One N Only: thanks for the review! Yes, Lily is 6 only in the prologue, as you will find out after reading this chapter. I'm glad you liked it!

Rohma: I got my laptop! Thanks for the review. Have fun with this one!

To those who added me to their alerts, thank you, but please review as well. It would mean a lot to me. I know who you are don't make me call out your names in front of the whole class...tee hee..

Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter, Remus and Tonks Lupin would still be alive...and I would be the richest woman in Britain.

Chapter 1.

"Miss Lily?"

I groaned .

"Miss Lily? Yous told Zwinky to wake you up early today." The house elf insisted, jumping on the bed beside me.

I grudgingly opened my eyes, knowing that Zwinky would not stop pestering me until I woke up. I had told her to make sure I woke up early.

"Good morning Zwinx," I mumbled to her while forcing myself to rise from my huge four-poster bed.

I hated waking up early in the morning. Who wakes up at seven o'clock? I, for one don't. I usually woke up at nine or sometimes even later.

I could feel the coolness of the marble floor even through my socks as I tip toed towards the bathroom. After taking a really short shower I quickly slipped into a pair of jeans and a warm jumper. Countless times Narci had tried to talk me into wearing simple dresses, but I am not one to be swayed so easily.

Leaving my room I made my way to the kitchen. I passed the white living room, with its white rugs on a white marble floor and white paintings on white walls, and white decoration pieces on white tables. A few of my books were lined on white shelves. Charms books, Defense Against the Dark Arts books, Potion books, and of course a few muggle story books. These were only a few, the rest were in the library, amongst the rows and rows of other books. The library was my favorite part of the house.

Apart from the kitchen, I thought, following the aromas wafting from the kitchen.

"Good morning Miss Lily!" Rumple chirped from where he was standing, next to a window.

"Morning to you too," I told the house elf, smiling broadly as I saw the blueberry muffins placed out on a cooling rack.

I reached out to grab one but found my fingers being obstructed by an invisible barrier.

"Missus needs to let them cool first," the house elf said smugly.

"You're so mean Rumps!" I cried out, pretending to be hurt. He just smiled wider.

The relationship between me, Zwinky and Rumples was that between close friends. Around everyone else, the two house elves were nervous, blubbering messes, but when they were with me, their status was forgotten. What else would you expect. I had played with those two since I had been six years old. Four years it had been, I thought to myself, soon to be five. I dreaded the time I would have to leave them to go to Hogwarts. I had gotten my acceptance letter a week ago. It wasn't really a surprise as I had been expecting it.

I scowled at Rumples, grabbing an apple and biting into it.

"Miss Lily, you had a lot to do today," Rumples said. My eyes widened as I remembered the reason I had woken up at this ungodly hour. I left the half eaten apple on the counter and dashed back to the white living room. Grabbing a roll of parchment from the shelf, I stepped towards the fireplace. I unrolled the parchment and looked at the first name on the list.

The Alfreds.

Taking a pinch from the bottomless pot of floo powder, I put my head in the fireplace. Then throwing the floo powder in the fireplace I cried "Alfred Residence". My head started spinning and then I found myself (or rather, my head) in someone's study.

Mr. Alfred was just entering his study, to floo to work, no doubt, when he spotted my head. He was not at all startled, and smiled at me. "Ah Lily, how good it is to see you again. I trust you are doing well?" he said to me kindly.

"Yes Mr. Alfred, everything is perfect. I just wanted to confirm that you would be present at Narcissus's birthday party tonight," I told him.

"Of course I will be there. Wouldn't miss it for the world," he boomed.

I grinned at him "I'm sorry that I can't stay and chat. I have so much to do." I apologized.

"I can imagine. A ten year old organizing a party for fifty guests. I wish you the best of luck. Do wish Narcissa a happy birthday from me."

"Sure thing. Good day." I said to him and retracted my head from the fire place.

Next on the list: the Azures. Oh good.

When my head popped into the Azures fireplace, Pansy was there to greet me.

"Lily! Sweetheart! I was expecting you. Yes I will be coming to the party tomorrow. Now tell me where you have been for so long?" she asked, all in one breath.

"I've been here all this time! You're the one who ran away to Paris...without me!" I mock pouted.

She laughed, "Oh Lily, Narcissa's so lucky to have you with her."

I smiled self consciously. "Pansy? Please remember that you are to wear casual clothing. No six hundred galleon La Femme Collection robes. No fancy gowns either." Her face fell and she stuck out her tongue at me.

"That's for not taking me to Paris with you," I teased.

I excused myself and looked at the list again. So much to do, so little time, I sighed.

After visiting what felt like a million more peoples' homes, I finally got to the last name.

The Malfoys.

I had purposefully put the Malfoys at the end of the list as I knew I would have to floo over to their place and not just floo my head.



I had not visited Astoria in so long. Mr. Malfoy must have gone to work already, so there was no chance that I would get to see him. At least I would see him at the party.

I grabbed another pinch of floo powder and threw it into the fireplace after stepping inside.

"Malfoy Manor!" I announced and found myself spinning. My head felt like it would explode from all the spinning.

I landed into the immaculate living room of the Malfoys. Astoria came bustling into the room, her blond curls bouncing around her pretty, angelic face, her blue eyes shining with concern

"Lily!" she said in a scolding tone, "How many times have I told you that it is not safe to floo by yourself at such a young age?" I decided not to tell her that I had just used the floo about fifty times this morning.

I just smiled at her and gave her a gentle hug. She was wearing a simple knee length dress, which was normal in the Malfoy household.

"What are you wearing?" she asked me, inspecting my loose jumper and worn out jeans. "You should dress like a girl!" she exclaimed "I swear, as soon as it's your birthday I'll have to buy you a whole new wardrobe ;( AN: this semi colon was not inserted to make me look smart) dresses, frocks, nice shoes, and heels perhaps, your height is no good," she teased, knowing that I hated all that she had named. Astoria was one of the few people who never minded what I wore, and I loved her for it.

"You don't need to buy me a whole new wardrobe, my taste in fashion has changed." I said with mock seriousness, "I have decided that dresses and high heels are now the best things ever, and I have already bought a few things." We both laughed, knowing how unlikely that was.

"So how's planning for the party going?" she asked "I don't even know why you're doing this! You're ten for Merlin's sake!"

"I know," I said, "but I want to thank Narcy for all that she has done for me, before I leave for Hogwarts." I explained.

"I'm going to miss you so much. I'll tell my son to watch out for you at Hogwarts. Oh! By the way, I forgot to tell you that he won't be coming to the party, you see he's in Algeria with his aunt..." she went on and on, but I wasn't listening. All I could think about was that she had a son. I had known her for four years and I didn't know that she and Mr. Malfoy had a son?

"Oh look at the time," I said, remembering that I still had a party to prepare for. "I'll see you and Mr. Malfoy tonight. Remember, casual attire!" I added stepping into the fireplace.

It was amazing how well I got along with all the Malfoys, their relatives, their friends and their acquaintances. They all accepted me as well all the while knowing that in the end I was a Potter, no matter how much I told that that was no longer true. I had separated my life with the Potters and my life with the Malfoys, and I did, no doubt, love living with the Malfoys more.

I hated my parents, my brothers, my stepbrother, my aunts, my uncles, my cousins and my grandparents for abandoning me.

I loved Narcissa because she immediately took me in, when she heard my story in the neighborhood park four years ago.

I hated my family for thinking that I was not good enough for them. No other choice my foot! They just wanted to get rid of me.

I loved the Malfoys because I was accepted by them. I was a part of them. And even though my name wasn't Lily Luna Malfoy, I was still a Malfoy.

'Stop thinking about that,' I chided myself, getting up from the white sofa in the white living room.

Now, to go to the kitchens and check on the food...and to eat something.

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The party was going better than expected. All the guests seemed to be enjoying themselves, mingling and chatting in small groups. Narci, the main attraction, was surrounded by well wishers.

I, the second main attraction was surrounded by people congratulating me and thanking me for such a "magnificent party".

Everyone was dressed casually, as I had requested, but they still looked as beautiful as ever.

I started feeling awkward after acting like a responsible adult in the midst of other responsible adults after a while, so I decided to join the rest of the children. They were all lingering near the table where all the presents, wrapped in sparkling, colorful paper, were.

I introduced myself to those of the children who didn't know me. "Hey guys! I'm Lily. Lily Luna. I live here with Narci. I'm going to Hogwarts this year."

"So are we," two voices said in perfect synchronization. I turned to look at the two who had spoken and found two pairs of identical twins staring back at me. I was fascinated. It was as if every last hair on their head was identical.

"I'm Drake," the one on the right said, "and I'm Blake." The other one continued. I stared at them mesmerized. A feeling stirred within me, but I could not recognize it, so I pushed it back and focused on the twins. They were perfect. The way they looked exactly like each other. The way they thought exactly like each other and the way they acted exactly like each other.

"Hello?" Blake said, "Anyone in there?" Drake continued. They both were spouting identical grins on their faces.

I knew what the feeling was then. I was jealous. I wanted someone who I could share everything with, including my looks, my actions and my life.

I shook my head and smiled sheepishly, "Just got lost there for a second," I said, "it's so hard to find a map these days." They both smiled at my sarcasm.

"Ugh! This is so boring," a feminine voice drawled from behind me. I turned around to see a girl about my age who was wearing tight skinny jeans, a tube top and a sour expression on her face. I immediately disliked her.

"Well then, you can leave," I replied curtly, "you'd be doing us all a favor." I knew I was being a mean host, but she was being a really ungrateful guest as well.

I heard snickers from behind and instantly recognized them as Drake's and Blake's.

The girl's expression became even bitterer. It was evident that no one ever talked back to her like that. She shot me a look full of disgust and contempt and when she did not say anything, I smirked at her and said, "What's wrong? Too bored to talk?" Her face started turning pink as the snickers behind me grew louder.

With a last scornful look I turned back around and faced the rest of the group who were looking at me with awe. "What?" I asked them, confused.

"That was June Lipsale. Her mum's the Minister of Magic's personal assistant." A boy called Justin Bentley replied.

"Oh." I said, "No wonder she feels so high and mighty for herself. Someone needed to remind her that it's her mum who is the Minister of Magic's personal assistant, not her." Suddenly, I felt something cool on my head, and then saw the drops of pumpkin juice dripping from my hair. I turned around and saw June Lipsale standing there, with an empty glass in her hand and a smug look in her face.

I bet she could see the fury and rage on my face and in my eyes, because she took a step backwards.

I took a deep breath. Do not let your temper get the best of you. I noticed that some of the adults were now looking at us, at Lipsale, in specific, with disapproving looks. It would be stupid to take revenge right now. Let her take the blame. I turned back around and closed my eyes tightly, focusing on the drying spell in my charms book, letting the anger fill me. You see, from the beginning I was different. Other children do magic that is out of their control when they are overwhelmed by emotion. I could control that magic.

So, the anger poured into me, and I encouraged it, the overwhelming emotion. Then I muttered the drying charm, making

sure that it was concentrated on my hair. I could no longer feel the dampness in my hair.

When I opened my eyes again, I saw seven pairs of eyes watching me with wonder, fear and confusion.

"How did you do that?" Janice Jeremiah, a sweet 8 year old girl asked me. The rest of them looked at me, the same question in their eyes. I winked at her "I don't know. Maybe it's a gift." I shrugged.

"You can do that whenever you want?" Justin asked awestruck.

"Yeah," I replied uncomfortably. I didn't like all the attention.

"Without a wand?" Drake questioned. I nodded, trying to think of some way to change the subject. Then thankfully, Mr. Malfoy came to my rescue, "Lily, they want you to say something." He said.

"What?" I asked, completely confused, but he didn't reply, he just pointed his wand to his throat and muttered "sonorous". When he spoke next, his voice boomed across the whole ballroom. "Excuse me everybody. Lily would like to say a word."

I stared at him dumbstruck as he pointed his wand and repeated what he did to himself, but this time to me.

"No, I would not like to say a word," I said to him, realizing too late that my voice would be projected so that the whole house would be able to hear. "I'm being forced to talk. A little girl is being forced to talk, what is this world coming to?" I said. "Well, there's no getting out of this one, so I might as well 'just say a word'" I said making air quotes with my fingers.

"Today of course, as you all know, is Narci's birthday. I won't tell you how old she is. It's not my secret to tell, although you guys can attempt to count the candles on the cake." A few people chuckled at that.

"You all must have thought at least once, why I, a ten year old girl was organizing this party all on my own. No, it was not to prove myself, it was not for attention. It was actually because I wanted to thank Narci for keeping me with her all these years, and doing so much for me, and always being there for me. I don't know where I

would be without you." I said softly. "I'll be off to Hogwarts soon. I promise I'll come home for Christmas, and I'm thinking that maybe next year I should organize your birthday as well, seeing as this one wasn't a disaster," I smiled.

"I just want to thank you Narcy, and the rest of you as well, for all that you've done for me. Thanks. Thanks a lot. Happy birthday Narcissa!" I turned to Mr. Malfoy so that he could remove the charm. Then I turned to the twins, "We have business to take care of," I reminded. Their grins broadened and an impish gleam, the same as mine, came into their eyes.

I located Lipsale and went over my plan. I was using magic. I needed emotion, and there's no better way to burden yourself with emotion than to think of your past.

I closed my eyes and let the past rush over me.

"We had to do it sweetie. We had no other choice." "Her family left her. You'll never leave me will you?" "James? Albus? Why don't you ever play with me in the rain?" "We don't like it." "You don't like the rain or you don't like to play with me?" "You ask too many questions Lily." "Daddy? Why won't you buy me a real broom? Like James'?" "Because you won't be able to fly it, you're not good enough yet"

You're not good enough.

Lily thought of the spell she was going to use, and then thought of it on Lipsale.

When she opened her eyes, she heard Lipsale scream. Everyone turned to look at her as she ran to hide behind a table. "What are you doing?" Mrs. Lipsale hissed.

"My clothes are gone! I'm naked!" she cried, running to hide behind an amused Mr. Malfoy when her mother wrenched her away from behind the chair.

All Lily had done was that she had performed an illusion charm in Lipsale so that she would see herself without clothes. It was easy to perform an illusion charm so long as it was only on one person.

All of the children and some of the adults were laughing. i wanted to join them but i couldn't. i shouldn't have thought of my past. Now it hurt. i quickly escaped from the ballroom and exited the house. Behind the house there was a forest. I often used to go sit in there, but never at night. I walked inside the forest, too lost in thoughts of the past to notice that I was going into the forest at night. I kept on walking, not seeing where I was going, not hearing the sounds of the creatures of the forest, not smelling the smell of danger, not tasting the taste of night, not feeling fear.

Merlin knows how long had passed, and I had been walking. The cloudless skies showing an almost full moon and twinkling stars. There was a rustle behind me. My head snapped up and realized where I was going, a look of horror crossing my face.

I turned to where I had the rustling, and didn't see just the trees. I saw a person. A very handsome person, with his sharp, angular features, and his dark, dark hair, and his eyes. His violet eyes.

He was a vampire.

My heart pounded. I wanted to run, but being the klutz that I am, I would surely fall.

I could see the vampire advance towards me, now only a foot away from me.

I could hear him "So beautiful," he muttered. I froze. He was so close. Our feet were almost touching. Then he stopped.

I could feel him as he lifted his hand and ran it through my hair and as he brought it back up and stroked my cheek.

I could feel his fingers dancing lightly on my face, as he traced my eyes and my cheekbones,

I could almost taste him as his finger traced the curve of my lip.

I could smell hi sweet intoxicating breath as he leaned forward.

And forward.

And forward.

And I could feel his sharp fangs as they dug into my neck.

And I could feel the fear, and the pain.

My neck felt as though someone had put red hot iron on it. I tried to move, to run, but he had a tight grip on me.

It burnt!

Fire!

I knew then what I had to do. I closed my eyes and let the fear and pain flood into me.

Lasoveras! I shouted in my mind, and when I opened eyes, the shrubs beneath my feet were on fire, and so were some of the trees. I need a stronger spell, I thought starting to panic. The vampire had not even noticed the fire. I was feeling weaker and weaker by the second.

I let the panic fill me, then I thought of fire. Thought of All the trees around me on fire.

I opened my eyes and saw fire. I felt myself being dropped on the blazing ground. I remembered thinking that now I would be a half vampire, since I had been bitten.

I remembered wishing that I hadn't started the fire, death was better than being a vampire, half or more.

I remembered the fire, dancing enthusiastically as if teasing me.

Then I passed out.

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So whaddya think? Hit o miss? Please review (ahem...the people who added me to their alerts)

Please review! You too Romii...and this time include details!

TMs'M



## Chapter 2.

I felt perfect when I woke up, nothing hurt...except for that massive headache. I let my eyes adjust to the darkness in the room (or was it even a room?) I groaned, and tried to sit up, but then found out that if I did, my back and neck hurt, along with the throbbing of my head. Not feeling that perfect then, I thought. my body felt completely drained of energy, and everything excluding the head, back and neck ache, felt numb. I instantly panicked. Why was I numb? Where was I?

Mum will be able to fix it, I thought.

"Astoria!" someone shouted angrily. I immediately froze as I remembered that my mum wasn't here.

Wow, that took you long to realize, a voice in my head said, and I felt as if it knew something more and that something horrible was about to happen, or had happened already. (AN: wait! do not judge. Lily sometimes doesn't know part of what's going on in her head as its her habit to detach herself from the horrible truth, since her parents left. she remembers what happened in the forest but it hasn't come to her yet...did I confuse you even more? sorry!)

"I told you not to come here!" the angry voice screeched. Narci, the voice in my head said as I remembered the past four years. I suddenly felt happy. That was the something bad that had happened. Nothing worse, I told myself. But why was Narci shouting at Astoria? That had never happened before.

I tried to get up again, but this time really slowly. I was almost up when the door banged open. I got so startled that I fell back on the bed.

Hearing my "Oomph" as I fell, the person muttered "Lumos azenith" and the room burst into light. I shut my eyes tightly as the light hit my eyes.

"You're awake," I heard a male voice say. "Whoa, mother was right," he muttered. I cracked my eyes open checking if my eyes were ready to face the light. Once I had opened them, I heard Mr. Malfoy curse. He looked me over as if he couldn't believe his eyes, which

were filled with awe and wonder. i started feeling self-conscious. Why was he looking at me like that? I started to fidget.

"Have I grown another pair of eyes?" I asked trying to be sarcastic.

"No..it's just..umm...I'll just let mother tell you." he said and quickly left the room before I could ask anything else. I started getting up from where I had fallen on the bed. Nice and easy Lily, I chanted. I never knew how hard it is to move when you're numb. I crawled to the edge of the bed, amazed that my hair hadn't come into my eyes yet. My hand cautiously reached up and moved towards my hair. Maybe I had become bald, and that's why Mr. Malfoy was looking at me like that. When I touched my hair, I discovered that, thankfully, it was there, tied back tightly, my bangs clipped up and the rest of my hair in a knot at the back of my head.

Then why was gaping at me like that? Wait! Why was Mr. Malfoy even here? Maybe he stayed behind after the party, I thought.

Party? I asked myself, and then it came to me. Not like a strike of lightning, it came slowly, as if I was reliving the moment in the forest.

I saw a person. A very handsome person, with his sharp, angular features, and his dark, dark hair, and his eyes. His violet eyes.

He was a vampire.

"So beautiful," he muttered. He was so close.

I could smell his sweet, intoxicating breath, as he leaned forward.

And forward.

And forward.

And i could feel his fangs as they dug into my neck.

Death was better than being a vampire, half or more.

A choked sob broke out of me. This was the bad something that I knew was going to happen. The really bad something. I was a vampire.

That was the first time I wished that I was dead.

From what all I knew about vampires was that they were vile, blood sucking creatures. I didn't mind that. What I did mind was that they were blood tainted. I was blood tainted.

I lived with the Malfoys. The purest of families in blood, and I was blood tainted. That's why Mr. Malfoy was looking at me like that. He was sick, repulsed.

I'll let mother tell you. His earlier words came back to me. Narcisi would have to come and tell me to leave.

I had been raised with the Malfoys, and even though they never acted prejudiced, the kind of company they kept showed that they preferred to mingle with people from pureblood families. It had rubbed off on me as well. I liked the presence of purebloods, and felt that they were where I fit in. But of course, as soon as I start to feel as if I belong, something goes wrong. Fate hates me. If there was a god, maybe he had created me just for his amusement and entertainment...And where was Merlin when you needed him?

I wanted to cry. I wanted to bash my head against the wall. I wanted to curse Merlin. I wanted to go and kill the vampire. I wanted to close my eyes, concentrate and Avada Kedavra myself (AN:She read about it in a book). I wanted to die. I wanted to die.

I punched the wall I was leaning against. I didn't care that my knuckles hurt like the devil's toothache, I just had to hit something. I kicked the wall. probably breaking a few toes in the process. My vision started to blur. Oh, am I blind now as well? I asked myself with scorn. I blinked and felt the tears running down my cheeks. I wiped them with the back of my hand, wincing as pain shot up my injured knuckles. I sagged against the wall and slid down it, holding my injured hand, all the while making sure that I didn't land on my broken toes.

I placed my head in between my knees, crying softly. I felt a gentle hand on my shoulder, but didn't look up. I wasn't ready to face the agony of yet another family abandoning me. Especially if I would have to hear the dreaded words from Narcisi. The hand squeezed my shoulder, demanding attention, but I didn't want to look up. I didn't

want to lock up another part of my life in the never-to-be-opened part of my mind.

I sniffed. the hand started rubbing my back comfortingly. I didn't know how she could even bear to touch me. I decided to ask Narci this, but when I raised my head, I saw that it wasn't Narci, it was Astoria. As soon as I saw her sweet, angelic face, I burst into louder, racking sobs. Her face was sympathetic, but her eyes held the same expression as Mr. Malfoy's did. She enveloped me in a gentle hug.

"I know it hurts," she murmured, "Don't cry sweetheart, we'll help you," she crooned. Why was she hugging me? The Greengrasses were of a strong bloodline as well. She should be running away from me. "Why are you talking to me? I'm-"

"-part of my family," She cut in, "You're part of my family, no matter what you are, or what you look like." She consoled me. My hopes started to lift, but then dropped again. She had said 'Part of my family', not 'Our family'. Then another thing registered.

"What I look like?" I asked.

"You mean you don't know?" She asked, clearly as puzzled as me.

"Know what?" I questioned, confusion overruling all other emotions.

At that moment Narci walked in, her black hair uncombed, her eyes looked as if she hadn't slept in days.

As soon as she saw me, her eyes brightened. She rushed towards us, dropped on the floor next to me and sat me in her lap, all the while keeping her arms around me, "Oh Lily! You shouldn't have gone. I thought you'd left me. Never do that to me again." She said, emotion laced her tone. "Oh look at you. You look so different." She continued.

"Um...Narcissa, she doesn't know," Astoria supplied.

"She doesn't know? Then why was she crying?" Narci was puzzled.

"No, she knows that she's a...um...whatever, but she doesn't know the other thing," Both women looked at me pointedly, and I squirmed under their inspecting gazes.

"Lily, stand up," Narci sighed. I complied ignoring the pain in my back. She led me to the dresser, where the mirror was. When I looked in the mirror, I nearly fainted.

I stared at the mirror in horror. I won't pretend that I didn't know whose reflection it was. It was me, of course, but it wasn't...me. My straight, fiery red hair was gone and was instead replaced by black, glossy curls. My green orbs were gone, and my eyes were now a purple colour.

A very handsome person, with his sharp, angular features, and his dark, dark hair, and his eyes. His violet eyes.

"I looked just like him," I gasped, hysteria and fear clouding my thoughts.

"It's ok Lily-pie," Narci tried to comfort me.

"Will I always look like this?" Because if I will, then I might just develop a fear of mirrors.

It was true that I looked beautiful right now, but I didn't want to be faced by him every time I looked in the mirror. And even though I never thought of myself as pretty, I liked my old looks better. (AN: Lily thinks that she's not beautiful, but in the eyes of others, she is, in different, refreshing kind of way)

I would never admit it to myself back then, but I liked my red hair and green eyes because it was the only remaining thing that could connect me to my family. My real family.

My real looks assured me that I did have parents, and that the first six years of my life weren't just a dream. Whenever I looked in the mirror, I could see dad, his green eyes shining with amusement over something I had said, or I could see mum tying her hair in the mornings.

Don't get the wrong idea, I didn't like them. I hated them. It just felt good to know that I did have a blood related family.

Narci and Astoria looked at one another while I was lost in my thoughts.

"See Lily, its been six days since the party," Astoria started.

I choked on my saliva, "What! But-but, h-how have I been eating? Going to the loo?"

"I fed you with magic and Dennis Michael said that you wouldn't need to go to the loo." Narci answered. "He's Draco's friend in the ministry. His son was a half vampire as well." She added seeing my confused expression.

"What else did he tell you?" My curiosity kicked in.

"We'll tell you, but first you need to eat something," Astoria said, and Narcissa nodded her agreement. Come to think of it, I was hungry. Narci called Rumpel and he came with a bowl of salad.

"I thought something light would be good for now," Narci said as Rumpel passed me the salad, slipping me a wink. The salad looked extremely unappetizing, and just looking at it made my stomach churn. Astoria saw my repulsed expression and took the salad from me and conjured a plate of steak instead, probably from the kitchens. Now that looked yummy. I smiled gratefully at Astoria as she shot Narci a look that clearly said, 'She's a vampire now.'

"So, what did he tell you?" and then remembering that I was a vampire and had just refused a perfectly made salad, asked "Will I...um..drink blood? How come I haven't attacked you yet?"

"Your vampire instincts aren't that strong yet, they haven't developed. You'll feel the urge to drink blood when your'e in vampire state the next times though. That's once every month," Astoria said.

Narci took over from there, "You'll change back into yourself soon. A week after the bite. That's tomorrow, then, after every month you'll change into vampire."

We talked and talked, the three of us, sitting on the floor. I wasn't worried or angry any longer. I had my family with me. I wouldn't have to leave them.

When it got very late, my eyes started drooping. I thought of Narci, who hadn't slept in days because she was worried about me. I

disentagled myself from her arms, and and slowly made my way to the bathroom, my body still ached. I paused in front of the mirror. The black hair was becoming lighter, looking like a dark brown colour. My eyes were still violet, and looking at them made me want to flee back into Narcissa's arms. I quickly turned back around. At least I would change back before Hogwarts.

But if it had been six days since the party then...

"I missed the train!" I exclaimed.

"It's okay, we already thought about that. We'll floo you over to Headmaster Neville's office," Narcissa tried to calm me down.

Headmaster Neville? My head snapped up, sending a jolt of pain down my neck and into my back. Narcissa saw me wince in pain.

"I'll leave a pain relieving potion on your bed side table. Now go shower and change," She ordered.

"Will I floo over to Hogwarts tomorrow?" I asked Narcissa. She shook her head, "You need time to heal and recover."

I opened my mouth to object, but she wouldn't hear it, "And that's final." she said firmly.

I wasn't one to back down so easily, but I knew that Narcissa was right. I couldn't even walk straight yet.

What else would you expect? I had spent the night in the forest, surrounded by flames, passed out on the wet, cold forest floor.

I had been in bed for the past six days, it was a miracle that my body even remembered how to work.

I walked to the bathroom, glad that I could chew over all that had transpired.

I stepped out of my clothes, and inspected myself carefully in the mirror. There were faint burn marks all over my body, and a few bruises here and there. My face looked drained of energy. Dennis Michael had told Narcissa that vampires get energy from the moon, so while I was in vampire form, I would have to be under the moon.

That's why I felt numb. I didn't have enough energy.

Only Narci had spoken to Michael. Mr. Malfoy and Astoria had found out about me being a half- vampire just today. Astoria had recieved a letter from her son telling her that no Lily Luna had been sorted.

She had gotten worried, so she and had floored over here. Narci was angry that they had come over even though she had told them not to. She didn't want them to know without my consent. I didn't mind that they knew. It was actually good that they knew. Now I didn't have to live thinking whether thier attitude towards me would have changed had they known.

Every month I would change into a vampire, for twelve hours, the duration of time the moon was out. I would have to leave Hogwarts for those twelve hours so that I could get the moonlight, and so that I wouldn't harm anyone. Narci had offered to talk to Neville and ask him if she could take me home the days of the transformations, but I had immediately dismissed that idea. If she told Neville, then he would tell the Potters, and knowing them, it woud make me even less worthy of them. They would thank Merlin that they had left me when they had the chance.

I would stay at Hogwarts and escape to the forest when the time came.

I sighed and reached up to untie my hair. The dark auburn strands still had curls, but they were much softer. My bangs fell on my face, the dark colour contrasting sharply against my pale skin. The violet eyes now held traces of vibrant green.

Narci had told me that the appearance of the half-vampire becomes the same as that of the vampire who had bitten them. It was because their was now a bond between the two, symbolised by the scar on my neck. It was a silvery mark, a short line, with two dots at each end, where the fangs had dug in. The scar showed that I was a half vampire, and not a full vampire.

Every half vampire had a creator, and the two shared a bond (like i said before). It was a rule that if a half vampire had no contact with his creator, then the half vampire wasn't allowed to contact any other vampire either. If the half vampire was friends with the creator,



then other vampires were allowed to be acquainted with the half vampire. In any case, another vampire could not be closer to a half vampire than his creator was to the half vampire.

So if I wanted to befriend a vampire, who wasn't my creator, I had to be close friends with my creator...or more. Creators were very possessive of their half vampires, and they felt that they had power and rights over them that no other vampire could have.

I hesitantly brought my trembling fingers to my scar. It was just above where my left shoulder met my neck. As soon as I had touched it, I gasped in pain and suppressed a scream as a stinging, burning pain ran up my neck and my fingers.

Note to self: Do not touch the scar again.

How was I going to shower if it hurt that bad? How was I going to wear my clothes?

I turned on the warm water and reluctantly stepped inside. Strangely, the scar didn't sting when it got into contact with the water. I reached to touch it again.

Bad move. I whimpered as the burning pain once again spread through my fingers and neck.

I decided to tell Narcy to heal it.

Once I had showered, I stepped out and wiped the steamed mirror. My hair was now a shade of red, but not as bright as it usually was.

My hair was reddest in the whole Potter Weasley Clan. Narcissa told me that it was the same shade as Lily Evans Potter's, and coupled with my vibrant green eyes, I was an exact replica of her.

The violet in my eyes was now fading away, and I was starting to resemble my usual self, thank Merlin.

My normally pale skin was tinged pink because of the hot shower.

Something that I had missed before caught my eyes.

On my upper arm was a huge bruise, shaped like someones's fingers.

How strong was he? Maybe he had a power. Michael had told Narci that some vampires and half-vampires had powers. I had a feeling that he had a power and it was his strength. I remember that when he was drinking blood from me, he was the one holding me up, I wasn't standing on my own. That's why I fell when he let go.

I prodded my bruise. It hurt. A lot.

My eyes found my scar and I wanted to touch it again, to check if it still hurt, but I had learnt from my previous mistakes.

I carefully slipped on my clothes, closing my eyes tightly, ready for the pain when pulling on my shirt. Imagine my surprise when the scar didn't sting as the material of the shirt brushed against it.

I got out of the bathroom, held my nose and drank the potion Narci had left for me. I exited the room and walked across the hall where Narci's room was. I knocked lightly and stepped inside. No one was there, so I shut the door and went to the living room.

Narci, Astoria and Mr. Malfoy were all sitting there and looked to be in a serious conversation. I went and sat down next to Mr. Malfoy, on my favourite sofa. It was Mr. Malfoy's favourite as well. His and my taste's were very similar, and because of that we were very close to each other.

I smiled at him, "Dissappointed that I changed back?" I joked. He chuckled, "You just looked so different. Now it's much better."

"Narci, can you do a healing charm?" I asked her "The scar hurts a lot,"

She didn't look surprised when I mentioned the scar, she probably saw it when she changed my clothes or something, though I couldn't say the same about Draco and Astoria. Their eyes widened as they looked towards my neck. I walked over to her as he took out her wand. "Where does it hurt?" she asked inspecting it once i had slid down the collar of my shirt a little.

"It doesn't exactly hurt...it stings when I touch it," I told her.

She hesitantly brought her fingers to my neck. I shut my eyes, preparing myself for the pain once again, but nothing happened. All I felt were her cool fingers dancing on my neck. I opened my eyes and frowned, confused, but relieved.

It wouldn't hurt anymore. I carelessly pressed my fingers to it, and then screamed as the pain shot up again. Narci, Astoria and Mr. Malfoy were looking at me with concerned eyes. I took Narcissa's hand and hesitantly pressed her finger to the scar again. Nothing happened.

I walked over to Astoria and told her to touch it. When her fingers brushed it, nothing happened. The same thing with Mr Malfoy.

I touched it again, this time lightly, and felt the stinging burn in the scar and in my digits.

"I can't fix it if I don't know what's wrong," Narci said apologetically.

I nodded and sat down, staring at the white floor, lost in my thoughts. Why did it hurt only when I touched it? I looked at my reflection in the glass of the coffee table. As far as I could tell my eyes were perfectly green and my hair perfectly red. The pain in my back and neck was gone, thanks to the potion.

Why did everything bad happen to me? Did I kill a mudblood in my past life?

(AN: It isn't wrong for her to say "mudblood". Its like I can call a black person "black", no offense though, my best friends are black, I'm not racist. People think that when you call them that you're insulting them, or are being racist, but with ur mates you call black people "black", right, and you're not insulting them. Right? Just like that, its normal for purebloods to use "mudblood". Some people don't say "black", they say "african", like that some people say "muggle born".)

"I'm going to Hogwarts tomorrow," I said out of nowhere. The three other inhabitants of the room turned to me. "If I stay here I'll be wasting the month I have before my transformation." I reasoned.

Narci nodded. How did she give up so quickly? Maybe she thought that it would be a lost cause to sway me from my decision.

"Then you'd better get some sleep. Tomorrow you will pack up your things and I'll floo you over at night." She said.

I got nodded and got up and moved to Astoria. I hugged her and told her that I would come back for Christmas. She in turn told me to take care of myself and owl me anytime.

"My brother teaches there," she said, "he'll be there to help you if you need it. I'll tell Scorpius to keep an eye on you, as well." Scorpius. That was her son?

I hugged Mr. Malfoy. I felt so short next to him. It was true that I was extra short and extra skinny, but next to Mr. Malfoy, I felt small. I looked up to him. I respected him, That was why I called him Mr. Malfoy even after the countless times he had told me to call him Draco.

"Take care. Don't cause too much trouble," he was also one of tge few people who knew my knack for causing trouble, and pulling pranks.

"Just like James Potter I and II" Narci had told me. I was guessing that Scorpius Malfoy had told her that James liked mischief.

I muttered a good night to the three of them and went back to my room. When I reached the door, I turned back around and went to the kitchen, passing the three on my way there.

"Snack" I said to them.

Once inside the kitchen, I called Rumpel and Zwinky.

"Is miss feeling better?" Zwinky asked, peering at my scar. I had learnt a long time ago that these two had their ways of finding out things.

"I dunno. I'm afraid to touch it again," I said pathetically.

Rumple walked to where I was sitting and lightly touched my scar. It didn't hurt. It was actually soothing. A warm feeling gushed up my neck.

"Touch it now miss. Rumple has tried to heal it," he said.

I brushed my fingers against the scar, and flinched as it stung. "It's ok Rumps. Thanks though." I said shaking my head.

"I'll miss you guys so much," I told them. Zwinky started getting teary eyed, so i changed the subject.

"I'm hungry. What should I eat?" I asked

Zwinky brought a piece of cake for me. Chocolate cake, with chocolate icing, and chocolate sprinkles. Yum.

"Thanks Zwinx," i said as I dug in, forgetting my scar.

I couldn't sleep. Everytime I closed my eyes, I saw the vampire. His eyes shining in anticipation. "My beautiful," he said in his sweet voice.

I hated myself for it, but I couldn't help but think that I had liked the way he had looked at me, lust in his eyes. I had liked the way his fingers had caressed my face. I had liked the way he had held me, when I couldn't stand up on my own. I had liked being wanted. I had liked all of it, but I hated him.

I hated what he had done to me.

i know there was no action, but this chappie was important cuz you really need to understand some things.

did you understand the part about vamps being possessive and that other vamps couldn't be closer to Lily than her creator was? if you dint understand then tell me cuz ur gonna need it later on. if you dint get it, i'll know that i have to explain.

why do you think that her scar hurts only when she touches it? send me your thoughts!

next chap: she goes to Hogwarts. sorting (eeeeek!), scorpius, and ofcourse, Drake and Blake. there might be some quidditch.i'm thinking i'll add a bit of humor to it cuz the story's too serious and dramatic. should i? what do you think?

its my birthday. you could always send me a gift \*\*cough\* review \*cough\*\*

TMs'M

## Chapter 3

AN: I couldn't wait to get this chapter up. It's not even been a week since I posted up the last one! Hehe...I guess it comes with being fifteen. Lol.

Shit! This chapter is too long! Consider yourselves lucky that I got carried away. I had to include more in this chapter, but then it would be EXTRA long, so I've split it up.

Whoa! 7000 words! a round of applause ladies and gentlemen for the brilliant author that is me :):):)

Thanks to everyone who reviewed! writergirl318, VampirePotter, Alice-the-irish-dancer, CcR94.

Yes, I have discovered how to PM (thanks to writergirl318) so I will now be replying to reviews by PMs, but if you want me to reply in my chapters, then just tell me.

Disclaimer: why do I have to ruin a perfect day just by saying is? No, I do not own Hp. No copyright infringement intended.

On with Chapter 3

The first time I had one of the dreams was the night before I left for Hogwarts. The night after I was changed into a Half-Vampire.

In the dream I could see a girl kneeling on the forest floor, her red hair cascading down her back, and her vivid green eyes glinting with sorrow, and sorrow alone. She looked a lot like me, but the minor differences were there. She seemed unsure of herself, hesitant, as she extended a trembling hand towards the dove. As soon as her fingers brushed the white birds soft feathers it jerked and looked into the girl's eyes, then flew away, into the sunlit sky.

I knew it was a dream, but it was so clear that I couldn't help think that maybe it was real. I could hear the flapping of the dove's wings, and the small sobs escaping from the girl. I could smell the damp soil of the forest and the tangy odor of the trees. I could feel the sun on my back and the light breeze playing with my hair, as I stood facing the girl.

Just as if it were real.

I woke up, with fire tingling in my veins, like it does when you wake up from a nightmare. (AN: ever happened to anyone?)

But it wasn't a nightmare. How could it be, when there was no cold sweat, no chills down my spine, no thudding of my heart?

I kept my eyes closed, trying to remember the dream and memorize the details, but I felt as if it was slipping from my grasp, like all dreams do. It was like I was trying to hold sand. The tighter I clenched my fist, the faster it slipped away.

I opened my eyes, squinting as the light stung them. I looked at my bedside alarm clock and saw that it was only seven. That meant I got about four hours of sleep. I cursed the dream for waking me up. It would be impossible to go to sleep again.

My room was a mess. All my clothes were on the floor, where I had dumped them last night when I was deciding which clothes to take to Hogwarts. My quills, parchment, and potions ingredients were inside my trunk. I looked at a pile of clothes and stationary that was huddled in a corner of the room, waiting to be sorted out.

I dumped a few muggle pens into my trunk and grabbed a box of felt tips from the pile on the floor.

Uncapping a black marker, I started doodling on the first surface I could find, while thinking about the few details I remembered from the dream.

If, let's say, that girl was me, then why was I able to look at myself? Why was I watching a scene, in which I was present? Why wasn't I acting it out? Why could I see it happening in third-person, and not feeling it happen in first-person?

Maybe it wasn't me. The lifeless eyes and reluctant actions proved that it wasn't me.

My hand moved with my thoughts, as I drew on my trunk, looking upon it with unseeing eyes.



A sudden thought occurred to me. My drawing hand stopped moving as I froze.

What if it was the future?

It can't be, I tried to convince my panicking self. Nothing could have happened to me to make me that dispirited.

Come on! You were changed into a half vampire, but you're okay. Nothing worse than that could happen, I reassured myself.

I got another marker and continued drawing, without my mind registering it.

Why did the bird fly away when the girl touched it? It didn't seem to me that it flew away because it was scared of humans, otherwise it wouldn't have looked at the girl in the eyes. I couldn't shake off the feeling that the dove knew something. That the reason the girl was so depressed was because of the dove.

I shook my head. Where was all this coming from? All that remained of the dream were vague recollections. How could I know what the bird was feeling?

Could it be the past?

No. I dismissed the idea. In the dream I, if it was me, looked at least nine, and I was sure nothing like that had happened in the past year.

I sighed and capped the felt tip. Looking down, I saw the result of my mindless doodles.

Seems that they weren't as mindless as I thought they were. On my trunk was a cartoon image of my dream.

There was the girl with her hair tumbling down her back and her eyes filled with sorrow. There was her outstretched hand hesitantly reaching forward. There was the dove, staring the girl in the eyes.

My hand had subconsciously drawn my dream, on the left hand corner of my trunk.

It looked queer: A random drawing on a trunk. I decided to let it stay there, so that I wouldn't forget the dream.

Thinking of it was depressing, so I packed it up and pushed it to the back of my mind.

I picked up my robes from the floor. Sadly they were plain black. How dull.

Before you get sorted, your robes are black, after the sorting, the hem and collar of the robes change to the house colors, along with the house crest. The same with the ties.

Fortunately they wouldn't look so dull after the sorting.

(AN: you won't get Lily's insight on which house she wants to be in until later in the chapter...hehe...)

The prospect of arriving at Hogwarts a week after the other students was horrifying. Every time I thought about it, my stomach would erupt with a million and one butterflies. I would be the only one being sorted. Would they sort me in front of everyone, or in the head teacher's office? And how did you get sorted? Did you have to pick out a folded chit? Did they give you a test? Did they look at your family history? What if I tripped in front of the whole school?

I knew about the houses. I'd read *Hogwarts: a History, Revised Edition* millions of times.

Idiots. They can write about the houses and the uniform, but not about how you get sorted. I could have asked Narcy but then she would think I was scared.

Frustrated, I stood up and walked to the bathroom. I stripped out of my clothes and examined myself in the mirror. I had looked at myself so many times in the past two days; you'd think I was self-obsessed.

I looked much, much better. The bruises were fading away, my pale skin was as pale as ever, and my hair was no longer a tangled mop of red. I looked healthy enough, except for the dark bags under my eyes. Narcy would surely notice them. I'd have to lie to her. I hated

doing that. It felt wrong to repay her like that after she took me in and took care of me.

I took a long, hot shower, and by the time I came out, my skin was flushed from the heat and steam.

I shivered in the silk shirt I had worn and so shrugged into hoodie on my way out of the room.

A glance at the grandfather clock in the living room showed that it was a little past nine. As I passed the dining room on my way to the kitchen, I saw Narci eating breakfast alone, reading a fashion catalogue. I walked inside and greeted her, "Well, someone woke up late,"

She usually woke up at about eight. She smiled, "Who said I woke up late? I'm just having breakfast late."

"Any special reason?" I asked her.

"Lucius flood. He said he's coming back today. He got held up," she said, and I could feel the joy radiating from within the both of us.

I grinned. I loved Lucius as much as I loved Narci. I respected him as well. He'd never raised his voice at me (except for the time when he said that if I called him "Mr. Malfoy" one more time, he would hex the hair of me), and whenever he talked to his friends about me, he would praise me, his voice ringing with pride.

He liked my rebellious nature and witty comments and my knack for trouble, as long as they were in line. one step out of line and I would have to face his cold disapproving eyes, until he would decide to forgive me, which was after begging and pleading with him to forgive me for weeks

I was upset when he told us that he wouldn't be able to make it to Narci's party. He had to go out of the country for a business meeting. The Malfoys along with the Johnsons owned a huge company. The Istarix Company owned many international clothing chains, magic architectural companies, a few Healing institutes here and there, and of course, the company owned various wizarding schools and universities around the world.

I have no idea why the Malfoys and the Johnson's even needed the company. They had enough money to provide a luxurious life for themselves, their children, their grandchildren, their grandchildren's children and their children, and then their children.

The power and status that the Malfoys had lost after the second war, they had gained again. They were once again as influential and famous. Lucius and Narcy had told me about the war and their part in it, and my family's part in it, when I was freshly ten. They thought I was going to lose respect for them and judge them as soon as they would finish telling me, but I remember that all I felt was awe. Awe, at how a family, which was once upon a time evil and concieted, could be so perfect and nice. Awe at how a family that was shunned from the world had picked themselves up and gotten so high up again. Awe at how lucky I was to have a family like that.

"So he'll be here before I leave for Hogwarts?" I asked Narcy hopefully, as she flipped the catalogue's page.

"Yes," she said, and then pointing at the catalogue, she added, "how does this look?"

I rolled my eyes and told her that it was too fancy. The next one was too revealing, and one by one, all the dresses from the catalogue were too tight, too showy, too fancy, too dull, too colorful or too expensive. According to me at least. Narcy disagreed with me of course.

"Oh Merlin, Lily! You're no help. You do that every time." she whined, "just pick one of these. I can't go to the Henderson's ball naked, now can I?"

"You won't be any better than naked if you wear any of those," I said, eying the catalogue distastefully. "Don't you feel weird wearing clothes that hardly cover your legs, or have such deep cuts, or are so figure hugging?" I frowned at my fashion vocabulary. I guess I had learned some things from Pansy.

"Your opinion will change once you get older," she told me, but it seemed as if she were having difficulty believing it herself.

"Why do you look so tired? You have bags under your eyes!" Narcy asked.

"After effects of the pain relieving potion," I lied smoothly. She scrutinized me for a moment, then shooed me off to the kitchen to get something to eat.

I realized that she hadn't touched the subject of going to Hogwarts. I guess she thought I would get nervous, or frightened. Oh, how right she was.

I entered the kitchen and smiled as I saw Zwinky with a plate of waffles, drowned in chocolate sauce, and Rumpole pouring me a glass of juice. I licked my lips and shot the two a grateful look as they set the food on the table. I didn't like to eat breakfast in the dining room, because usually it was only me who ate at this time, and eating alone, at that huge table was something I just couldn't do.

"How is Miss feeling today?" both the house elves asked me at the same time. They looked at each other, then at me, then at the floor. I had suspicions that the two had more than platonic feelings towards each other, but I didn't want to butt in between them and unleash the Spanish Inquisition. I would let them work it out for themselves.

"I'm ok. Hardly got any sleep though." I replied. They nodded sympathetically, but didn't ask me to elaborate. That's what I loved about them. They let me move at my own pace.

"Can you guys help me pack my trunk? I know that if I leave it to myself, it'll never get done." I asked them. The two grinned and nodded.

I ate my breakfast, grabbed an apple, and then went to the living room where Narcissa was talking to someone through floo. "No, I'm too old for strapless," she said to whoever was on the other side. I rolled my eyes and gathered my books from the shelves. I had a feeling she was talking to Pansy.

Out of the blue, a thought struck me. I tensed. Had she told Lucius?

Fear and panic started to overwhelm me. Would he kick me out? Would he think any less of me? My eyes started to fill with tears as all the emotions from last night started to fill me once again. My legs weren't supporting me, so I dropped down onto the sofa.

A sharp sob escaped from my mouth, and Narci turned around to look at me. Her face paled as she saw me crying and she dashed towards me.

"Lily? What's wrong? What happened? Are you hurt?" she said, panicking.

I suppressed more sobs and tried to swallow the lump in my throat. "Have you told him?" I croaked.

Relief washed over her face as she understood what I was talking about, "Merlin Lily! You scared me!" she exclaimed, then, "Yes, I told him. The same day it happened,"

I felt stupid. of course she had told him. And of course he wouldn't kick me out.

"Lily?" Narcissa said quietly,

I looked at her "hmm?"

"Do you love us?" she asked her face void of any emotion.

I considered lying. If they knew that I depended on them so much, they might leave me. But I couldn't lie. I owed her the truth about this. Narci must have seen the conflict in my eyes, as her face fell.

"Yes." I said, "Yes, I do love you."

Her face lit up again, "then you must always remember that we'll never leave you."

I considered this, and then, "Promise?" the little, insecure girl in me asked.

"Promise," Narci agreed. "Now go pack your things. We won't get time later. Lucius wants to take us out for lunch."

My mood immediately brightened upon hearing this.

I picked up my books and rushed to my room.

"Lucius!" I jumped into his arms as soon as he stepped out of the fireplace.

"Ah, my two most favorite and gorgeous ladies in the world," he said in his silky voice, as he pecked Narci's cheek. We both rolled our eyes. Malfoy men and their charm.

"How was Scotland?" Narci asked him.

"Oh Cissy! Won't you offer the exhausted husband a drink first?" Lucius joked.

I chuckled as Narci rolled her eyes yet again. "No, But I'll offer him something better: a reminder that he is a wizard," she said.

I always thought that Narci and Lucius were perfect for each other. The way their eyes would shine when they bickered with each other was enough to make me jealous, and even though I didn't want to marry anyone, I wanted to have someone who would make my eyes light up like that.

"So where are we eating?" Narci asked.

"Dearest Cissy, for your belated birthday dinner, we are going to Vilaci Restaurant," (AN: I couldn't come up with any other name)

i inwardly groaned. The fancy restaurant, with its fancy maitre d's, serving fancy foods with fancy names and fancy prices. It wasn't all those fancy things that I minded. It was the fancy clothes you were expected to wear, and the fancy manners you were expected to display.

i wouldn't complain. I wouldn't act like a spoilt brat. I was grateful to them for even letting me live with them.

This was what convinced me to wear that cute dress with those leggings. When I looked in the mirror (for the millionth time in two days), I saw that I actually looked...good, but in a...girly way. But hey, I'm in no position to complain.

"Goodbye! Visit me at Hogwarts." I said as I hugged Zwinky and Rumble. They waved at me, eyes brimming with tears.

I rushed back into the living room. Lucius handed me my magically shrunk trunk, and I tucked it into my pocket. I hugged him, and muttered a soft 'thank you' in his chest. He nodded, and I knew that he had understood why I was thanking him.

Narci's eyes were puffy, but she still managed to look beautiful. She enveloped me into her thin body and I hugged her as tight as I could. "Thank you for everything you've done for me. I love you Narci," I murmured, the tears breaking loose from where I had imprisoned them for so long. She lifted me up, pecked my cheek, and then wiped the lipstick stain she had left there. I tried to smile, and I guess I succeeded because Narci and Lucius smiled back.

I turned before the smile could leave my face, took a pinch of floor powder and stepped into the fireplace.

"Headmaster Longbottom's Office," I shouted.

I saw Narci and Lucius' beautiful, delicate forms one more time, before I was spinning.

Round and round and round.

"May I have your attention," I heard the voice of Professor Longbottom call out to the students from where I was waiting in the staff room, behind the staff table in the Great Hall. Everyone looked at the headmaster and silence rang in the Hall.

"Tonight, I am pleased to inform you of an addition to the school. Lily Luna Potter will be joining the first year class. Please assist her in every way you can, until she catches up on all that she has missed in the past week," his voice was barely audible as the students, as well as a few teachers burst into chatter, but he continued as if the whole Hall wasn't talking over him.

"I will hope that her housemates will show her around and make her comfortable, but first of course, she will have to be sorted," he said, conjuring a chair and an old tattered hat. He turned to where I was hidden behind the huge staff table "Come, Miss Potter." he said.

"Please sir, call me Lily," Nicely put Lily, I congratulated myself. Now he wouldn't call me Miss Potter. I walked over to him, where



everybody could see me, trying to ignore the urge to puke all the butterflies out of my stomach.

The murmurs grew louder. Idiots. It was obvious they were talking about me, their stares, and pointing fingers was proof enough.

I rolled my eyes out of habit and then regretted it. What if they started thinking I was a snob? What if-

"Miss Potter-" Longbottom started, but I cut him off, "Lily. I would like to be called Lily. Potter is not my name." I said to him. he looked gob struck for a moment along with the rest of the Great Hall, then snapped he out of it to say "Miss Lily, please sit on that chair and wear that hat," I gave him a look that clearly said that I thought he was mental, but obliged anyway. Every single person was looking at me, eyes frozen on me, but their mouths moving at lightning speed.

Damn butterflies!

I walked to the stool, hoping against hope that I wouldn't trip.

I mentally hugged myself when I made it to the chair without falling flat on my face.

Sitting on the chair I tried to ignore the eyes glued to me, and put the hat on my head.

"Ah! Another Potter," I suppressed a gasp when the hat spoke, its voice projecting in my thoughts.

"I'm not a Potter," I thought defiantly.

"Has your past affected you that much? That you don't even want to be called a Potter?"

"Well they left me, didn't they? I'm not good enough for them, am I? And please don't sort me into Gryffindor, will you?" I said, structuring my sentences I such a way, that statements were changed into questions.

"You're a witty one aren't you? And why not in Gryffindor? You will do great there," its voice boomed in my head.

"Well, almost my entire family is in Gryffindor. I want to prove to them that I can make it without them. That I don't need them, just like they didn't need me and that I am better than them, because I don't need family flocking around me to make me feel wanted," I answered the hat in my head, shooting a glance at the Gryffindor table, where a mass of redheads were sitting together, with a few blondes and black haired people.

The hat chuckled. "What say you, if I sort you into Hufflepuff?"

My eyes visibly widened, and I bet many of the students were dying to know why I had such a horror stricken look on my face.

"Merlin no! Please! I don't want to spend my life in Hogwarts with giggling, dumb, shallow bimbos!" I said

"That's rather rude of you isn't it?" it said critically

"Well it's the truth. I will not go there!" I said bluntly.

"Tsk ts. How stubborn you are. What about Ravenclaw?" it asked.

"Sure! I'm smart, I know more than all the first years put together. I'll find my place there, and I'll be able to prove my family wrong," I said. Things were looking bright.

"Clearly you're smart and witty, you're arrogant and stubborn-" I huffed here, "-and most of all, you have an ambition to prove yourself. If I am not mistaken, which I am not, you belong, a hundred percent to 'SLYTHERIN!'"

The Hall stared in shocked silence, with their jaws hanging, as my eyes shined with delight, and a huge smile conquered my lips.

"You knew from the beginning you'd put me in Slytherin, didn't you? You just wanted to prove to me why, in my own words," I thought for the hat.

"I knew from the beginning, but seems like no one else did," he said. My gaze focused on the students.

Why wasn't anyone clapping for me? I took off the hat and stood up, my lips still pulled up in a smile.

"You're supposed to clap!" I said to the Hall as if it was the most obvious thing. Immediately everyone started clapping.

The Gryffindors looked shocked as they clapped.

The Ravenclaws looked calculating as they clapped.

The Hufflepuffs looked dumb...struck as they clapped. (AN: notice the 'dumb...struck'? hehe, lily's so mean :))

And the Slytherins?

Some looked happy, to have a Potter, who didn't want to be called a Potter in their house.

Some reserved, as if I had to win their trust.

Some looked welcoming. To them, I was just another first year sorted into Slytherin.

Some stood up to clap; a Potter in Slytherin was surely a sign, a miracle.

Some, who knew me through the Malfoys, looked like they had expected it.

I walked over to the Slytherin table, with my grin plastered head held high. The hem and collar of my robes changed into a brilliant green color, along with my tie. I bet the color matched and complimented my eyes.

"Oi Lily!" I heard someone call out. I turned my head to the centre of the Slytherin table and saw none other than Drake and Blake, looking more alike than ever, in their identical Slytherin robes, and their identical brown hair looking identically messed up. Their blue eyes lit up with mischief.

"Well well. If it isn't Lily Luna," one of them said, "prankster extraordinaire." the other continued.

I beamed, as I sat down in between them, where they had cleared a space for me. I strangely didn't feel uncomfortable sitting between

two boys, which showed that I already trusted them, and enjoyed their company. "Prankster extraordinaire? Where'd you get that?" I questioned.

"Oh don't you dare think we've forgotten Lily," One of them, Blake, I think said, after which Drake did an imitation of Lipsale.

"My clothes are gone! I'm naked!" he said in a high pitched voice, with his face twisted in mock panic. The three of us dissolved into laughter and a girl who had seen Drake do the Great Imitation Act started giggling as well. A few students around us shot us amused, questioning looks.

When I had finally regained my breath and composure, I turned to the giggling girl and asked her name.

"Rochelle Flint," she said in between hiccups. She was very pretty, with her wavy dark brown hair tied into a loose knot, and her brown eyes framed by thick lashes. "But people call me Elle. What about you?"

Elle. How suiting for such a pretty girl...who giggles.

"I'm Lily, Lily Luna, but I bet you already knew that." I answered, jokingly.

"Yeah, but there's no harm in pretending," I decided that I liked her right then.

I turned in my seat to look at everyone else in the Hall. The table beside us on the left was the Hufflepuff table; beside which was the Gryffindor table. On our right side, was the Ravenclaw table.

I could have been sitting there, I thought looking at the Ravenclaw table.

Or there, the thought came as my gaze wandered to the Gryffindor table, where the huge group of redheads was seated, looking in my direction every now and then.

"Why the scowl marring thy pretty face," Blake asked, "oh Lady-Lily-Prankster-Extraordinaire?" Drake continued.

It seems that the Malfoys aren't the only ones with the charm.

I sighed and turned to look at them, but the damage was done. "Ah, gazing longingly at the Potter men are we?" he asked jokingly, knowing that (a) I wasn't gazing longingly (the scowl on my face as proof), and (b) I was a Potter (note the WAS), and in no circumstances would be 'gazing' at the "Potter men".

I laughed and shook my head, "Now why would I be gazing longingly at the Potter men, when I have these two dashing Zabini men with me?"

They grinned, looked at each other, nodded, and then looked back at me. They did this in such perfect synchronization, that I had to wonder whether they had rehearsed it.

"See Lily, we have decided that you are Zabini material," my eyes widened, I was just joking! And I was ten for Merlin's sake!

I was about to protest, when Drake held up his hand to silence me. Blake continued, "You can take a joke, you can make a joke, you're sarcastic, you like mischief, you hate dresses, you're not girly and you are reasonably intelligent-" (I wanted to correct him here. I mean 'reasonably intelligent?'). Drake took over, "-we want to extend an invitation to you. Will you become our accomplice in prank pulling, and if you would like, our sister?"

I knew that they had just made a snap decision right then, when they saw me looking at my family. They asked me to join them to make me feel as if I belonged.

For that I loved the two, and I knew that whether they knew it or not, I would owe them for life.

I nodded at them, grinning like crazy. They grinned-like-crazy back at me, and together the three of us grinned-like-crazy.

"Would you stop doing that? It's freaky!" Rochelle's voice cut in, "I think you guys are planning something. I expected this from you two, but Lily, you? Tell me what you're gonna do. Now!" she said looking around anxiously, as if she knew a dung bomb was about to explode somewhere.

"You ruined the moment!" Drake and Blake said pouting. I smirked at them, and then turned to Rochelle, "relax! Nothing's gonna happen." I tried to reassure her. She nodded, but her eyes continued to dart around the Hall.

"So, you're now a part of our group," Drake said, "lucky gal, ain't ya?" Blake continued.

"If you ask me, I think you're the lucky ones," I replied haughtily.

The two of them mock gasped, and Drake flicked a pea at me. It bounced off my cheek, leaving a ketchup mark, and a burn on my skin.

"Ouch!" I said, covering my burnt cheek with my hand, "you did not just do that Zabini," I hissed. He looked scared for about a nano second, but then a look of pure impishness took over. "Oh yes I did," he said.

I looked to Blake for back up, but it seems he was on Drake's side. "Sorry Lils, but you insulted us,"

I huffed, and then grabbed a bunch of grapes. I popped one in my mouth, and as soon as they looked the other way, I mashed a grape on each of their faces. Both of them turned back to me, with identical smirks on their faces, and lumps of mashed potatoes in their hands.

Uh oh Lily. Now you're in for it.

I jumped off the bench where I was sitting, but it didn't work so well, me being me-the-klutz. That should be a nick name for me. Me-The-Klutz. It had a nice ring to it. So anyway, when I got off the bench, I tripped on my robes and fell on my bum. The twins, with their identical evil grins, took me by each arm and advanced with the potatoes.

Oh God, no!

Then an idea struck me.

"Celebratory prank?" I asked, hoping that they would stop.

Thankfully, their hands paused, and both of them said together, "Explain."

I tried to get out of their grasp, but to no avail.

"Well, now that I'm a Zabini, maybe we should have a celebratory prank. An initiation prank, an inaugural prank, whatever you want to call it,"

They released their hold on my arm, I had anticipated that.

"So, what do you have in mind?" they asked.

Okay. That, I had not anticipated.

"Well...we could...ummm...blow up grapes?" way to go Lily. That's an awesome plan. Yeah right

"And the chicken and potatoes," Drake added. "That's an awesome plan," Blake said, mirroring my thoughts, except his weren't sarcastic.

"What spell would you use?" Blake asked.

"Reducto would be too strong," I said, thinking of all the explosive spells I knew. "What about Eludio? Or Gorgoro?"

"Whatever you say Lily," Blake said. "So what do we have to do?" Drake asked.

"Okay, Blake, you do the chicken, Drake you do the grapes, and I'll do the pies," I said.

"But I want to do the pies!" Drake whined. I rolled my eyes. "Fine, you do the pies."

"The wand movement is a swish, two twirls, and a flick in the opposite direction. Say Eludio or Gorgoro Chicken or Pies, whatever. Ready?" I asked.

"No!" they both said together, "What's the hurry?" Drake said, "and we need a sign-off," Blake added.

"The hurry is that the dessert is about to start, and Blake, what the hell is a sign-off?"

"A sign-off, genius, is when you...well...sign-off. With your signature." Drake said.

"Oh," I said feeling dumb.

"How about DBL?" Drake asked.

"That is so unoriginal," I said, "and why does the D come first?" Blake asked.

"Because D is cooler," Drake said.

"But B comes first in the alphabet!" Blake whined.

While the two argued, I came up with the perfect 'sign-off'. I had always been creative and I loved to draw. I snatched a napkin from the table and took out a ballpoint pen from my pocket. Then I started to draw.

When I was finished, I held up the napkin for Drake and Blake to see. "Voila!" I said, proud of myself.

The two looked at the napkin. "Perfect," they both said, and Drake thumped me on the back.

"Ready now? I'll put up the 'sign-off' once we're done. Keep your wands under the table, don't let anyone see, and please concentrate," I reminded.

They both nodded. "One...two...three!" I said.

I heard Drake murmur "Eludio chicken!" from my right, and Blake murmur "Eludio Pies!" from my right. Why hadn't they used Gorgioro? I decided to use it "Gorgioro Grapes," I whispered.

The pies and chicken on all the tables exploded, then the grapes started bursting. With popping noises. Every time the grapes popped, a girl would shriek and a boy would jump, startled by the popping grapes on their plates. The Great Hall was filled with popping noises, shrieks, and the occasional swear words.



Pies and chicken and grapes exploded, showering everyone within a meter with food.

What the three of us had forgotten was that the food on our table would explode as well.

And so would the food on the teachers table.

Professor Longbottom looked confused, as his food exploded on his face.

Another professor (the "jittery, paranoid" DADA teacher, Drake and Blake told me), pulled out her wand and starting hexing the chicken.

The school nurse, with her food stained hospital robes, dived under the staff table, startling the potions teacher, who got up from his seat upon seeing the school nurse at his feet. Drake, Blake and I nearly wet ourselves laughing.

The entire hall was chaotic, and I thought that this was the perfect time for the sign-off. I concentrated on how I wanted the sign to look like, and then muttered a copying charm.

The Hall was silent for a second, when everyone's eyes turned to the 'sign-off'. I looked at it, proud of my handy-work.

Floating in the middle of the Great Hall, attracting the eyes of the whole school, was the drawing on the napkin, enlarged and in color.

There were two Zs, one blue, with waves like the ocean, and the other orange, like fire from hell. In the middle of the two, was a white lily, with its bright green stalk. Together, the three complimented each other so much, that you had to turn and look at it. That's why I liked it so much. Because one day, maybe Drake, Blake and I would appear like that.

I looked at my two partners and saw them staring at me, then at the 'sign-off', awe in their gaze.

I high-fived them when I was sure no one was looking.

"I knew it!" the voice of Rochelle shrieked. "I knew it!" we turned to look at her and saw that she was spotless.

She smirked at our incredulous gazes. "See, I knew you were about to do something, so I fled, and I think you'd better flee if you want to live," she said looking pointedly at the teachers, and the older students who looked incredibly pissed off.

"But you see Rochelle; they don't know it's us. That's part of the art of pulling pranks," I winked at her.

After the panic at the Hall died down, Drake, Blake, Rochelle and I headed to the Slytherin common room. They showed me the way, as we went down staircases, and down more staircases. Slytherin Common room was in the dungeons. I was thankful for that. I'd rather climb down stairs than climb up stairs.

When we reached the dungeons, the temperature dropped, and I shivered in the pleasant chill. The atmosphere reminded me of a rainy day. And I loved it.

We came to a stop in front of a statue of a knight with a broken sword.

"Password?" it asked.

"Serpentesque," Drake and Blake said. The Statue moved aside to reveal a hole. We climbed through, and I entered the Slytherin Common Room for the first time. The fire was blazing, and the torches were lit. Bright green rugs were lying gracefully on black tile floors, complimenting the silver curtains. There were green plush leather couches, which looked so soft, you could feel yourself drowning in them.

At the end of the room was a staircase, with beautifully carved, ebony wood railings. At the landing, it branched into two more, each leading to the dormitories.

Everything exuded elegance and sophistication, and I couldn't believe that I belonged here.

"Wow," I breathed.

"Pretty classy isn't it?" Rochelle asked. I just nodded, looking at all the expensive carvings and paintings on the walls. I walked forward, as if in a trance and let my fingers trace over the beautiful carvings.

"Let's go to the dorm," Rochelle said, "I'm sleepy."

I yawned as I remembered that I had gotten only five hours of sleep the previous night. "Let's go," I nodded.

After exchanging 'good night's and 'see you tomorrows' with the boys, we made our way up the stairs.

The first year girls' dorm was divided into two sections separated by the bathrooms. There was a door to enter the washrooms on both sides, and inside the bathroom were four stalls. We crossed the bathroom to go to the other side, where all the Slytherin girls were, and where I found my trunk.

"So I guess this is my bed then?" I questioned. The girls nodded, and I almost leaped in joy. I got the bed next to the window.

"I'm Lily by the way, but you already know that," I introduced. The girls smiled.

A beautiful girl waved at me from the bed next to mine. "I'm Annabelle, Anna, Annie, Anne, whatever, and you're stuck with me as your neighbor for the next year." I chuckled.

"Sarah," another girl said with a friendly smile, "I'm in the next dorm, though." she said

"Hi! I'm Ellani," a bright chirpy looking girl said, "please don't call me Elle or Annie," she added, "so how come you're late?" she asked.

"Wait Ellani, let us introduce ourselves first," a pretty brunette said, "I'm Valerie,"

"Vanessa," a blonde girl said. "Feel free to call me Vanny. So it's me, you, Valerie and Annie here" she explained.

"And me, Sarah and Fiona in the next dorm." Rochelle added.

"Who's Fiona?" I asked.

"Fiona Baggins," Valerie said, "She's a right shy girl around everyone else, but when she's with us, people she can trust, she's a chatterbox. Can't shut her mouth if you pay her to." the girls chuckled.

All of them seemed so friendly. Nothing could go wrong today.

"So why did you come late?" Valerie asked.

I spoke too soon. Some things could go wrong.

I racked my brain for excuses. "I had to go out of country to visit a sick friend. She died, so I had to stay for her funeral," I said swiftly. The girls nodded sympathetically.

"A Potter in Slytherin. Imagine that. Have you told your parents?"

"Guys, I'm really tired. Can we talk about this another time?" I asked, trying to keep the desperation out of my tone.

They nodded and muttered their agreements. I opened my trunk and took out my pyjamas and followed the girls into the bathroom. I quickly changed, wincing when my fingers brushed against the scar.

A Potter in Slytherin. Imagine that.

What would I tell them?

I went and lay down on my bed, ignoring the girls as they murmured softly to each other in the dark.

Whew...that was long. 11 pages on MS Word!

I love this chapter. Especially the Sorting, and the start, where she's dreaming.

Please review and give me your opinions. There will be Scorpius in the next chapter. Promise!

REVIEW!

TMs'M

## Chapter 4

AN: I've made some changes. When Lily's in first year, Scorpius and Albus are in second year, not in third, like they're supposed to be. James and Rose are in fifth. Is that okay?

Remember that the last chappie was around 7k words? Well I was thinking that from now on all my chapters will be that long, cuz I like including details, and once I start writing, it's really hard for me stop.

You'll notice that the swear Lily uses is "shit". I dunno if in some places shit is inappropriate for a ten year old, but my brother (who's ten as well), and his mates use it, so I guess most ten-year olds do.

Thanks to VampirePotter, Joanna and Mary for reviewing. I really appreciate it.

YAY! This chapter is 7,500 words.

Disclaimer: I do not own HP... but I do own Drake, Blake, Elle, Ness, Alec and all the other wonderful characters that you never knew existed before you started reading this=D

On with chapter 4

Wait! I wanted to tell people to please please review! This story has had more than 600 hits (whoop whoop), but I've got only fifteen reviews. Its really upsetting. Please, all the people who read this, please review! I'm so depressed that thoughts of abandoning this story are entering my mind, even though I'm trying to ward off those thoughts as best as I can.

I tiptoed out of bed, tucking my wand into my pocket. I crept into the bathroom and into the other dorm. I opened the door, thanking Merlin that Slytherin standards didn't allow anything to creak. Sitting on the rug in front of the fire in the Common room, I set my ballpoint pen and parchment in front of me and thought of what to write. I picked up the pen and started.

Dear Narci and Lucius,

How are you? I hope you are both doing well.

Narci how was the Henderson's Ball? Which gown did you wear...or did you go naked?

I love it here! I was sorted into Slytherin and I couldn't have asked for anything better.

I am really good friends with the Zabini twins, and all the Slytherin First Year girls are very nice.

I told them that I came late because I had to visit a sick friend and attend her funeral when she died. I had a crack when they started muttering their apologies.

I don't know if I should tell them about me not living with the Potters anymore. I have dodged the question once, but I know that sooner or later it's going to come up again.

I still haven't met Scorpius Malfoy, or Astoria's brother.

I am really looking forward to classes tomorrow, but thinking of all the notes I'll have to catch up on makes my hand want to run away.

I told Professor Longbottom not to call me Miss Potter, and you should have seen his face. I wish I could have taken a picture and sent it to you. And when the Sorting Hat shouted Slytherin, every single jaw was on the floor.

It's a quarter past one right now and I can't get any sleep, but I am tired though, so I'm sorry if this is really short.

I miss you two a lot. Tell Zwinky and Rumpel that I miss them, and their waffles drowned in chocolate sauce.

Tell Astoria and Mr. Malfoy not to worry, because I know that that is what Astoria is doing right now.

I really do miss you a lot.

Loads of love,

Lily.

P.S. could you please send my broom? I miss flying already.  
Thanks!

I put down my pen and got up.

Now to find the owlery.

That wouldn't be too hard. Hopefully. I'd just ask one of the paintings.

I exited the Common room, and climbed up the stairs. When I was sure I was no longer in the dungeons, where chances of me getting caught were minimal, I started to hide in the shadows at every corner I turned.

Most of the inhabitants of the paintings were asleep, but a few looked at me suspiciously as I passed.

When I was exhausted after walking so much and climbing a million and one stairs, I decided to take a rest and sat on the ledge of a window. The stars were shining bright in the cloudless skies, and the moon was nowhere to be seen. I looked down, and wished that I was on my broom, flying. A gust of cold wind blew and hit me. I shivered in my light pyjamas, feeling like I would freeze any second.

I decided to cast a warming spell on myself. I didn't want to fall sick on my first day here...or freeze on my first day. I started to take out my wand from my pocket, but then dropped it as another shiver racked my body. The wand clattered noisily to the floor, and I closed my eyes, just waiting for someone to come looking for the source of the noise. And of course, it came.

"Who's there?" a voice called out from a distance. I kept my mouth shut.

After a moment, in which I held my breath, I heard footsteps fading away and then silence. I exhaled the breath I had been holding, and then jumped off the ledge to pick up my wand. I was getting back up after picking up my wand when I heard a muttered *lumos* and then the tip of a brightly lit wand shoved in my face.

All I could see was the white light.

Curse        idiot-people-who-don't-care-that-they-could-be-blinding-  
someone-by-shoving-brightly-lit-wands-in-their-faces.

"Hey! Cut it out! What the-" I said, trying to push the wand away from my face. I was shut up though, when a cool, smooth hand covered my mouth, with the wand still in front of my face, still lit up.

I brought up my own wand and was about to use a variety of hexes, curses and jinxes on my attacker, when the hand that was pointing the lit wand at my face, dropped the wand, and instead restrained my wand hand above my head. My back was against the wall, and I started struggling. He was obviously male, and older than me, his strength and height advantage proved as much. What would he do to me? I tried to break free of his grasp, I tried to bite the hand covering my mouth, and I tried to scream, but to no avail.

The person must have realized that I was scared as he started murmuring reassurances, "Shh, it's ok; I'm not going to hurt you. Shh."

The voice sounded young, and sincere. "Shh. Relax,"

I stopped struggling.

When the person was sure that I had calmed down, he let go of my suspended-above-my-head hands, and uncovered my mouth. He bent down to retrieve his fallen wand. I immediately took advantage of this and pointed my wand at his face as he was getting up.

"The roles are reversed now, huh? Make one move and I'll hex you into next week," I said. He didn't heed my warning, and raised his wand.

Bad move.

"Expelliarmus," I said, making sure not to shout. His wand flew out of his hand and I caught it, smirking. "Lumos" I murmured, waving his wand. It lit up immediately. I pointed it at him. "Now, who are you?" I asked. His brown hair was messed up. That's all I could deduce about his appearance. Pretty informative, huh?



He sighed and then tackled me again, so that I was pressed up against him and the wall, "Sweetheart, you may have two wands, but you're still tiny," he mocked.

Now I was pissed off. I snaked the hand in which my wand was, and pointed it at his back, "Petrificus Totalus." I whispered. I felt him freeze, and muttered a cushioning charm on the floor where he was about to fall. "Tiny I am, along with being a Slytherin," I said to him, knowing he could hear.

"I'm going to remove the curse, but make one move, and I'll hex you for good," I said, pointing his wand at him. I murmured the counter curse, the wand still trained on him.

"You're in Slytherin?" was the first thing he asked when he could move again.

I nodded, "That's what I said wasn't it?"

"Ah, so you're the Potter who came to join us in Slytherin, eh?" He deduced.

I shook my head, "Nope, I'm not a Potter. Name's Lily. Lily Luna." he looked confused, but smartly kept his mouth shut about it.

"So what are you doing out here attacking innocent boys?" He asked.

"Attacking innocent boys?" I screeched, "You're the one who's blinding people by shoving brightly lit wands in their faces, then covering their mouths when they try to talk, and then tackling them when they try to defend themselves!" I exclaimed.

"You're making it sound a lot worse than it really was. I'm not the bad guy here," he said defensively.

"Sure you're not. It's me who's the bad guy isn't it? The tiny defenseless girl," I said sarcastically.

"Defenseless? You disarmed me and Petrificus Totalus-ed me, and you're a first year!"

"At least I didn't physically assault you!" I shot back.

"I wouldn't mind that," he said cheekily, earning a smack upside the head.

"I'm in first year you dolt!"

"And I'm in second. Alec Scott. Pleased to make this lovely lady's acquaintance," he said, sticking out his hand for me to shake. I'm guessing that it's all Slytherin men who have The Charm.

"I would blush and giggle right now, but sadly, I'm not the blush-y, giggle-y type of girl," I said off-handedly, trying to make out which wand was mine, and which one his.

"Ummm...can you recognize your wand?" I asked him

"Sure," he said, then took both wands from me and muttered "Lumos,"

The tips of both wands burst into brilliant white lights, and I squinted, my eyes having gotten used to the dark.

"They both work for me the same," he said.

"No duh Einstein," I snapped. I really didn't like the biting cold right now.

"Can we please sort this out somewhere warmer?" I asked him, "Unless you want me to die of pneumonia, of course," I added.

He looked at my shivering form and herded me into an empty classroom.

"Please hand me my wand," I ordered.

"Why?" he asked, "and I dunno which one's yours."

I sighed and snatched a wand from him. "So that I can do this," I said curtly, and then performed a warming charm on myself. "Now please tell me where the owlery is so that I can post a letter and go back to my warm comfortable bed. And if you're really nice, then please just lead me to the owlery." I said to him.

He nodded and started to exit.

I don't know what made me do what I did next. Maybe it was the fact that I was extra sleepy, or extra tired, extra mental or extra delirious. I put my hand on his arm so that he would stop and face me. When he did so, I raised my wand, and softly murmured the warming charm on him as well. "Don't want you getting sick do we?" I asked softly.

Oi Lily! Snap out of it! What the hell are you doing?

What was happening? I wasn't a hormone driven teenager, so then why was I acting like one? Why was I warming up to the idiot-who-didn't-care-that-he-could-be-blinding-someone-by-shoving-brightly-lit-wands-in-their-face? Where was my normal-guarded-self?

Alec looked shocked and confused but there was warmth in his eyes as well. When I saw this, my normal-guarded-self returned from its holiday, and I quickly stepped back.

"I mean I'll have a guilty conscious my whole life if you catch pneumonia and die on my account." I said, trying to cover up my previous blunder.

He nodded, "To the owlery?"

It was my turn to nod, as we left the classroom.

"Oh shit! There's the caretaker patrolling!" Alec said after slamming to a stop right when there were only a few stairs left between us and the Slytherin Common Room. He pointed to the shadow of the caretaker, cast by the light from the torches that were always lit in the dungeons.

I froze. If we were caught, we would be in so much trouble.

"What do we do now?" I whispered. Alec held a finger to his lips and then continued tiptoeing down the stairs. I followed him. Everything was perfectly silent, and so when Alec stepped on a creaking step, it sounded magnified. Both of us tensed up as we saw the shadow of the caretaker turn. The shadow started to get bigger as the caretaker moved away from the window and towards us.

I turned to Alec. "Run," I mouthed. He nodded.

"One..." I lipsed, "two...three!" I clutched Alec's hand and we ran like the devil was chasing us, our footsteps echoing in the corridors. I stumbled a few times (blame it on the slippery floor and socks!), but Alec's strong grip on my hand prevented me from falling. We could hear the heavy footsteps of the caretaker behind us.

I yelled the password to the Knight with the broken sword from meters away and it moved aside just in time for us to run through.

The two of us fell against the wall, panting. I retracted my hand from his and pushed the hair out of my face. I turned to look at him. Our eyes met and the two of us burst into laughter. The way we were laughing, I expected the entire house to wake up, but fortunately no one did. When I was finally able to stop laughing, my stomach hurt and my jaws felt sore. The drawbackd of laughing like a maniac.

"I need my wand," I told Alec. He extracted the two wands from his pocket and held them out.

"Choose one," he offered.

"I don't need to. I know that this one's mine. See, mine has a reddish tinge to it," I said pointing to one of the wands.

"And you didn't tell me this before because...?" he asked

"Because there would be no point as I can't see in the dark," I yawned.

He nodded and then stood up, "Good night then. I'm tired as hell," and headed toward the Boys dorms.

"Remove the warming charm before you go to sleep," I reminded him just before he entered his dorm.

I looked at the silver clock in the common room. Two o'clock. I needed to go get some sleep.

After ten minutes of gathering strength to get up, I finally stood up, starting to go to my dorm, but a movement from outside the Second

years boys' dorm stopped me. Maybe it was Alec again. I turned, but it wasn't Alec who I saw.

A blonde boy made his way down the stairs. He didn't notice me, and instead plopped onto one of the couches, and closed his eyes. The couches looked so comfortable, and the prospect of climbing all those stairs to my dorm was daunting, so I just decided to go fall down on a couch myself. Once I had sat down, I made myself comfortable staring into the blazing fire from the fireplace.

What was that with Alec today? Was I losing my shell? It had taken me so long to build it, and only a few people could penetrate it. Maybe it was just me finally fitting in and finding my place in Slytherin.

"Can't sleep?" a silky voice asked me. I turned to see the blonde boy looking at me. He looked familiar. The color of his hair was extremely light. Probably a platinum blonde shade. The fire made his grayish blue eyes dance, and highlighted his pale features. He was frustratingly familiar. And handsome.

"I just don't have the strength to climb all those stairs to my dorm. And you? Insomnia?" I asked.

He shook his head, "No. It's pretty hard to sleep, when you can hear your best mate laughing like a maniac from downstairs, and then when he barges in rambling on about how he "escaped the clutches of the caretaker"" he said.

"Have I ever seen you before?" I asked when I couldn't handle the familiarity of him anymore.

"No, but you've seen my parents, and that is why I look so familiar." I stared at him. How had he known what I was thinking? I asked him so.

"You looked like you were trying to remember something. Calculating something, right after you saw me," he answered, in his silky voice, which, if deepened, was exactly the same as Draco and Lucius'. He was as pale as any Malfoy, just like I was. His blonde hair was a bit darker than Draco's or Lucius', and his eyes were a mixture of Astoria's and Draco's, the steely grey, and ocean blue.

His features weren't as sharp as Draco's or Lucius', but they were a bit softer, like Astoria's.

"Scorpius Malfoy?" I asked, revelation dawning on my face.

"One and only," he joked.

I smiled. "Alec's your best mate?"

"Yeah. How do you know him?" he asked, puzzled.

"He was with me when we were "laughing like maniacs" and when we "escaped the clutches of the caretaker"," I explained. He looked like he wanted to ask more, but stopped when a yawn escaped from my mouth.

"Ask your friend. I clearly do not have enough energy to talk," I told him.

He chuckled. I gathered all my strength and will power, and forced myself to stand up, then dragged myself up the stairs. I was just about to open the door to my dorm, when the silky voice stopped me.

"Exploding food, eh? Good one," I didn't have energy to deny it, and so I just muttered something incoherent and entered my dorm. I literally had to drag myself across the first dorm, the bathroom, and then all the way to my bed, where I dumped myself ungracefully, pulled the blankets over me and slipped into a deep, deep slumber.

"Lily! Oi Lily! Wake up," someone ordered.

Mumble. Groan. Mumble.

"I would snatch off your blanket, but it's dumped on the floor." Said the voice, "it's so cold and- Lily? Why are you sweating?" this time the person sounded scared and concerned, and it made me open my eyes.

I could feel the dampness on my neck, back and forehead. My shirt was wet as well. At least I didn't smell.

"Are you feeling ok? It's freezing and you're sweating!" Vanessa asked.

"Yes Vanessa, I'm ok. I put a warming spell on myself and forgot to remove it," I said to her, groggily picking up my wand. I pointed it at myself and removed the charm. Immediately I felt the cold envelope me and I shivered.

"Where is everyone?" I asked her, noticing that the dorm was empty except for the two of us.

"Breakfast," she said, "And call me Vanny. Only my grandma calls me Vanessa,"

I nodded, "how come you're still here?"

"I take long to get ready," she replied.

"Well that's good for me. Now I'll have you with me when I get to classes late. I hate waking up early,"

She grinned at me as she led me to the washroom, picking up my uniform from where I left it yesterday and handing it to me.

I went into a stall, changed, and then came back out to see Vanessa inspecting herself in the mirror, her big brown eyes scrutinizing every detail, her glossed lips pulled down in a frown. She saw my reflection in the mirror, and smiled. "Do you think this color lip gloss suits me?" she asked me.

"I'm not really the best person to answer that," I told her, "make up, dresses, fashion, not my thing. I hate dressing up,"

Her eyes widened, "then I guess I'll have to do it for you," she said, advancing with the tube of lip gloss in her hand.

"Don't you dare Vanessa. For Merlin's sake, I'm ten! I don't need that gunk!"

She smiled and shook her head, "Don't call me that, and I'm just messing with you...But you really would look awesome if you applied just a bit,"

"No thank you! I'm good," I said, relieved that she wouldn't push it.

"Uhh...Lily? What time do classes start?"

=====

"Oh shite!" I swore as the two of us ran to charms class.

"She's gonna kill us. A right madwoman she is," Vanessa said. My heart sank. I loved charms, but if the teacher was as bad as Vanessa was saying, then it wouldn't be fun at all.

We barged into class, and every single head turned to face our panting forms.

"Ten points from Slytherin for tardiness," the professor announced, without sparing us another glance. She was a tall, thin lady, fairly good looking with her dark hair and dark eyes.

"Professor Goldstein, Charms teacher and head of Ravenclaw," Vanessa murmured to me as we settled into seats at the back of the class.

"As I was saying, before I was interrupted," she said eyeing us, "we're going to try doing the levitating charm once again, since the last time was a disaster, and nobody managed," she went on to state the wand movement and the incantation, but I zoned out. I knew this.

"Ah Miss Potter! How about you demonstrate the levitating charm for us, since you're clearly so interested," she said suddenly, snapping me out of my thoughts, and placing

"Please professor, don't call me Miss Potter. That's not my name," I told her. She looked unaffected by this, unlike the rest of the class, which was looking at me with awe, confusion and curiosity.

"Ten points from Slytherin if Miss Lily Luna here doesn't manage to levitate this book," she sneered.

"And if she does manage?" a boy from Slytherin questioned.

"She will be awarded thirty points," she said, clearly thinking that I won't be able to do it. The class looked shocked. That was a lot of points



I picked up my wand. Thirty points! I pointed it at the book.

Swish. Flick. "Wingardium Leviosa,"

I noted with satisfaction how her, along with rest of the class' eyes widened when the book started floating in the air, following the movements of my wand.

"Ahem...well...Thirty points to Slytherin," she said. I caught sight of Drake and Blake, and they turned to wink at me. A random Slytherin boy raised his hand for me to high-five. It felt nice to have everyone's approval.

The rest of the class passed by with students trying to accomplish the spell. Most of the Slytherins managed as they came to me for assistance. A few of the Ravenclaws asked me for help as well, and I was glad to aid them.

One of the first things I learnt at Hogwarts was that news around here spreads fast.

Me Vanessa, Drake and Blake were walking to double potions after charms, when a big Slytherin fourth year stopped in front of me. He had a lot of muscle, believe me.

"Congrats on wasting Goldstein and on the thirty points Potter," he said with a huge grin. (AN: wasting also means to diss or embarrass.)

"I'm not Potter. Name's Lily Luna," I told him, exasperated.

"Whatever you say Shorty," he said, another million dollar grin painting his face, as he saluted us and walked off.

"Well, at least I'm now a deserving Slytherin," I said.

"Aww Lils, of course you are," Drake said.

"But Goldstein's face! That was a snapshot moment," Blake chortled.

"And thirty points? She hardly gives Slytherins even five points," Vanessa said, "You were awesome Lily. I thought you wouldn't be

able to do it, because you really were zoned out, and you weren't there for the first lesson."

"Vanessa-" I started but she cut me off.

"Vanny,"

"But Vanny sounds so...Vanny-ish. How about I call you Ness, or Nessa?" I asked her.

She looked thoughtful, after which she nodded.

"So who's the potions teacher?" I asked, hoping that it wasn't another unfair, sour bat.

"Professor Greengrass. He's the Head of Slytherin house. Strict and fair, but...interesting." She answered

"Yeah, he makes the lesson interesting. He's not a bore," Drake said.

We went inside the potions classroom in the dungeons. I sat with Ness, and Drake and Blake sat at the table behind us.

When the professor entered, the class silenced. Professor Greengrass looked a lot like Astoria. He had the dark golden hair, and the ocean blue eyes. He was tall, and lean. All in all he was handsome and seemed about twenty-five.

"Morning class. Today we're brewing basic re-vitalizing potions. Not the complex ones, basic ones. Five points for the person who can tell me what a re-vitalizing potion is." He said.

A few people, me included, raised their hands.

"Yes, Mr. Matthews?" he asked a boy in Gryffindor.

"It's a potion that restores the lost energy in a person, ten times faster than usual." He answered.

"Correct. Five points to Gryffindor."

He lectured us a bit on re-vitalizing potions, their uses and their properties, after which he told us to get into girl-boy pairs. Ness paired up with Drake, so I went and sat with Blake.

We brewed our potion without incident, and so did the rest of the class. Only an idiot would mess up when making a basic re-vitalizing potion. That's how simple it was.

Once we'd cleared our work benches and returned the remaining ingredients to the cupboard, the professor dismissed the class.

"I'm so freakin' hungry!" I moaned.

"Tell me about it," Ness said, clutching her stomach.

"There's only one more hour left until lunch," Blake said, trying to raise our spirits.

"What do we have now?" I asked, trying to ignore my stomachs rumblings.

"Herbology," Ness groaned

"Ughh! Mandrakes! Stupid, screeching things! At least we have two hours free after lunch" Drake added.

Professor Willow was a big ageing man, cheery, and a 'jolly good' fellow.

We took our seats in the greenhouse.

"Good morning class! It's jolly good that we've finished with mandrakes, and we'll now be starting the chapter on Flowering plants. Is that jolly good with you all?"

"It'd be jolly good with me if we could skip this lesson and go for lunch," I muttered bitterly to Ness, Drake and Blake.

Ness nodded her agreement and Drake and Blake chuckled, "how can not having breakfast unnerve you both so much?" one of them asked. Me and Ness glared daggers at them.

"You try surviving without breakfast," she snapped at them.

"Excuse me? Would the three of you please pay attention?" the professor called out to us. "Jolly good! Now for five jolly good points, who can tell me what the nectar from a flower of a Janatian plant is used for?" I raised my hand, along with a few more people.

"No, not you Miss Potter, you've earned enough for your house today," he said.

Remember what I said about news spreading extremely fast at Hogwarts? Well there you go.

I wanted to pull my hair out, but as calmly as I could I said, "Excuse me sir, but please, I'm not Miss Potter. Miss Lily or Miss Luna or Miss Lily Luna will be okay."

"Jolly good, my girl, jolly good." He said, curiosity burning in his gaze.

Herbology passed by sluggishly, and as soon as the class was dismissed, I and Ness ran to the Great Hall as if our life depended on getting there as fast as we could.

Drake and Blake were running to catch up with us, and I could hear someone calling my name from behind me, but I didn't care. All I knew was that there was food on the other side of those doors. I clutched Ness' hand as we ran to the Great Hall, expecting yummy, delicious food, but there was nothing. The golden plates were bare, and the shiny goblets empty.

"What the hell?" I asked, frustrated and confused...and hungry.

Drake and Blake finally caught up with us.

"Where's the food?" I asked them, as if they'd know.

Drake and Blake looked at their watches, "lunch starts...Now," they both said simultaneously. The food appeared in huge dishes. I took off my shoes; pumps, flats, doll shoes, ballet shoes, whatever you want to call them, and tucked my legs under me on the bench, wanting to enjoy lunch as much as possible. I grabbed the first thing I could get my hands on, and was about to bite into it, when someone called out my name.

"Oi Lily!" I turned to see Alec coming towards us, "I've been calling you for so long! Are you deaf?"

"Nope, just hungry," I said, picking up the chicken drumstick I had dropped on my plate. I took a HUGE bite and then spit it out, dropping the chicken in my hand to fan my tongue.

"Ow! Hot! My tongue! Ow!" I was on the verge of crying. My freakin' tongue had to freakin' burn when I was freakin' dying of hunger!

Drake, Blake and Alec were having a jolly good time laughing at me, and Alec decided that it would be a great idea to invite more people to watch the show.

"Oi Scor!" he shouted to Scorpius who had just entered the Great Hall. "Sit here if you want some entertainment to cheer you up," he said to him. I scowled at Alec, and then at Scorpius who decided that he did want to have live entertainment to cheer him up.

"You guys can't even let a hungry girl eat in peace! Shame on you!" I said glaring at all four boys.

"She hasn't had breakfast, that's why she's so pissed off," Drake/Blake informed Alec and Scorpius. They started chuckling. I shot daggers at them and grabbed Ness' arm.

"Let's go sit somewhere else," I told her. She looked like she wanted to protest, but a look from me shut her up. I stood up and slipped on my shoes. How I wish I hadn't done that. As soon as I wore my shoes, I shrieked and flung them off my feet. There was food in my shoe! There was hot, foot burning food! I started jumping on the balls of my feet, to get rid of the pain, and so that I wouldn't have to stand on the sole of my foot, where I had been burnt. Well, that didn't work out well. Try and guess what happened. I'll give you a clue. Remember my nickname? Me-The-Klutz?

Yeah. You guessed it. I fell. On my bum.

Now I was angry, hungry, burnt and hurt. The boys were howling with laughter, and even Ness was giggling a bit.

"UGHH!" I stomped out of the Great Hall, noticing that it wasn't only Drake, Blake, Scorpius, Alec and Ness who were getting a kick out

of my self-inflicted injuries. Almost the entire Slytherin table was laughing, as well as some people from the other houses.

"Glad I could provide you with live entertainment," I announced bitterly to the Hall. "Enjoy your meal! It's something I won't be able to do!" and then I left, before my temper got the better side of me.

I went to my dorm, to vent a bit, but I never got to do that because when I got there, I saw, lying on my bed, looking as beautiful as ever...

MY BROOM!

My beautiful StarSky 2880!

I picked it up and hugged it to myself, then exited the dorms to go outside, with it leaning against my shoulder. I loved my broom. I loved to fly on it. I loved to feel the wind whipping around me. I loved looking at everything below me. I loved feeling as if I had no worries in the world. I loved to fly.

I reached the field, and gripped my broom tightly, remembering the feel of it. I mounted it and then kicked off, not knowing that six pairs of eyes were watching me. I closed my eyes and went as high as I could. Then I just floated. Above everyone else. Above the whole world. At my own pace. With no worries of my own. No one telling me what to do. My hunger, hurt and burns forgotten, I just flew.

When I wanted thrill, I did a few dangerous loops and sharp turns.

She missed breakfast, that's why she's so pissed off.

The anger came back to me, and I needed some way to get rid of it.

Dare I try it? What if I broke my neck? Or worse, what if I broke my broom? Easy, a voice in my head replied Lucius would just buy you a new one.

I decided to take the risk. To feel the thrill. To get rid of the anger. To forget everything except for the fear of falling. Dying.

I ascended and went higher. Higher than I had ever attempted before. Then I turned my broom, so that it faced downwards. And

then I sped towards the ground, at a speed I had never imagined I could go at. The wind whipped my hair around me wildly, and as I got closer and closer to the ground, I flew faster and faster. My heart pounded with excitement as I neared the ground. Would I make it?

I was going to crash. I was going to crash. I was only a few meters above the ground now. I couldn't get my broom to turn back up. It wasn't because I couldn't control my broom. It was because I didn't want to.

I was only about two meters away from the ground.

One meter.

Three feet.

Two feet.

I could touch the ground if I extended my hand. I wanted to let myself crash, just to feel an abrupt stop to the thrill, but my reflexes had other plans. My hands steered the broom back up, at the same exhilarating speed.

Two meters.

Four meters.

Sixteen meters.

There you go ladies and gentlemen. A perfect Wronski Feint. Performed successfully by Lily Luna. I was proud. Extremely proud.

I descended back towards the ground, even though I wanted to continue flying. I had classes.

When I was nearing the ground I saw a group of people in the field. A group of six or seven people. A quidditch team. The Slytherin quidditch team.

Oh shit Lily. What have you done? I mentally berated myself.

I landed swiftly, and decided that ignoring the team would be the best option. I walked past them, ignoring the looks they were giving me.

"Hey Potter!" someone called. I wanted to ignore him, but I couldn't. I had to correct him.

"That's not my name," I said without turning, just continued walking.

"Oi Lily!"

"Hey Shorty! Come back!"

"Potter! Turn around now!"

This got me to stop. And turn. And march towards the idiot who had called me that. I wasn't sure who it was, but I knew that it wasn't Alec (he called me Lily), the big guy from fourth year (he called me Shorty), or Scorpius, who I knew would never call me that. That left the three older ones

"Smart one aren't you?" I spat out looking at all three. "Call her Potter, and you'll get her to turn? Well, guess what?" I said, my tone filled with bitterness. "You did get me to turn. But not for the reason you wanted. I won't listen to what shit you want to spew. I just want to ask who said it." I said with contempt.

"Me." a seventh year said, stepping forward, "Daniel Flint, captain of Slytherin Quidditch team and seventh year prefect. You have my sincerest apologies. I didn't call you that to get rile out of you. It was just what came on my tongue." He said.

He looked sincere, but I didn't believe him. I wanted to turn around and walk away, but then that would be against all that Narci and Lucius had drilled into me.

"I don't believe you, but at least you apologized." I said with a tight smile.

Now was that so hard? Narci's voice entered my head.

I knew what they wanted from me. I was sure. They wanted me on their Quidditch team.



In other circumstances, I would have jumped at the chance, but these weren't other circumstances.

I was a half vampire. I might miss matches. I would let the team down.

"I want you to join the team," Flint said.

"I don't want me to join the team," I countered him.

"May I ask why?"

"Nope. My reasons are for me only," I said curtly.

"Come on Shorty! We need you!" the big guy said in his booming voice.

"I'm sorry but I can't," I said with a blank face. Inside I wanted to scream and shout. I would pay for this chance, but now that I had it for free, I had to refuse it. Fate is evil, isn't it? "and anyways, first years aren't allowed."

"We can make an exception. We need a chaser like you, and we're one short." Alec begged. "You're awesome! We need you!"

"Says the person who couldn't stop laughing at me just a few moments ago," I couldn't stop the remark from escaping.

"You have to join," Flint said, but he wasn't begging, he was ordering.

"You can't tell me what to and what not to do!" I said defiantly. I probably sounded like a stubborn waste of talent. I didn't want them to perceive me like that, so I added softly, "I'm sorry. I wish I could, but I can't."

Then I turned and walked back to the castle, not looking back.

I hated him more than ever. Because of him, I had to give up quidditch.

Opportunity Cost, I heard Lucius' voice, discussing business with an investor, what you have to give up when you make a choice.

But I never got to make the choice! I never chose something, then why did I have to give up something?

I slammed the door to the dorm, crossed the bathroom, and dumped myself on my bed. I lay there for a while, willing the anger and hate to go away.

"Miss Lily?" my head snapped up.

"Zwinky?" I said, not believing what was in front of me. Her huge grey orbs stared at me.

"What is wrong? Miss looks hurt," she asked, clearly concerned.

I sighed, "I'm just upset and angry...and extremely hungry,"

"Zwinky will show Miss the kitchens of Hogwarts, and Miss will tell Zwinky why she is upset and angry,"

Have I ever told you how much I love Zwinky? Well, I do. She knows that I need to talk to someone and vent. And she knows how to get me food.

"Thanks Zwinx. Let's go," I said dragging myself up. We walked out of the dorms, and up the stairs to go out of the dungeons. She didn't use the normal routes, which every other person in the school uses.

"So what is it that is upsetting Miss?" she asked as our footsteps echoed in the deserted corridors.

"I haven't eaten since yesterday night. I can't join the quidditch team. People think it's a joke to call me Potter. How am I going to get out of Hogwarts for my transformation? What if I get caught? What will I tell people when they ask why I don't want to be called a Potter? I want to join the quidditch team. My charms teacher is a hag. I'm losing my shell. I miss home," I rambled to Zwinky.

Wow, don't I have problems?

"It's okay Miss. There's a lot of food in the kitchen. Miss is brave and strong. Mistress Malfoy must be proud of how she raised Miss Lily. Zwinky has to tell Miss something important." She said.

"What's happened?" I asked her, starting to panic.

"Nothing bad has happened. Zwinky met another house elf, by the name Kreacher. He lives with the Potters," she said looking at me pointedly.

I remembered him. I remembered Kreacher. I remembered.

"Kreacher? Why are you so sad?"

"Kreacher misses the Noble House of Black and his Mistress,"

"What's a House of Black?"

"A place where Kreacher belongs,"

I remembered him.

"And?" I urged Zwinky to go on.

"He has told Zwinky that he is wanting to serve the Malfoys. Zwinky told him that he is loyal to the Potters. He tells Zwinky that he is not. He tells her that he can tell her the secrets of the Potters. He says a lot of the Potters' secrets. But he has told Zwinky an important thing. That young Master Potter has a map that is known as the Marauders map. It will show everyone every detail about Hogwarts..." she went on, but I wasn't listening. I was remembering.

-FLASHBACK-

"James? Why are you leaving me?" a six year old Lily asked eleven year old James Potter.

"I'm not leaving you Lily-pop. I'm just going to school. I promise I'll come back for Christmas," he replied, trying to get the frown off his sister's face.

Harry Potter entered then.

"James?"

"Yeah dad?"

"I want to give you something." James' face lit up, but then dropped as Harry Potter handed him a piece of folded parchment, and a cloak.

Lily stared at the cloak as if mesmerized. It was so silver and shiny. She wanted to touch it.

"What's that?" James asked his dad.

"An invisibility cloak and the Marauders map,"

Lily didn't know what that meant, but she knew that it was something amazing by the look of awe on James' face.

"How is that a map? Its blank." He asked his father.

"I solemnly swear that I am up to no good," Harry said. James' eyes widened. "That's Hogwarts! And everyone in Hogwarts!"

Harry nodded. "It shows all the movements of everyone in the castle, secret passageways, hidden rooms, everything,"

James gaped in shock, then his lips spread into a huge grin, "Thanks dad! You're the best!"

"Just remember; to close it after every time you use it you have to say Mischief managed." The ink on the map vanished, and it folded itself.

"Take care of the both things. Alby and Lily get them when they go to Hogwarts." Harry said.

James was too excited to protest, and just nodded, and rushed off to tell Fred Weasley, who was going to Hogwarts with him the following day.

-END OF FLASH BACK-

"I remember," I gasped, "the marauders map, the invisibility cloak! I just need to get them then everything will be a breeze," Zwinky looked at me as if I was crazy.

"That is what Zwinky has just told Miss." she said.

"Oh thank you Zwinky! Is it possible for you to get the map and cloak for me?" I asked her, hoping against hope that the answer would be a yes. "Zwinky is sorry, but she is not allowed to steal. She will not steal from higher beings than herself. Zwinky would do anything for Miss, but this she cannot do. She is very sorry," she looked like she would start crying any second.

(AN: please ignore this line. It's a stubborn bi\*\*h and won't go away.)

"No Zwinky. It's okay. You have done enough for me already. How much farther till the kitchen?"

"We are here Miss," she said pointing to a painting of a fruit basket. "Miss has to tickle the pear on the right," I did as she said, and to my amazement, it swung open to reveal a busy kitchen, with hundreds of house elves bustling around.

"How can Loop serve Miss?" a house elf asked me, bowing deeply.

"Umm...can I have lunch?" I asked.

"Of course Miss," he said, leading me to a table. He snapped his fingers, and dishes appeared in front of me. I would have drooled if I hadn't already stuffed potatoes in my mouth.

"Miss?" Zwinky said, appearing in front of me. "Zwinky has to go now. She is sorry that you cannot join the Quidditch team. She hopes that your worries come to an end. She will miss you a lot," Zwinky said, trying to hide the tears escaping her eyes.

I got up and drooped on my knees to give her a huge hug. "Promise me that you'll come and visit me again," I said. She nodded, then got out of my embrace, snapped her fingers and vanished.

I got back up and sat on the chair, and continued stuffing myself with food.

I had food. I would get the Marauders Map and Invisibility Cloak. I would escape to the forest. I wouldn't get caught. My secret would not be discovered.

Things were starting to look up.

These freakin' lines aren't going away! They're stalking me! Haunting me! I think I might develop line-o-phobia...

Whew. 7,412 words! Clap for me!

How did you like this chapter? I liked it a lot. A LOT! In fact I loved it.

Please review! Please!

I'm thinking that I'll add a bit of other peoples POVs (ahem...Scorpius') in the next chapter along with Lily's. Tell me what you think about that!

If I get at least ten reviews for this chappie, I'll update EXTRA quick...deal? And the next chapters amazing. There's quidditch! and a certain blonde hottie! Scorpiiiuuuussss!

I have a problem. The next chapter is turning out to be EXTRA EXTRA long. I'm thinking that by the time its finished, it'll be more than 11k words. Should I split it? If I do, the chapter will cover very little, but if I don't, it'll be toooo long. What should I do?

TMs'M (stupid lines!)=

## Chapter Five

AN: this chapter is great. I LOVE it. I worked hard to make it perfect. It is the fifth chapter after all! I'm upset with the amount of reviews I'm getting, but the amount of hits is increasing by the second. People! Please review! I've decided that I will update the next chapter as soon as I get ten reviews for this chapter, so it depends on how many of you review and how fast you review. Ten reviews.

People are still adding me to alerts and favorites and not reviewing. Really unfair. Please review!

Thanks for the reviews. My wireless internet is currently messed up, so I and my three siblings have to fight over the one modem that we have. This is why I'll hardly be getting time to come online and PM all of you, so, until my Wi-Fi is fixed, I will reply to reviews in chapters.

VampirePotter: Thanks for the review. You'll find out about the "creepy vampire dude" (Lol) soon. About finding out why her family left her, you'll have to wait...patience is a virtue. Haha...I know why her family left her and you don't! I'm so evil. You wanted a long chapter, so I left it at 8200 words. Wow...that's long. Thanks again for reviewing!

YouRsoJealousOfmyPerfectness: Thank you sooo much for the review! I'll keep on writing as long as I keep on getting reviews! Nice pen name btw. =D

Anonymous: thanks for reviewing! This chapter has a bit of Scorp's POV, so have fun with it and tell me how it was! I'll keep on writing if I continue getting reviews!

Natasha: thanks for reviewing. I would have posted this chapter sooner if more people had reviewed, and if my sister wasn't hogging the modem.

Jenny: Thanks for the review! This chapter is 8200 words. I found a good enough place to end it. Keep on reviewing!

Rohma: Thanks so much for the review! They're what keep the story going. How quick I update depends on how many people review the

chapter. If I'm satisfied with the amount of reviews, then I update. Thanks! Love you!

lammyownspecies: Thank you for reviewing! Of course Lily's gonna meet her family again. Her brothers are still in Hogwarts. Don't forget that. Her parents will come in later on. Thanks for the review! =D

Gome949: Thanks for the review! I'm glad you liked it. This chapter's 8200 words, which is quite a lot. Please keep on reading and reviewing!

Joan: you haven't reviewed but I wanted to apologize to you for writing your name as Joanna in the last chapter. Like I said, I couldn't check your name because my net wasn't working, and I remembered the name as Joanna. When I checked my mail on my phone, I saw that the review was from a 'Joan'. Whoopsies!

On with Chapter five, which I LOVE with my heart and soul, and hope that you do as well. But first, the disclaimer.

Disclaimer: I do not HP, but I do own this amazing chapter, which I am considering marrying. Who'll be my bridesmaid?

"Lily! Lily? Wake up! I need you!" someone said, shaking me.

"Come on Lily. I really need your help,"

I groaned. Have I ever mentioned how much I hate waking up early? Well I hate it a lot.

I pulled my blanket tighter around me. Wait! My blanket? Why hadn't Ness thrown it off me yet? And why was she pleading with me to wake up?

"Lily? Please wake up!" I opened my eyes, surprised when I didn't have to squint to let my eyes adjust to the light. There was no light. It was dark. I could make out Ness hunched over me. I looked at Belle's (that's what I called Annabelle. Anne, Annie, Anna didn't work for me) (AN: some of you must have noticed it by now, but to those of you who haven't, Lily likes to be unique. She doesn't do what everyone else does) bedside clock, hoping that I wasn't late for class.



1:43AM.

What the hell?

"Why am I awake at 1:43 AM?" I asked Ness groggily.

"Oh finally you wake up! I've been trying to bring you back from the dead for half an hour!" she said.

"Why didn't you just chuck the blanket off me like you've been doing for the past three and a half weeks?"

"Because that would piss you off," she said in the Duh-that-was-so-obvious tone.

"Oh and why is that so bad? Is it Don't Piss Lily Off Day?" I asked sarcastically. I wasn't in the best of moods right now.

"Nope. Because if Lily gets pissed off at Ness, she won't help Ness with her DADA assignment," she replied.

"You still haven't done it? It was assigned two weeks ago! Irresponsible brat!" Yup. Wasn't I in a beautiful mood?

"Come on Lily! Please just help me! I dunno why it's better to use Portego as a shield charm than Enugardio. Let me copy from yours," she begged.

"Ness, I didn't do the one for shield charms. I chose the one about disarming spells," I explained, too sleepy to look apologetic.

"But that one was supposed to be at least four feet long, and the shield charms was only three feet. I think the one for shield charms was a better option..." she rambled on and on, but my eyes had started drooping and I had missed half of what she had said.

"Liiiiiiillyyyyy," she whined, "are you listening to me?"

"Ummm...no, I don't think so," I mumbled.

"There's Lily for you; half asleep, but still sarcastic," she muttered darkly.

"Merlin Ness! Go to sleep!" I hissed.

"Help me Lily! I promise that I'll never throw the blanket off of you ever again," she said. Not even an appealing offer like that could get me to wake up.

"Please? Pretty please? With cherries on top? Actually make it cherry on top. Too many cherries over does it. And of course chocolate sprinkles. Come on Lily. Please, please!"

I threw my blanket off me, and sat up, sending Ness the most venomous look I could manage. I grabbed my wand from my side table and muttered a soft Lumos. The tip of my wand lit up, and I was tempted to shove it into Ness' face and blind her. She pulled out a parchment and quill from I-don't-know-where, and handed them to me.

"I can't see." I told her.

"Let's go to the common room," she suggested. I really didn't want to go all the way to the Common Room, but what choice did I have? She wouldn't leave me alone and let me sleep until she got what she wanted.

"I hate you, did you know that?" I asked Ness.

She just grinned and pulled me across the toilets.

"Why do you wear socks when you go to bed? I cannot sleep with socks." she said, looking at my socks-clad-feet, as we descended the stairs to the Common Room.

"I can't sleep without them. Make me sleep naked, and I will, but without socks? No way," I told her.

"What's this I hear about you sleeping naked?" my heart nearly jumped out of my chest, and by the look on Ness' face, so had her's.

"Next time, just Avada Kedavra me. No need to waste time on trying to give me a heart attack," I snapped at Alec, who was sitting on the couch, with a sheepish grin on his face, "and why are you here in the middle of the night?"

"I could ask the same of you," he countered.

"I actually have a reason to be wasting precious sleeping time," I said, "Miss wake-up-Lily-at-two-in-the-morning here needs help with an assignment." \*shoot Ness a scornful look\*, "and you?"

"I'm waiting for Scor. He's gone to get his transfiguration book from the classroom," he said smoothly.

"Yeah right. At two in the morning? Good try, but you're lying to the queen of lies," I told him. I sat myself on the rug at Ness' and Alec's feet.

"Loads of seats in the room Lily. Why are you on the floor?" Ness asked.

"Because, darling Ness, if I sit on one of those comfortable, soft, warm couches, I will fall asleep, and then I won't be able to do your assignment for you," I answered curtly.

Alec chuckled, and I shot him a look, "You know, you're lucky I forgave you for laughing at me, otherwise you would be getting the same treatment as Ness."

"What? You'd do my homework for me? I should piss you off more often," he joked, then seeing my look of contempt, added, "it happened more than three weeks ago! You need to forget about it." I scowled at him.

I sometimes wondered how Alec, Drake and Blake could be as carefree as they were, and I wished that I myself had no worries. No evil families leaving me, no evil vampires biting me, no evil quidditch captains tempting me, no evil friends waking me up at two in the morning, no evil professors calling me "Potter".

No evil fates hating me.

My tension was increasing as the days had passed. There was less than a week left until the transformation, and I had still not acquired the map and cloak. I knew I needed help from a prefect. It had to be a Slytherin prefect, who wouldn't get me into trouble.

The fifth year prefects would be useless. I bet they didn't even know where Gryffindor tower was.

I didn't know who the guy prefect from sixth year was, but I knew that the girl wouldn't help me. She was a prim, proper Miss-goody-two-shoe. The seventh year girl prefect had been pulled out of the school, and they still hadn't organized a replacement. So that left me with the seventh year boy prefect.

Daniel Flint.

Slytherin Quidditch Team Captain.

The boy who I had shouted at, and whose team I refused to be recruited into.

I have a perfect life don't I?

"Umm...Lils? What are you doing?" I looked at Ness, then at the parchment, where I had drawn such random things, that I couldn't fathom where they had come from. There was an ice cream, a pair of shoes, a quill, a broomstick, several snitches, and my name in fancy handwriting.

"Sorry! I uhh...tend to doodle mindlessly when I'm thinking."

"Yes. We've noticed," Alec mocked. I scowled at him yet again, then erased everything on the parchment with my wand and started jotting down points about shield charms.

After about five minutes or so, we heard the Knight with the broken sword move aside as someone entered. I turned from my position on the floor to see none other than Scorpius Malfoy enter.

"Found yourself company eh Alec?" he asked Alec.

"No. They found me. Can't help it. Ladies are attracted to me," he said.

Ness and Scorpius rolled their eyes.

"Full of ourselves, aren't we?" I muttered.

"I heard that Lil," he said casually.

"Well, it's good to know that you aren't deaf," I said slyly.

He stuck out his tongue at me, which caused me to murmur a low 'how mature'. Scorpius and Ness chuckled.

"Scor, you wouldn't believe what these girls were talking about before they knew I was listening in. Lily here was saying something about sleeping naked! Maybe we should break into the girls' dorm some time." he chortled.

Ness blushed, and I rolled my eyes, "I was just telling Ness how I'd rather sleep naked but with socks, than with clothes and without socks," I told them. They both looked at my socks-clad-feet, and realization dawned on Alec's face. "That's why you stumbled so much that night we were almost caught by Agatha (the caretaker)" he said.

"No," Scorpius said, "she would stumble even without the socks. Remember when she got food in her shoe and burnt her foot?" the three of them burst into laughter.

"And when she fell down the stairs and crashed into a suit of armor? Good times," Alec managed in between laughs.

I glared daggers at the trio and stood up, "Elaborate on these points and write it in fair," I said dumping the parchment and quill on Ness as I got up, "now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to sleep." I said curtly.

"Come on Lily, we were just having fun," Scorpius said, in hopes that I wouldn't put him on my hate list again. Him and Alec had begged me to forgive them (well not him. he was a Malfoy after all, and Malfoys don't beg) after the burning-my-foot-due-to-hot-food-in-my-shoe incident.

So had Drake and Blake. But they used a different technique. They had gotten me to forgive them by showering me with chocolates, pastries, candy, and the like. Those two were strategic when they wanted to be, I can assure you that.

"Clearly you were," I hissed.

"Aww come on Lils, don't be like that," Alec said.

I sighed, not wanting to have this conversation, "I'm sorry. I'm just sleepy, and upset that I was woken up at two in the morning. Speaking of which, why are you guys really awake?"

"I had to post a letter. To my mother. Who is very worried about you right now, I have no idea why," he said, eyeing me suspiciously.

I laughed uneasily, and I was sure that the three had noticed. I yawned, "I'm really sleepy. Ness, get started on that essay. G'night!" I said, and then headed back to my dorm.

Sweet escape.

On my way back to the dorm, I passed the Slytherin notice board. There was Slytherin Quidditch practice during the free lesson before lunch, and then later in the evening. I would have to go talk to him then.

Ness and I rushed to transfiguration, her with a tube of lip gloss (is he ever without it?) in her hand, and me with an apple. We were late again, but I knew better than to skip breakfast. I told you I learn from my mistakes.

The transfiguration teacher was a strict teacher, but fair and just all the same. She was liked by everyone because of how well she managed to explain. When she talked, you were drawn to her voice, and you had to listen.

When I and Ness entered through the transfiguration classroom door, she looked up from her WizPlanner in which she was taking attendance, and said, "Take a seat girls, you're lucky that the second bell hasn't rung yet," (AN: are there bells at Hogwarts?)

We went and sat in the seats at the back, which were our usual seats in every class. I took out the apple from where I had hidden it in my robes and bit into it. Ness applied her lip gloss and asked me if it looked okay.

"It looks fine. Now tell me why you didn't wake me up earlier," I asked her.

"I woke up late myself," she said simply, then added, "I slept really late last night."

"Okay class!" Professor McGrath called out, "in the last lesson, we did transfiguring house-hold objects, into other house hold objects. Today we will transfigure house hold objects into nature. When I say nature, I mean the non-living part of..." I tuned out her voice and started thinking about other matters. Once we got to the spell-casting part, I snapped out of my thoughts, transfigured the tea cozy in front of me into a rock, and then snapped back into my thoughts. Yes I know. I zone out a lot, but I had to plan out what I was going to say to Flint, and how to ask him for help.

"Constant vigilance," the DADA teacher, Professor Kingsdale, Head of Gryffindor house told us. He really was a jittery, paranoid, poor soul. Tap his shoulder, and he'll whip around and hex you.

He always went on and on about how you should pay attention to everything around you. He wasn't a bad guy, or a bad teacher. In fact he was actually really good with what he did. Whenever we did a new spell, he would give us handy tips about it, he was extremely patient, but was strict when he wanted to be.

He collected our homework assignment (I noticed the look of pride on Ness' face as she handed hers in), and then started to lecture us on defensive spells. Sadly there was no spell casting in today's lesson, only theory study.

Herbology passed in the same "jolly good" way. At least I had Drake and Blake to keep me entertained for the one hour. When the bell rang, I was torn between being happy that it was finally over and dreading what I had to do next.

I turned to Drake, Blake and Ness, "you guys, I need to go to the library to look for a book. I'll meet you in the Great Hall for lunch," I said and vanished before they could say anything.

The sun was out, lighting up the grounds and the castle so that it looked like a scene picked out of a fairytale. I walked all the way to the Quidditch pitch, hoping that the team wasn't in the air already. I did not want to flag them down, thank you very much.

When I got to the pitch, I was relieved to see that the team was discussing tactics. On the ground. Ness had told me that they had held try-outs. Scorpius and Alec were picked for the team then. They hadn't found another chaser, and I wondered how practices were possible without a chaser.

"I marched to where the team was sitting in the bleachers, listening to Flint as he talked about strategic attack and defense. How I wish I was sitting there with the rest of them.

"Well, well. If it isn't Lily Luna, who wishes she could, but she can't," Flint mocked as he saw me approaching the team.

I kept my expression neutral, "Can I talk to you Flint?" I asked him.

"About what?" he sneered, but I could see that he was curious. And so was the rest of the team.

"You'll find out once I tell you," I answered.

"Okay, then tell me already," he said. Seeing me hesitate as I looked at the whole team, he added, "What you tell me, you tell my team."

I nodded, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of knowing that I was uncomfortable telling the team. I took a deep breath, "I need your help,"

He looked shocked, then amused, then confused, then curious and then disbelieving. "And what makes you think that I will agree to help you?"

"What makes me think that you will help me is that you are not cold-hearted. Maybe the fact that you know I would never swallow my pride and come to you for help unless it was really important, may convince you to help me. Or maybe, your status as a prefect, in my own house, is what makes me think you will help me." I said, without missing a beat. The team looked flabbergasted, but Flint kept his face blank, just like me.

"If I do help you, which I won't do, what do you plan on giving me in return?" he asked.



"What do you want?" I realized a second too late what a huge mistake I had made.

"I want you on my team," he said, as if he had planned this all along.

I wanted to bash my head against a wall for making such a stupid error.

"I can't give you that," I said, "ask me for anything other than that, and I'll give it to you."

"That's all I want from you," he said, shaking his head. "What is it that you want help with anyway?"

I considered whether to tell him or not. He saw the hesitance on my face and smirked. "I knew you would back down," he said.

"I don't back out," I spat, "I need to get something from James Potter's dorm in Gryffindor. You're a prefect, and if I'm caught frolicking the castle with you, then I won't be in as much trouble as I would be if I were alone. And I don't know the password to Gryffindor tower, but you do." I told him, a look in my eyes telling him that I DO NOT back out of a challenge.

By the time I had mentioned James Potter, Gryffindor tower and trouble, the whole team was gaping at me. I smirked when I noticed Alec and Scorpius with the same dumb expression.

"How about I offer you a challenge?" he said, a wide, evil grin spreading on his face.

"I'm listening," I nodded.

"If you win this challenge, I help you with your shit, but if you lose, you fulfill my request. That is, you join my team." He said.

I was about to straight out refuse and walk away, but then my eyes widened in horror as I comprehended what I had gotten myself into. What Flint had gotten me into.

I had just told him that I don't back out of a challenge.

The team and Flint must have thought that my eyes were twice their normal size because the prospect of joining the team was horrifying, as the big guy from fourth year asked, "Come on Shorty. Tell us why you don't want to join. We know you love to fly. You love Quidditch; Alec here was telling us about how you were drawing brooms and snitches." He boomed.

I shook my head. If I told the team that I couldn't tell them why I couldn't join, then I was sure they would become suspicious. I knew that Alec and Scorpius were smart enough to figure it out, and they would, if they wanted to. And Flint was smart too (more like manipulative). He would know something out of the ordinary was up.

Wanting to not answer his question, I turned back to Flint, "What's the challenge?"

"I can't tell you that until you accept," he said slyly.

What should I do?

I closed my eyes and turned my head up to the sky, wishing that I would receive an answer from above.

"Hey! What's that?" I heard a boy ask Flint or his team mate or someone.

"Yeah Lily. What is that?" I heard Alec ask.

I opened my eyes and saw that every single one of them was eyeing my neck. My scar!

The first thing I made sure NOT to do was to panic.

The second thing I made sure NOT to do was to cover up my scar with my hand, or collar. Hiding it makes it seem as if you are hiding something bigger.

The third thing I made sure NOT to do was to say that "I fell down the stairs," that was such a stupid excuse. I mean; you fell down the stairs so your neck got cut by the knives that you must keep at the landing. Riiiiight...

"I got kidnapped by muggles once." I fibbed. "They held a dagger to my neck and threatened to kill me. I don't remember it. I was only four," There. That was a true enough sounding story.

"So are you up for it?" Flint asked me, dismissing the scar.

I took a huge breath (once again), and nodded.

His eyes shined with delight, "What positions can you play?" he asked.

"Don't get ahead of yourself. I might win this challenge," I said.

"No, no. see, the challenge is that you're gonna play against my players. If you win, you win, if you lose, then you will be a part of my team," he explained, with glee and anticipation in his eyes.

"That's unfair! I'm ten, and tiny, and untrained, and you expect me to play against one of your men?" I asked, incredulous.

"Yes, but you're also the daughter of Harry and Ginny Potter, Quidditch legends. You are a descendant of James Potter I and Arthur Weasley. You are the sister of James II and Albus Potter. You are related to Fred, George, Bill, Charlie, Ron, Theodore Lupin, Louis, Victoire, Hugo, and Dominique Weasley. You can perform an amazing Wronski Feint. Your flying skills are amazing. And sweetheart, once you get on my team, you'll have to face much worse than my men," he said. I would have looked shocked, but I didn't want to give him the satisfaction.

"I see you've been reading up on my family history. I play seeker and chaser. I'm equally good at both positions," I said.

He nodded, "First, you'll play against me. Bludgers will be let loose. Whoever has the most hoops at the end of five minutes, wins the round."

"I'm wearing a skirt! And if you have no one to pass the quaffle to, how will the other person intercept it?" I asked.

He grinned that evil grin of his, "Too bad the school uniform doesn't allow trousers for girls. And to get the quaffle, you gotta play dirty,"

"I need a broom. Mine's in my dorm," I stated.

"Justin!" he called out to the big fourth year Slytherin, "Give her your broom."

Justin nodded, handed me his broom, winked at me, and then sat back down.

The bludgers were let loose, the quaffle thrown up, and whistle blown.

As soon as I heard the shrill sound of the whistle, I sped towards the quaffle, caught it and flew towards the hoop, which was guarded by the keeper, the seventh year.

I loved feeling the wind on my face. I was uncomfortable riding a broom in a skirt, but who cares?

I could feel Flint catching up behind me, and I shuddered to think what "playing dirty" meant for him. I pushed harder, and when I was a few meters from the hoop, I gathered all my strength, and threw the Quaffle. It went inside the centre hoop. The one I had aimed for.

Out of nowhere, I saw a bludger coming towards me. Without stopping to think, I made a dangerous, sharp turn, and-

BAM!

- crashed into Flint. Who had the quaffle. Not thinking about my nose, which I was sure was bleeding, I sped towards him. He had reached the hoops, and pulled his hand back to throw. Just as he was about to propel his hand forward to throw the quaffle, I snatched the quaffle out of his hand.

Just playin' dirty.

I was about to throw the quaffle, but at that moment, another bludger came flying at me. I let my broom fall steeply downwards, and then ascended back up, throwing the quaffle before the bludger came again. Score!

It was Flint who got the quaffle when it was thrown back by the keeper. I raced towards him, to get the quaffle, but he had already

scored. The keeper threw it back and Flint caught it again. He swiftly flew over to the goalposts and scored another one.

He was cheating! The keeper was throwing the Quaffle to him! I was going to protest, but the whistle was blown. Five minutes were over.

I flew back to the ground, and landed gracefully, then stumbled as soon as I set foot on the ground.

"Graceful in the air, clumsy on the ground," Alec said, which caused everyone except me to chuckle.

"You're a good player Pot-uh Lily," Flint said.

"You cheated!" I shrieked, "He was passing the quaffle to you!" In my outrage, I hadn't noticed that a crowd had gathered to watch, and it wasn't only the Slytherins.

"I said you were allowed to play dirty," was all he had to say. "Next, you're gonna play seeker against Malfoy here. Whoever catches the snitch first, wins."

I nodded. I loved playing seeker, and I was sure that I was going to win this. I was going to get the map and the cloak, and I wouldn't have to join the team!

"I need a hair band," I said, pointing to my fringes. With these, there was no way you could play seeker.

"I don't carry around hair bands with me pot- Uh...Luna." Flint barked.

"But then how am I going to-" I started, but was cut off.

"Scorpius has that long hair as well, so it's fair," he said.

"UGGHH!" I stomped my foot, and mounted my broom once again, with my face red with anger, and a bleeding nose. It was when I was hovering a few meters high in the air, waiting for the snitch to be released, when I saw the congregation of people. There was Ness and Drake and Blake, but I didn't look at them for long. My eyes had already steered to the group of redheads and occasional blondes and black haired people.

"What the hell," I muttered. Why were they here?

The snitch was released, and in the fifteen seconds we had to wait for it to disappear, Scorpius flew over to me, murmured a "Good luck Luna, you're gonna need it," and then flew off once again.

When the whistle indicating that the fifteen seconds were over was blown, I rose high up.

Higher and higher and higher.

When the people were barely visible, that was when I stopped, and started to circle around the perimeter of the pitch. I really needed to win this. As I flew, my fringes were flattened against my forehead and covered my eyes. I couldn't brush them to the side like I always did, because the wind would mess them up again.

I saw Scorpius rising higher. What if he'd seen the snitch? What if it was right behind me and I hadn't seen it?

I turned and saw no snitch behind.

"Oi! Lily! How about you show me how you did the Wronski Feint. I have to say I was impressed that day. How did you manage it? You were so close to the ground. Teach me," he shouted.

I nodded, and then beckoned him closer. He obliged.

"Do exactly as I do. Go at exactly the same speed I do, and maintain the same distance between me and you from start to finish. Start counting to three as soon as I go, and then after three seconds follow me. Three seconds after I turn, you turn. Ok?"

"Why are you teaching me?" he asked suddenly.

"(A) Because you asked me to, (B) because you're my friend and (C) if I'm not joining the team, then I might as well do something for it." I replied easily

"Don't get too confident, I'm the best seeker in Slytherin,"

I shook my head, "are you ready? I'm taking off." He nodded.

I took a deep breath and then angled my broom the same way I had done more than three weeks ago, and then every time after that. Then I sped forward, the wind, gravity, the broom, my body, all pushing me as fast as possible, towards the ground. I was going so fast all I could see around me were blurs. All I could hear was the howling of the wind, all I could feel was the thrill and the excitement.

I could feel Scorpius racing behind me. I wondered if he felt the same thrill I did.

As I neared the ground, I started estimating how much distance there was between the ground and me. The lowest I had gone was two feet, above the ground, that first day I had tried it. Every time after that, I pulled up too quickly. At a meter, at four feet, at five feet.

But this time, I would do it. I would do at least two feet, or even lower.

I started counting.

Eight meters.

Six meters.

Four meters.

Two meters.

One meter. My heart hammered.

Come on Lily. Keep going.

Three feet. I'm going to crash. I'll die.

Two feet. But who cares if I do.

One foot. No one loves me.

Narci and Lucius do.

I turned back up sharply, going at the same dangerously fast speed.

I saw Scorpius in ahead of me. How had he gotten there? I remember he was behind me.

Oh. He turned waaay before I did.

Maybe I-

I saw it. I saw the glint of golden, at the same time as Scorpius.

Both of us ascended, as fast as we could. I could feel my muscles straining as I pushed forward, my body leaning almost flat against the broom. I was catching up with Scorpius, and we were both catching up with the snitch. I urged the broom to go faster. If I had my StarSky 2880 right now, I would already have that snitch in my hand. True, this broom was top of the line, but I knew my StarSky.

I was now almost next to Scorpius. It was easier for me to go faster than others because of my tiny body and non-existent weight.

Scorpius and I were now neck and neck. I outstretched my hand and Scorpius followed suit. His hand was longer. He would catch it.

The snitch suddenly turned and headed downwards. Both me and Scorpius made sharp turns and flew to the ground once again. We both raced like that, right next to each other, trying to get ahead of the other, but unable to.

The snitch was right in front of us. Both our arms stretched out again. Mine was closer to it! I was going to catch it!

My fingers were about to close around its golden wings, when my broom jerked. What the-

That was all the time Scorpius needed; he was now, once again, neck to neck with me. I swear, if this broom jerks again, I will go and bash it on Justin's head.

The two of us were so focused on the snitch that we didn't notice that we were heading for ground. Scorpius closed his palm, as I closed my fingers around the cool ball.

As soon as I closed my hand around it, both of us crashed. There were shrieks and swears. I didn't feel anything much. I had landed



on Scorpius. My head lay on his chest, as I listened to his hammering heartbeat. My body perfectly aligned with his. And my hand? My hand entwined with his.

I opened my eyes. He opened his eyes. I looked at him. He looked at me. I looked at our entwined hands. He looked at our entwined hands. I opened my palm, out came his hand. He opened his palm, out came the snitch. He had caught it. I had not.

His hand went to my back and he rubbed it comfortingly. Until I snapped back to my senses and got off of him.

"Ow..." I moaned. A freakin' sprained wrist. A freakin' headache. No freakin' map. No freakin' cloak. Only the freakin' quidditch team.

I stumbled. Clumsy person plus a headache is not a good combination.

A strong hand gripped my arm. "Seems like you're on our team then," Alec said with a Cheshire grin.

"Amazing flying there Luna," Flint congratulated.

"Shorty! You're amazing!" Justin cried.

"Justin, I swear I want to bash your head with you freakin' jerking broom! I could have caught it! I could have caught the snitch!"

"S'okay Lil. It's good that you didn't catch it. At least now we have our chaser," Alec said.

"Luna! I want you to meet the team properly, now that you're a part of it," Flint barked with enthusiasm in his eyes.

"Can we please do this later? I need to go to the hospital wing. I need to change. I need to eat. I need to get to class," I moaned dejectedly.

He nodded, "Malfoy! You and Luna go to the hospital wing. I want you two healed by evening practice!"

I scowled at him, and then turned towards Scorpius, "Are you okay?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" he questioned.

"Umm...You crashed on the ground, and I crashed on top of you," I said in the duh-that's-so-obvious tone.

He shook his head. "I'm used to crashing, and you're practically weightless! That was an amazing Wronski Feint back there. It's good you're on the team. Now you'll teach me," he said, as we entered the castle.

I sighed. I was on the team. True, there was a part of me that was proud and elated, but I knew that on the whole, my joining the team would be more of a loss than a benefit.

"Why are you against joining? You still haven't told us," he said.

I shook my head and started walking faster. Not the best idea. Me-the-KlutZ decided to make an appearance. I tripped on my robes, and fell, my ankle positioned at an awkward angle.

Scorpius looked amused, and I could tell that he was trying very hard not to laugh.

"I'm extremely dizzy," I groaned. He offered me his hand. I took it and then he pulled me up. I let out a whimper as I put weight on my ankle, and crumpled to the floor once again.

Stupid twisted ankle.

The amusement left Scorpius' face to be replaced by concern. "Are you alright?" he asked, kneeling on the floor next to me.

"Oh yes. I'm perfectly fine, which is why I just fell onto the floor," I said rolling my eyes, and then feeling bad, after all, he was helping me, and I was being mean

"Your sarcasm isn't appreciated," he said.

"Sorry. Sarcasm is like a reflex to me," I said.

"Clearly, it's the only reflex you possess on ground," he said smirking.

"Oh ha-ha. You astound me with your wit,"

He shook his head, still smirking. "So should I carry you to the hospital wing?" he said, his smirk getting wider as he saw the look of horror on my face.

"No thank you. I'm perfectly capable of walking on my own," I replied curtly. I tried to get up, but my ankle protested, "I'll uh... just need some help getting up," I muttered.

"What was that?" he asked, enjoying himself.

"Oh shove it Malfoy and help me up!" I commanded.

He sighed, stood up, then grabbed me by the arms and aided me in standing up.

Another jolt if pain ran through The Stupid Twisted Ankle, and I was sure I would have fallen back down had Scorpius not been holding me.

"Just let me carry you." he said, seeing the look of pain cross my face, "girls would pay to get a chance like this," he smirked.

"Wow, and I thought Alec was full of himself," I muttered darkly.

"Birds of a feather flock together," he said simply.

I shook my head and then started limping in the direction of the hospital wing, while leaning against the wall.

Step, drag foot. Step, drag foot. Step, drag foot.

"This is going to take forever," Scorpius said exasperated, "can you pick up the pace?"

I started hopping on my uninjured foot, taking support from the wall, but that did not go down very well, thanks to, the one and only, Me-the-Klutz.

Yup. I fell once again. And you can imagine how much that pissed me off. I started hitting my head against the wall, but not hard

enough to hurt that much. A while passed in which I continued bashing my head against the wall.

"If you're done demonstrating your suicidal tendencies, you may now turn and ask me to carry you," The Idiot said from behind me, in his silky voice.

I scowled at him, and then, with the help of the wall, stood up once again.

Step, drag foot. Step, drag foot. Step, drag foot. Step, drag foot.

I heard The Idiot sigh from behind me, and the next thing I know, I was being scooped up in his arms. He wasn't very muscular, (AN: come on, he's twelve!) but he was still strong. Or maybe I really was feather light, because the way he carried me, it was as if he was carrying his books, and nothing more.

I struggled, "Put me down Malfoy! Now!" I screeched.

He just chuckled, "it's faster, easier, and much safer this way. Just stop struggling, because I won't put you down. I have to get out of there in time for lunch."

I decided to give in. I could feel his hand on the back of my thighs, and on the nape of my neck, where he was carrying my weight. Not knowing what to do with my own hands I had no other choice but to reach around his neck and hold them there.

He smirked, "Glad to see that you've given in,"

I glared at him, "Malfoy, my hands would be around your neck, throttling you right now, but instead they are around your neck, clinging on for dear life because if I strangled you, it would be compromising my safety," I shot venomously.

"I'll tell you what's \"compromising your safety\". \"Compromising your safety\" is when you run, you hop, you jog, you dance, you jump and you limp while on the ground. Come to think of it, even walking compromises your safety. I bet that this is the safest you've ever been. You have no chance of falling, tripping or stumbling," he said coolly.

"Nope, this is not safe, because this makes me want to stab you with a butter knife, and I don't think that Azkaban is a safe place." I challenged.

"Azkaban'll be safe for you, because there will be dementors to make sure that you do not run, and if you do not run, chances of you falling are minimal, and if you do not fall, you are safe," he said.

"Malfoy, I'm deciding whether or not to teach you the Wronski Feint, so you need to be on your best behavior."

He raised his eye brow at me so perfectly, that it could rival my own, "Flint's gonna make you teach me anyway."

"He can't make me do anything," I said stubbornly. When I said this, he pretended to stumble, and his hold on me loosened. Me, thinking I was going to fall, tightened my grip around his neck and leaned my face into his chest.

I could hear him chortling. "Someone's getting too close. Why such a tight hold Lily? Finally giving in to the charm of this handsome Malfoy?" he teased.

I used one of the hands that were clasped at his nape to smack him on his head.

"What the-," he started, but I cut him off.

"Please shut up. My head is killing me," I said scrunching my eyes shut.

"Aren't you tired yet?" I asked after a while, still with my eyes closed.

"No. You really are light. My five year old cousin weighs more than you," he said.

I opened my eyes and looked at him. His silvery blue eyes were focused ahead, accentuated by his high cheek bones and prominent pale features. He looked so much like Draco and Astoria, it was amazing.

He looked down at me, and raised his eye-brow. I looked up at him and raised my own brow.

(AN: and now, ladies and gents, the much awaited...) SPOV

I could feel her eyes taking in my profile, but this did not boost my ego, like it would have had if it were any other girl. I knew that she wasn't admiring my features. Her look held more of awe than admiration. She was comparing my looks with my parents'. I didn't mind that. Both my parents were extremely good looking, and I knew that I was as well. I'd say, most good-looking in my year, followed by Alec and Albus Potter.

I looked down at her and cocked an eye-brow. To make her feel uncomfortable. To make her feel as if I had caught her looking at me and thought that she was ogling at me. I didn't like the silence. Bickering with her had been...fascinating. I hadn't argued with a girl in long. Any girl at Hogwarts would oblige to my every demand. I was a Malfoy wasn't I? Handsome, rich, attractive, smart, good-looking, a gentleman, and of course, gorgeous.

She didn't fall for it. She just raised her eye-brow back at me, as if challenging me to believe that she was checking me out.

And could she raise her eye-brow! Damn, she was as good as me or even dad or grandfather!

Looking at her made me realize that she was a lot like a Malfoy. She had the extremely pale skin; she could accomplish a perfect smirk and raised eye-brow. She was witty and clever. And most of all, she was stubborn. She was stubborn, determined and head-strong...and maybe even arrogant.

It was only her fiery red hair and vivid green eyes that would assure someone that she wasn't a Malfoy by blood. Just replace that red with blonde and that green with grey, and there you go. A perfect Malfoy.

But she was pretty. Without the blonde hair and silver eyes. She was beautiful, in a different way, like her character was. In a refreshing, invigorating way. She was tiny, but already the whole school had spotted her. She didn't like attention, but she had the whole schools'.

She was a rebel, but she did not flaunt it by dying her hair blue or some other crazy color. She wanted to hide herself, but wasn't successful. She caught everyone's attention. Her appearance and personality wasn't one that could be ignored. It was something that attracted you towards it. Like a magnet.

We reached the Hospital wing, and I entered through the huge doors. The nurse entered and looked at the two of us, in our muddy clothes and Lily's bleeding nose. I deposited Lily on a bed, and she sat up to face the nurse.

"What happened? Did she trip again?" the nurse demanded. She was a young nurse, just joined Hogwarts last year. She looked about twenty eight, with her mousy brown hair and wide eyes. She was a firm lady, and could get you to cower in a corner with one glare.

I shook my head, "Quidditch accident." I told her.

"Both of you?" she inquired.

Lily and I nodded. She looked at us suspiciously, especially Lily.

"You are a first year, and how were you playing Quidditch in a skirt?" she asked her.

"If you think we're lying then you can go ask the captain," Lily said bluntly.

The nurse nodded, tight lipped and examined each of us carefully.

Could this lady hurry up? I'm dying of hunger here! And my freakin' arm hurts! I think I injured it. Merlin! Why did I have to crash? What if I have a bruise that never goes away? Will a part of my arm become bluish blackish forever? Will I be able to use my wand hand ever again?

I didn't voice out my thoughts. They'd think I'm shallow, and I am NOT shallow!

Finally, she stopped scrutinizing every one of our scratches and bruises and summoned a potion from her supply closet. She poured it into two goblets and gave us each one to drink. I sniffed it and gagged at the awful odor. I looked at Lily and saw that she was

pinching her nose and had already gulped down more than more than half her potion. I followed her example and swallowed the potion in one huge gulp, while holding my nose.

See, that was the thing about Lily. She wasn't a girly girl who worries about make-up and boys and dresses, and drinking smelly potions. This was what made me sure that she would make a really good friend. I knew that Alec was taking a liking to her, and I had a feeling that he may have started to harbor a crush on her, but he knew that she was just eleven, and that she was the type of girl who, if looked at a guy, looked at him with the eyes of a sister or a friend.

I knew that she was hiding a lot. Why she didn't want to join the team, why she had to get something from Potter's dorm, why she didn't want to be called Potter, why she came to Hogwarts a week late, why she lived with my grandparents. She had a lot of stress on her, but she managed it and hid it well.

"The potion makes you tired. You both need to get rest, so you are excused from classes for the rest of the day." Nurse Janice stated. Lily's face split into a huge grin, and I was sure I was mirroring her expression.

Oh yes! Thank you Merlin, for making me crash to the ground!

We didn't deem it necessary to tell her that we would be going to quidditch practice later in the evening.

LPOV

The two of us went back to the common room to find it deserted. Everyone had gone to classes.

"Well, looks like it's just you and me. Can I ask you something?" Scorpius said.

"My head hurts," I groaned, barely above a whisper.

"Since you don't want to be called "Potter", a formal term for you would be Luna right?" he asked.



"My head hurts," I repeated. My vision started swimming, and my body started swaying. If I fell and twisted my ankle again, I would get really annoyed.

"Lily? Are you okay?" I heard a far away voice ask me.

I shook my head, and tried to continue standing. I did not want to fall again. All I could see were blurry colors, swirling in weird patterns.

I couldn't keep on standing. I would fall.

I let go of my control over my legs, and I fell, but only to be caught by someone. I could feel the person holding me up by my arms, not letting me fall, but I needed to fall. I had to let go. Why couldn't this person agree to let go of me, if I had agreed to let go of me?

He loosened his grip on my arms and I fell against his form. His arms encircled around me, to make sure I wouldn't fall down. He was comfortable. And he smelt nice. He smelt like home.

I leaned into him, my eyes still closed, my head still spinning. I wanted to cry. I felt as if I was changing, as if something was taking over me.

Internally, you're going to start changing a few days before the transformation, but externally, you'll change on the day of the transformation.

I had started changing. Into something like him. (AN: Haha...the creepy vampire dude)

The last thought I had before I passed out was that I needed to get that map and cloak. And I needed to get them fast.

I dunno if some people will consider this as a cliffie, but if you do, then I'm sorry!

YAY! Lily's on the Quidditch team! But she isn't very happy about it. How did you like the short SPOV?

I was supposed to include the attempt at getting the map and cloak in this chap but it got toooooo long, and so I split it... don't hate me! This chapter is like 8200 words. 17 pages on word!

Please review and tell me how you like Alec and Ness! They'll be a constant part of the story, along with Drake and Blake. I personally love all four of them...and don't forget Scorpius!

Also, please suggest names for the "creepy vampire dude" who changed Lily. I have a name in mind, but if anyone's name fits his character more than the name I've thought of, I'll be glad to change it.

Oh oh oh, and before I forget, also suggest names and descriptions for an owl Lily is about to get.

I'll post up the next chapter as soon as I get ten reviews for this one, so how quick I update depends on you.

Review and I'll love you guys forever. Promise!

## CHAPTER 6

"I do not care if she is sick, or if she has fainted, or if she is half dead! I want her, along with you two, on the pitch! We have to do drills!" What better way to be woken up than by Flint's roaring?

"But she passed out! She obviously needs rest." I heard Alec argue. His voice came from right beside me, "Look at her, she looks so weak and tired. Cut her some slack Flint."

I opened my eyes, to find myself in one of the couches in the Common Room, with my head on the shoulder of a very groggy looking Scorpius, and sitting next to me a very determined Alec.

I won't say that I couldn't remember a thing, because I did. I remembered talking to Flint, being manipulated (yes, manipulated) into joining the Quidditch team, walking (or rather, being carried) to the hospital wing and then passing out in the arms of who I guessed was Scorpius. And I remembered that we had Quidditch training. Now.

I wanted to groan and go back to sleep, but that would be admitting to Flint that I really was 'weak and tired'. I sighed and sat straight. "It's okay Alec. We're supposed to be practicing."

Alec, Flint, the entire Quidditch team and the rest of the people in the Common Room gaped at me in shock. I woke up from the dead to agree with Flint?

"Good girl Luna. I got permission from Professor Greengrass to let you become part of the team," Flint said. I nodded and stated that I needed my Quidditch uniform.

I'll be honest and say that I was really excited to be wearing the emerald quidditch robes. It was true that I thought I shouldn't join the team, but that didn't mean that I didn't want to.

Picturing me in the Slytherin quidditch uniform was like looking at me and my Happily Ever After. But then that Happily Ever After was ruined by the thought of how many matches and training sessions I would have to miss, how much I would let down my team, how I would not be able to give my one hundred percent in matches, how I was a Half Vampire.

"Madam Malkin's Robe Shop for All Occasions is sending their smallest set as we speak," Flint replied.

"What are we waiting for then? Let's go!" I said, trying to sound enthusiastic, and trying to hide the dread, fear, guilt and fatigue that were growing with every second.

I wish Flint would understand what a huge mistake he was making by adding me to the team.

We proceeded to the pitch, my StarSky on my right shoulder. For the first time ever, I did not feel like flying. I mean, I wanted to fly, but I didn't feel like it. I was too tired.

"First, let's get acquainted. I'm Daniel Flint, Flint to all of you. I'm a chaser, and the captain, blah blah blah. I want Slytherin to win the Cup this year, and I will go to extremes in training you guys." Flint said, as if I didn't know all of that already.

"Hey Shorty! I'm Justin Bulstrode, Justin to all of you. I'm a beater, and I sure as hell won't let those nasty Bludgers harm you all," he said in his friendly booming voice.

Everyone was silent for a moment, giving the others a chance to go ahead. When no one made a move that would indicate that they were about to speak, I decided that I would go ahead.

"All of you know my name, but just for the sake of it, I'll say it anyways. I'm Lily Luna. You can call me Lily, or Luna on a formal note. I dunno which position I'm playing for the team, but I'm guessing I'm gonna be chaser, since that's the only empty spot." I said, looking at each one of them.

Alec winked at me and then started on his own introduction, "Alec Scott, Chaser, just joined the team. Glad to have you here Lily." What a charmer.

The seventh year boy, who was the keeper, spoke next, "Ramón Nott. Call me whatever you like. I'm the Keeper."

"You already know me, but Flint here likes to do things his way, so I'll introduce myself. Scorpius Malfoy. Scorpius, Score, Scorp, Malfoy, any. Seeker on the team. Second year."

I smiled and turned to the last person. The sixth year.

"Lawrence Fledge. Beater." He turned away from me and faced Flint. "You said there would be no girls on the team," he stated bluntly, "not that I'm objecting. I just wanna know why Luna here is an exception to the rule, and an exception to your sexist character." He really didn't look offensive.

"No other female is a damn good flyer like her. I have a feeling that she won't be a complaining, whining girl during training. She loves Quidditch, and I expect her to put it above all things. She's practically a guy." Flint explained. "When it comes to quidditch, that is." He added seeing the incredulous look on my face.

Pansy had drilled into me that being called "practically a guy" was not good. I didn't know why, but I thought she looked pretty serious when she said.

I stared at him with wide eyes, "I'm practically a guy? You expect me to put Quidditch above all things? You are the one who dragged me on this team. I should be the one expecting things from you!" I shot quickly.

He looked at me, nodded and then spoke, "I know that you really didn't want to join the team, but still did, even though you could have backed out and run away like a little girl. You took the challenge, and you could have won it, had Justin's broom not bucked. Which is why, I'm going to take you to the Gryffindor dorm."

I watched him, amazed. "Really?" I questioned and then, when he nodded, I jumped onto him and hugged him as tight as I could. It was then that I knew I was officially part of the team, and that I belonged here.

"That's how you thank someone, boys. Remember that!" he said to the team, while trying to pry me off of him.

"I'll pass," Ramón said, "don't want the birds to think I'm gay, now do I?"

I shook my head and sighed, "You guys are going to corrupt my mind if you continue like that."

"Well, that's our target guys. Apart from winning every game, we have to spoil the mind of this young, lovely lady." Justin thundered.

The guys grinned widely, and I stared in horror. The idea of hanging around with boys was fascinating; no lip gloss, no makeup, no obsessing over guys, but it was also scary. I didn't want to become a tomboy (imagine a tomboy who can't walk without tripping over her own feet). Think of what Narci and her high society friends would think of a tomboy.

I just wanted to be a plain girl. Not a Barbie girl and not a tomboy. I just wanted to be in the middle.

"Back to quidditch, back to quidditch," Flint said clapping his hands for attention.

"So Luna, you're a chaser, but I think you'd do better as a seeker," Flint said. I nodded, agreeing with him.

"Malfoy, you tried out for chaser, seeker and keeper. I'm thinking tha-" he started, but I interrupted him, "If you're thinking of shuffling the whole team, just to fit me in as seeker, then forget it. Scorpius is a good seeker, and the whole team will be disrupted if you change the plan," I said.

"(a) I wasn't going to suggest that, and (b) even if I were suggesting that, then you'd have to comply, because I am the captain, and you are not." He stated bossily.

My face contorted in rage, "I was just giving my opinion!" I shrieked. "What is this? A dictatorship? I am allowed to speak what I feel! I don't know why I even am on the bloody team! I was forced onto it! I say something for the benefit of the team, and you go captain on me! Actually, even captains aren't supposed to act like this!"

No, no, no, no, no. not the temper.

Control Lily, control. He won't take you to Gryffindor dormitories. Deep breaths.

I inhaled, swallowed all my pride, and before I would change my mind, I quickly said, "I'm sorry. Please continue with what you were saying," with my face completely blank.

Flint looked amused, along with the rest of the team, but no one commented. Thank Merlin.

"As I was saying. I'm thinking that Malfoy and Luna could train as both, seeker and chaser. They can train with each other, and alternate positions for matches." He said.

That was actually a good idea. Come to think of it, it was a brilliant idea.

"Wait!" I said, before Flint could start talking again. "I wanted to ask about subs. Do we all have substitutes, and do they train with us?"

"We don't need subs! None of us is going to ever miss a game! Am I clear?" Flint barked.

"But-"

"No Luna. You are NOT going to miss a match. Ever!"

"Just hear me out Flint! I'll be blunt. I'm a klutz. I'm a hazard to myself and anyone around me. You need to get a sub for me. Just as a precaution. It's for the best." I pleaded, hoping that he would believe my lie and relent.

He considered it. I knew that he would give in, after all, he was there for the lunchtime incident, and the news of my occasional stumbles was all around Hogwarts.

He nodded, and then started telling about practice schedules.

Phew!

"The practice time table is on the notice board. We alternate between drills and games. In drills, beaters practice their strategies and techniques together, chasers and keeper practice theirs, and so does the seeker. During game practices, we train as a team, and play matches against ourselves," he said.

Have you noticed how he's the only one who's talked up till now? Apart from me of course.

I waited for Scorpius to ask the question, but he didn't, so I naturally was the one who had to. "How are Malfoy and I supposed to do drills?"

"One drills session, you both train as seekers, together, and the next drills session, you both train as chasers with us," he stated in the duh-that-was-so-obvious tone. I was starting to hate that tone.

"So when's the first match?" I asked, trying to stall getting on our brooms. I really was extremely tired.

"After the Christmas holidays," Justin said. Whew. Finally someone other than Flint and me speaks!

I nodded and turned to Flint once again, "Can we go to Gryffindor dorms tonight?"

Please say yes. Please say yes. Please say yes. I prayed.

"You behave throughout the rest of practice, and I'll consider it."

I shot him a smile, "So what do Malfoy and I do today; chasers or seekers?"

"Umm...do seeker. The snitch's in the chest,"

I nodded and moved towards Scorpius, who was releasing the snitch from its holster in the chest.

"You need to teach me the Wronski Feint," he said.

"Nope," I said simply.

"Why not? Just cause I was being a kind soul and carried you to the hospital wing? I told you, girls would kill for a chance like that. Come on! I saved you when you passed out." He said indignantly.

"No, not because of that. I'm just really tired. Thanks for not taking me to Nurse Janice when I passed out though. She'd kill me for



coming again. Out of the whole Hogwarts population, I think I've been to the Infirmary the most times. And I've been here for less than a month!"

He chuckled, "Fine then. Teach me next time."

"Oi! Why are you two slacking? Catch the bloody snitch!" Flint hollered from up in the air.

I sighed, mounted my broom and kicked off.

The wind blew my hair around me wildly. My StarSky glided under me smoothly. The same sensation that fills me every time I fly, filled me again

How could I have not wanted to do this?

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Practice was tiring. We flew and flew, until the sun had dipped completely under the horizon. Every time Malfoy or I caught the snitch, we had to release it again, then find it again, catch it again, and then release it again. It was a practice snitch, so it could be used as many times as wanted.

If Flint saw anyone talking, slacking, or making avoidable mistakes, they were told to do laps. Why am I complaining, you ask? Because they weren't laps in which you had to fly around the pitch. Oh no. They were laps, in which you had to run around the pitch.

The team told me, during the short break Flint granted us, that he had never made them do laps before. I would have complained, but I was on my best behaviour. I needed to get the map and cloak by the end of today.

The transformation was in three days, but it could happen earlier. It terrified me to extremes whenever I thought about it. What if it happened tonight?

I really needed the cloak and map.

"You're looking paler than usual," Alec commented, as he, Scorpius and I made our way to the Great Hall for dinner.

"Being forced to run around the pitch, and falling numerous times, in the biting cold weather does that to you sometimes," I said sarcastically.

I went and sat next to Ness, Drake and Blake. They looked put out.

"What's wrong guys? What's happened?"

"What's happened is that you didn't tell us you were on the quidditch team!" Ness snapped.

"So?"

"So? So? You told us you were going to the library! You lied to us." Ness shot. Drake and Blake weren't speaking. They just sat there and ate their food.

I sighed, "Listen. I had to go ask Flint for a favour, he wanted me to join the team in return. Then he challenged me, and I lost, and I had to join the team, and then I went to the Hospital Wing cuz I was injured, and then I passed out in the Common Room, and then Flint dragged us to practice, and now you guys are all in a sour mood, and I'm extremely tired and I don't know what I'm going to do! What am I going to do? What if he doesn't help me?" Shut up idiot! You've said enough! "I'm so scared. What if someone finds out? What if it doesn't go right?" Lily! Shut the hell up! They aren't supposed to know! What are you doing? Shut up! "What if I get kicked out?"

I didn't notice the tears escaping my eyes until I tasted the salty taste on my lips. That shut me up.

The three of them were staring at me with confusion, concern and curiosity.

Oh look, alliteration!

Yup. I had obviously, totally lost it.

"We were just messing with you Lils. Alec told us everything," Drake/Blake said.

It wasn't until he said that that the stupidity of what I had done hit me. They looked at me expectantly. Probably demanding an explanation.

Uh oh.

I swallowed, looked down, and then started picking at the food piled on my plate. When I was doing this was when I realized that it was stress that led me to speak out my thoughts, and to let go of my hard exterior. And to cry.

"Clearly, you do not want to share with us what is bothering you so much," Ness said after a few moments, with me picking at my food, had passed. "But that's okay. We don't mind."

"Speak for yourself," Drake and Blake countered, but I could tell that they were just joking. I would have had smiled, rolled my eyes or shook my head, but I was currently wallowing in self-pity.

"Oi Luna! I'll help you tonight. Common Room, midnight," I heard Flint say from a distance away where he was sitting with his mates.

My mood immediately lifted.

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I stifled a yawn as Flint and I climbed the numerous stairs leading to the Gryffindor dorms. I was lucky I wasn't sorted into Gryffindor. Imagine walking all the way there after a long, tiring day.

"Flint? Why are you so harsh?"

He looked confused for a second, probably wondering where that had come from, just like I was. Then, "I just want Slytherin to win this year. The Cup is always taken by Gryffindor, because of all the Potters and Weasleys they have. Chances of us winning this year look good. We have you, me and the rest. I've spent a lot of time thinking of strategies, and I know that if I'm not strict, then none of you will take this seriously." He said.

"That was pretty deep, for a manipulative, conniving evil quidditch captain," I teased.

"What can I say? I'm a Slytherin, and our team really needed you. Did I mention that you look awful?"

I scowled, "Being forced to run around the pitch, and falling numerous times, in the biting cold weather does that to you sometimes," I said for the second time that day, in the same sarcastic manner as before.

"So, for what did you come to the Gryffindor tower? What is it that made you risk getting on the team? What is this mystery object?" Flint asked dramatically.

"You've asked me the same thing in a million different ways, but you know that I'm not going to tell, then why do you even bother to ask?"

He grinned sheepishly, "It was worth a try,"

"Worth a try, or worth a million tries?" I asked, and he grinned.

"Here we are," he said, after climbing countless more staircases, coming to a stop in front of a painting of an extremely fat lady. She seemed to be asleep, but you never know with paintings.

"Excuse me," Flint said in a gruff tone. The lady awoke with a jerk (if she was even sleeping), and glared at both of us.

"Shame on you! Waking up a lady in the dead of night!"

I rolled my eyes, and she huffed when she saw me do this.

"Password?" she asked in a smug tone. Poor lady, she probably thought we didn't know the password.

"Periwinkle," Flint said confidently. The lady's face fell, but she let us through anyways.

Pfft. What a lame password. I mean periwinkle?

"I'm waiting outside. No way am I going inside Gryffindor shit," Flint stated.

I nodded and stepped inside. The Common Room was decorated in golden and scarlet. It wasn't really a small room, but the carpet, and the loads of seats, and desks, and thick curtains made it look tiny and overcrowded. Due to its smallness, it was warm and cosy, in other words: stuffy. I preferred the Slytherin Common Room. It was more spacious, classier and looked waaay better.

Like the Slytherin Common Room, the Gryffindor Common Room also had a staircase leading to the dormitories. When the staircase branched, I turned right, hoping that it led to the boys' dorms.

Fortunately, it did.

I went to the second year boys' dorm first, casting a disillusionment charm and a Muffliato charm around myself. I pushed open the door. It creaked. I cringed, but felt proud to know that Gryffindor standards weren't as high as Slytherin standards.

I crept along the four poster beds, looking for a mop of untidy hair, and a night table with glasses on it. The beds were smaller than the ones in Slytherin dorms. Smirk.

I reached the last bed, and saw the black mess on Albus Potter's head but I barely spared it a glance. I was looking at something else. Something that made me jealous of the Gryffindors.

I walked closer to the window, and looked outside dreamily. I could see the stars, and the clouds, and the moon above and the grounds and trees and forest below.

I wanted this window in my dorm. Next to my bed. The view was hypnotizing, mesmerizing. I could stare at it forever.

I pulled my eyes away from the grounds and forest reluctantly, turning to the boy sleeping in the bed. He looked so much like Harry Potter, even with his eyes closed. I wanted to sweep the hair out of his closed eyes, and cover the leg which wasn't covered by the blanket (which wasn't as thick and warm as the ones in our dorm. Another smirk).

Damn maternal instincts!

I searched his night table, in his drawer, and finally his trunk, guided by the moonlight filtering in through the window.

Without the map or cloak, but still with hope, I exited the second year boys' dorm and headed to the one for fourth years.

As soon as I entered, I cringed. The dorm was a mess, with everything, from Chocolate Frog cards, to books, to socks littered on the floor. The walls were covered with posters of wizard bands, pictures of the fastest brooms (there was a picture of the StarSky 288 Series on one of the posters. Yet another smirk) and cut outs of female models in tiny clothes, if they could be called clothes at all.

I rolled my eyes out of habit, and proceeded to look for a red headed boy. I found him occupying the second bed from the door. Nothing on the table, in the drawers, or in the trunk. My heart twisted, and a lump rose in my throat. I tried to swallow it down, and walked to the window, suppressing the urge to cry.

I could see the Great Lake from here, but unlike the window in my dorm, I couldn't see inside the lake. The moonlight filtered in, and I felt energized by it, but still hopeless.

I turned back, feeling miserable and dejected. Now what would I do? I'd have to lock myself in the bathroom during the transformation.

I looked at who had decided to take over the bed next to the window, and was shocked to see another red headed boy. Hope filled me once more, as I checked his table, his drawers and finally moved to his trunk. I shuffled around the stuff in his trunk, until I felt the silky cloth in my hands. I pulled it out gently, and marvelled at how the moonlight made it shimmer, as if someone was pouring unicorn blood on it. I unfolded it and nearly started jumping in joy when a parchment fell out.

I was a hundred percent sure that it was the Marauders' Map. I pulled out my wand from the small drawstring bag I had brought with me, and pointed it at the parchment, "I solemnly swear that I am up to no good," I murmured, even whilst knowing that no one would hear me due to the Muffliato charm.

Writing started to appear on the parchment as soon as I tapped it with my wand, but I didn't see it. I was blinded by joy and elation and

relief. I put the cloak and map in my drawstring bag and started to move out of the dorm, but something made me stop and turn.

I went to the second bed from the door, opened the trunk at the foot of the bed, and read the label that was stitched there, by wand light:

Fred Arthur Weasley

Oh.

Why hadn't I guessed that?

I turned and left the room. I crept down the stairs, crossed the Common Room and exited it. Flint was there waiting for me. I removed the charms that I had cast on myself, and the two of us silently made our way back to the Slytherin Common Room, too tired to speak.

When we had entered the Slytherin Common Room I turned around and faced Flint, "Thank you so much. You cannot imagine how much you just did for me."

He smiled tiredly, and then climbed the stairs to his dorm. I followed him, turning to the girls' dorms.

I owed Flint for life. I would make sure that we won the Cup this year. I would make sure that he won the Cup this year.

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I couldn't sleep. I couldn't sleep knowing that the Marauders' map and invisibility cloak were in a drawstring bag behind my side table. I was too excited and jovial to go to sleep, so I sat up, lit up my wand and pulled out the drawstring bag from its hiding place.

I took out the silver, lavish cloak, and the yellowing parchment. Holding them in my hands, I felt a tingling, pleasant feeling run through my body.

"I solemnly swear that I am up to no good," I murmured, tapping the parchment with my wand. Ink started to spread on the page, and took shape.

Messrs Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs, are proud to present,  
The Marauders' Map.

I traced my finger over the elegant cursive script, and then opened the parchment.

Most of the dots-with-names were stationary on the map, asleep in real life. There was the 'Caretaker Agnes. RUN!' up in the Astronomy Tower.

Whoever had created this map was a genius. How had they made a map that would know the names, and locations of every Hogwarts occupant, in any era, at any time?

How?

Curiosity burnt in me, and the thirst to prove myself better than, or at least as capable as, others ignited. I wanted to find out how this had been done, and if possible, who had done it. Who were these Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs? I had to find out. I had to know.

I saw Albus Potter and James Potter in their dorms, and a thought occurred to me. What would they do when they found out that the map and cloak was lost? Stolen?

What would they do if they found out I had taken them. An involuntary chill ran down my spine. I had seen James Potter getting aggressive, and I felt sorry for the people who were on the other side of his violence.

What would they do to me?

But I stole the cloak and map fair and square, I reasoned with myself. If they wanted them, they were welcome to come and steal it back from me.

I stood up, with the map and cloak, and moved to the bathroom. In the other dorm, all the girls were sleeping peacefully as well. I opened the door and slipped out the first year girls' dorm. I went down the staircase, tip toeing in my ankle socks.



I knocked on the back of the Statue of the Knight with the broken sword, and it moved aside. As soon as I was out of the Common Room, I slipped under the Invisibility Cloak and looked at the Marauders' Map, using wand light.

Agnes the caretaker was in the Entrance Hall of the castle, so I decided to go to the astronomy tower. I used the map to get there using shortcuts, and what would have taken me fifteen minutes only took me seven minutes, and that was mainly because of the stairs I had to climb. I really owe Messrs Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs.

The astronomy classrooms were streaked with silver moonlight, but I walked past them. I didn't want to sit in a classroom with half a roof.

The map was tucked in my pocket. I didn't need it right now. I had already seen the door. It was situated behind the classrooms, and was open a teensy bit, letting in a single ray of moonlight. I moved towards it, stuffing the Invisibility Cloak in my bag. As if mesmerised I outstretched my hand to feel the light on my skin.

A tingling feeling spread in my hand and arm, as the light rested on my skin. Wanting more, I opened the door and stepped outside. It was a huge balcony, right under the stars. I was so high up; I could see a vast expanse of the Forbidden Forest straight ahead. The Great Lake didn't look that great in the west, and the Quidditch pitch was miniscule.

I rested my elbows on the railing of the terrace and basked in the moonlight. It felt so good. I tilted my head up, to look at the star glittered sky, and nearly moaned in delight when the moonlight hit my scar. My fingers automatically went up to touch it, and then automatically jerked away as the sharp pain hit the scar and my fingers.

Way to ruin the moment.

"Uh hello," I whirled around in surprise a male voice interrupted the silence.

"Give the girl a heart-attack why don't you?" I said as soon as I had regained my composure, and my heart was beating at normal pace once again.

"Sorry," he apologised. I could hardly see him, as he was sitting in the shadows, but I knew who it was.

"Got what you needed?" Scorpius asked me after a while.

"Huh?"

"The thing Flint was supposed to help you with?"

"Oh that. Yup, I got it." What if he saw my Me-and-My-Scar moment?

He didn't say anything, so I turned back around and continued looking at the grounds, the forest, the stars, the moon's reflection in the lake and the bright moon itself.

The gentle wind blew, and blew my white night gown (Narci insisted that ladies wear night gowns, not pyjamas) around me, and messing my already messed hair. I bet I looked ghastly, but I couldn't bring myself to care.

SPOV

I stayed silent and she turned back around. The wind blew and tousled my hair, but I wasn't paying attention to that. I was looking at Lily.

Her hair was up in a ponytail as always, but right now it was messy. Scarlet strands were spilling out of her scrunchie, and her fringes were billowing around.

Her white night gown (which I was sure she wouldn't wear if she had a choice) swished around her, revealing slender, pale calves, and blue ankle socks.

She looked like a horrible mess.

No other girl would have been able to pull it off as well as Lily did. I won't say that she looked good; she looked awful, but the fact that she didn't care that she looked horrible was what made her seem striking, in an innocent way.

She looked ethereal. Her deathly pale skin, her white sheath, her fiery halo, her innocent, wandering gaze.

Looking at her, feelings surfaced in me. No, don't get your panties in a wad. I'm not talking about that kind of feelings.

There was protectiveness and a thirst to always have her look this beautiful and to look this innocent. But there was also a little bit of jealousy at how she managed to look better than I. Just like a brother would feel for his sister.

I hadn't missed the look of ecstasy on her face when she had been facing the sky, or the look of pain when she had stroked her neck, but I didn't think much of it then, and dismissed it.

"So why are you up here?" she suddenly asked me.

"I just...needed to think."

"What about?"

"That's Lily for you; blunt and straightforward." I said, chuckling lightly.

"No really. What about?"

"A girl. Or more like a million girls...Does second year mean something? Is it like a signal for girls to flock around a boy?" Why I was telling this to her? I guess I just needed to share my thoughts with someone; a girl, and who better than Lily-who-I-had-brotherly-feelings-for?

"Nope. I think it's more like a signal for girls to flock around a boy who is rich, smart and kinda good looking. But since out of the three, you're only rich, I don't get why they flock around you." she said coming and sitting down next to me.

"Hey! That's not true! I'm all three along with polite, understanding, charming, sophisticated, extremely handsome, top of my class and richest in probably the whole school." I said, my arrogant-bragging-self going on the defensive.

"You're exaggerating, but at least you're getting my point," she said.

I did get her point. Why hadn't I figured it out?

"I want to ride my broom," she sighed wistfully, after a stretch of silence.

"Yeah," we lapsed into another comfortable silence.

"I wish you had blonde hair Lily." I said.

A look of puzzlement crossed her face, "Ookaay. And exactly why is that?"

"So that I could call you my sister. And maybe we could do something about those eyes," I said.

"I actually like my red hair! And don't you dare start on my eyes! Other than that, I'm a perfect Malfoy, and a perfect sister." As soon as she said that, she tensed up and her playful anger turned to real anger. I knew what she was thinking of.

And a perfect sister. She'd never been given a chance to act like a perfect sister

"Yeah, you are a perfect Malfoy. Grandmother should have just adopted you," I said, pretending to ignore the 'perfect sister' comment.

"Nope. Lily Luna is a nice name," she said getting up and moving towards the door.

"Suit yourself then. But you would have made an excellent sister for me."

"Technically, Narci adopting me would make me your father's sister. As in your aunt. No thanks, but I'm good. G'night!" she said.

"Night!" I replied, and then she turned and left the balcony.

Lily Luna Malfoy.

It had a nice ring to it. Grandmother should have adopted her.

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Please review. They are my motivation, and my reason to live. Well, not my reason to live, but the story's reason to live.

Please help me decide the vampire's name; Damian, Shane, Aidan, Dmitri, Donovan or Diomedes.

REVIEW! If I get many reviews, I promise that the next chappie will be up real soon.

And her transformations coming up soon! I think in Ch 8. It gonna be amaaaayzang. Promise!

Review and I'll update. Remember, at least 12! So hit that button down there. Ready? Set? Go!

~=TMs'M=~

## Chapter 7

AN: This chapter was sooo much fun to write...even some tiny parts didn't turn out as awesome-ly as I wanted them to, but they were still awesome. This story now has a total of 2000 hits. Please review guys!

Credit goes to (apart from me) my amazing reviewers:

Aerodactyl Fire: You forgot your password! For once it's someone other than me in a situation like this. =D your question: didn't the team recognise her scar? No they couldn't have. Remember that they are Slytherins and are shielded from things like these. Also, Lily's lie was pretty convincing. But don't think that this subject is closed; someone could have recognised it. And there is no way you are finding out what happened with the Potters and her anytime soon. You'll find out when she's in like fourth year. Long wait, I know. I won't tell you if her brothers want to see her again or not, because that would be leaking the story to you on my part. I'm really glad that you liked the fic!

Kel: I'm happy that you liked the story. The Slytherins don't know that she lives with the Malfoys because they're usually at Hogwarts when it's not summer, and when it is, they go for vacations. The students who didn't go to Hogwarts then know that she lives with the Malfoys, and sooner or later it might just slip out of someone.

VampirePotter: yup. You're definitely getting a part in this story. Or a scene that you want to see. But no major secret-revealing scenes. I understand your homework dilemma. Who isn't going through it? We're partners in suffering for that one. I'm glad you liked Scor's feelings towards her, but don't worry, they'll change sooner or later. Thanks for reviewing!

Lillian Vianne: YAY! I get brownie points! You get chocolate cupcakes for reviewing!. With cherries on top. Actually, make it cherry on top. Too many over does it. And of course sprinkles. LOL. I love Ness.

Melody: I'm glad that you like the story and Lily's character. You'll have your quidditch match soon...be patient. =P

Emily: thank you sooo much! You sound like a deranged junkie "MUST read more!" LoL. Btw you reviewed twice...I was conflicted over whether I should count it in the 12 or not. I'm glad you love it! Keep reviewing! Hearts and ice cream to you!

Rohma: I'm glad you loved it romii...Lily's gonna transform in the chap after this one.

One 'N' Only: thank you soooo much for the detailed review! I really appreciate it! Keep reading!

A huge cargo of thanks to PlasticScene who read my story in one night and reviewed each and every chapter of it. Thanks!

On with Chapter 7 The Amazing

Disclaimer: Harry Potter 7 the movie is out. But not where I live. =(...And since I am not JK, I do not get to watch the movie before it gets released. I wish I was JK.

LiiiiiiIIlyyyyyy!" Ness whined at breakfast, as I ate my bacon and sausages. Lately I only had an appetite for meaty foods, and it scared me that it was because my transformation was drawing nearer.

"What?" I snapped at her. I had been woken up so very early by Ness, who insisted that we eat breakfast early today, so that we wouldn't be late to Charms. I was so sleepy; I would have snoozed in my plate had I not been as hungry as I was.

Drake and Blake laughed from where they were on either side of me. Ness had decided that she wouldn't be safe if she sat next to me, so I had been squeezed between Drake and Blake.

"They're confusing me! Who's Drake and who's Blake? This is so annoying! I need to write a report with Drake!"

She was complaining? To me? The girl who she had woken up at the time normal people woke up?

I would have glared at her, but I didn't have the energy, and also because I realized that she had woke me up for my own good (what a realization!), and decided to forgive her, and help her.

"He's Drake," I said sleepily, pointing to the boy on my right. The three of them stared at me wide eyed, and if I could, I would be doing the same.

I hadn't just guessed randomly. I was sure it was Drake on my right and Blake on my left.

How had I known that?

"How did you know that?" Blake asked, reflecting my thoughts.

I shook my head, "I dunno,"

"She must have heard us talking to each other," Drake said, and I nodded.

Yup, that must've been it; because there was no way I could have known who was who.

Ness started talking with Drake and Blake about how boring and useless the potions assignment was, and I took that time to examine the twins closely.

They were as identical as ever, with their identical uniform worn identically, their hair styled the same way, and their book bags the same. I had a feeling that they liked to confuse people and make them uncertain about who was who.

But there was a difference between them, I noticed.

Their scent.

Drake smelt like...liquorice, and there were traces of mint. Blake on the other hand had a scent like cinnamon, but not as sharp as cinnamon. It was a little softened by the hint of caramel. Figures, they both smell like candy.

How was I picking up these smells so fast? I mean, the food smelt different; more complex, people smelt different, and Ness' perfume was extra strong, even though she was seated across the table from me.



I would be lying if I said that it took me the whole day to figure it out, because it didn't. I figured it out just then.

Vampire instincts. Enhanced senses.

I wonder how I smelt.

"Lily? Hellooooo?" I heard Drake, on my right say.

"Yeah?" I opened my heavy eye lids, waking up from my To-Be-Slumber.

"Did you do the Charms homework?"

"What charms homework?" me and Ness said at the same time.

"The one about finding out another spell that can be used for levitating objects," Blake said.

"I already know alternative levitating charms. Don't forget that I read textbooks when I'm bored," that was me.

"Ummm...." That was Ness.

"Just use Seroro. It's outdated and a bit faulty, but she'll think that you at least tried," I said to her, forgetting that she was the cause of me wanting to fall asleep in my food.

She nodded and shot me a grateful smile.

"That's not fair!" Drake and Blake exclaimed together, both with their mouths full, and both showering Ness with bread crumbs.

"Ughh!" she said, disgusted, while picking out crumbs from her hair.

Drake, Blake and I watched silently as she pulled the crumbs out from her blonde strands, having nothing else to do.

"Oh Lils. Drake and I were thinking last night," Blake started.

"Wow. What did people feed you to drive you to thinking?" I asked sarcastically. Ness snickered. She had been right. Even if I was half asleep, I wouldn't miss a chance to be sarcastic.

"Ouch Lils, that hurt. Now, as Blake was saying. We were thinking that it's time we performed another prank,"

"Yeah. Sure. When? Any ideas?" I asked sleepily, feeling kind of sad, because I might not even be there.

"We were thinking of doing something that would promote Slytherin," Drake said.

"So that people know that you're from Slytherin," Ness said. She knew about the prank because a few weeks ago, Drake and Blake, the idiots that they were, started talking about the exploding food when she was right there, right in front of their eyes.

Idiots.

"That's a good idea. I'll think about something, and you guys do as well." I said too sleepy to think of anything right now.

The Great Hall was almost empty. We stood up (I stumbled) and left the Hall as well.

"I would be waking you up right now, if this was a normal day," Ness said.

"I'm telling you, you should just push her off her bed. It'd be better if you just call in me and Drake to wake her up," Blake said.

"No thank you Blake. I'd prefer if I wasn't thrown off my bed in the mornings," I replied, stifling a yawn. He jerked to a stop along with Drake. Me (whose eyes were half closed) and Ness, who were behind them, banged into them. Ness regained her balance, but Me-the-Sleepy-Klutz didn't, and I fell right on my behind.

"How did you know it was me?" Blake asked incredulous, ignoring the fact that I was on the floor.

I inhaled deeply, stood up and blinked a few times, trying to keep my eyes open. Why was I so bloody tired? Maybe it was because the transformation was close. Or maybe it was because I got such little sleep.

My sleepy thoughts turned back to Blake's question. My sense of smell was so strong that it was extremely easy to differentiate them. It was as if I was identifying people who did not look alike at all.

"Lily? Are you like, psychic?" Ness asked.

"If Goldstein isn't in class, and doesn't deduct points from Slytherin today, then I'm ready to believe that I am." I said, dragging my satchel book bag behind me.

The boys were still looking at me with confused frowns on their faces.

We entered and saw Goldstein taking attendance, "you're all late. Ten points from Slytherin," she said.

"The bell hasn't even rung yet!" Drake cried. It would have been me who would have said that but I was too tired.

"Do not argue with me Mr. Zabini. I know better than you," she said primly.

"But it hasn't rung!" Blake said.

"I think these ladies are a bad influence on you two," she said to Drake and Blake, while sneering at Ness and I.

"More like they're a bad influence on us," I mumbled, but the evil witch heard me.

"What was that Miss Luna?" It had been nearly a month since I had told her not to call me Miss Potter, and still she mocked me.

"Nothing Professor." I answered sweetly, still struggling to keep my one ton eye lids open. Just then the bell rang, and Drake and Blake shot the professor identical smug looks.

"Sit down," she ordered glaring. The four of us started moving to the back, but she stopped us, "No. From now on, the four of you will be sitting in front, under my nose,"

"I'd prefer not to catch sight of them nose hairs," Drake muttered. The four of us, along with some of the Gryffindors who we had the lesson with today, snickered.

Once the Evil-Lady had completed taking attendance, she asked us if we had all done the research she had told us to and then told us that we were working in pairs. The students started whispering amongst themselves, deciding their pairs, but they were cut off by a sharp "Silence!" which of course was uttered by the Evil-Lady.

"I never said that you would be choosing your own pairs, now did I?" the class groaned, but was shut up by a look from her.

"I will pick out the pairs. You will be partnered with a member of the other house, so that you learn to collaborate."

"More like, 'so that you go through hell and I watch you while you suffer'," Blake commented under his breath.

"Listen for your names; I will not repeat the pairs. Zackary and Jacobs. Sabin and Flint. Whitt and Zabini Blake. Reyes and Illus. Grint and Zabini Drake. Watson and Davies. Matthews and Pot-Luna. Patterson and..."

I got up and dragged my less-than-cooperative body to the boy from Gryffindor.

Matthews was smart. He was the only one up to my level. I don't mean to brag, but I know that when it came to school work, I was almost perfect. And so was Matthews. He could brew a potion as perfect as mine. He could perform a charm as well as I could. He could execute a defence spell as precisely as me. He could answer as many questions as I could. I sent him smug looks whenever I succeeded and he faltered. He sent me smug looks whenever he succeeded and I faltered. I hated him. He hated me.

"Ah. Luna...Joined the Quidditch team have we? I feel sorry for the Slytherin team. They were so desperate that they actually begged you to join." He mocked.

Oh yeah. At Hogwarts, news travels faster than the ghosts.

"At least I'm on the team. Nobody would take you on any team, even if they were desperate." I retorted. I was amazed how I even managed to say something, that's how drowsy I was.

"So you admit that the team took you only out of desperation?"

"Sure. Keep telling yourself that. You'll find out how 'desperate' we are, after the first match." I said, just waiting for the second in which the last of my energy would end I would faint.

He and opened his mouth, but just then Goldstein started speaking.

"For all of this week's lessons, you and your partners will be working together. You will experiment with the Levitating Charms you found out, and at the end of the week, I want a report on your spells. Their properties, their background, their wand movements and incantations, a comparison between them, and a conclusion about which one is better. If you and your partner have come up with the same spell, then please come to me so that I can give you another one. Get started."

Matthews turned back to me, "Which spell did you get?" he asked, clearly struggling not to insult me.

"I'm not sure. Which one did you?"

"'Not sure'? What do you mean 'not sure'? Did you even bother to find a spell?"

"Nope. I know them off the head," I replied with a smirk. How did I do that? How did I control my muscles to execute a smirk?

"Memorizing textbooks for entertainment? How boring are you?"

"Says he who spends his free time in the library,"

"Well Loony! At least I spend my free time in the library, unlike you, who uses free time devising plans to get attention,"

"Get attention? Where did you get that one from?" I asked coolly, while inwardly I was burning with rage (and sleepiness). I think he saw through my cool exterior right then, because he smirked and continued.

"Oh come on Loony. Other people might not know it, but it's obvious to me that you love attention. You pretend to fall, to make people look at you. You removed 'Potter' from your name so that people become curious and look at you. You come to school late so that people wonder why, and look at you. You answer questions in class and act smart, so that people look at you. You create the whole quidditch drama, so that people look at you. You pull pranks, and I know you'll reveal your identity 'by mistake' and then people will look at you. If it were possible, I would think that you even manipulated the Sorting Hat to put you into Slytherin so that people would be shocked and look at you. Clearly, you love it when people look at you. You're worse than your brother. At least he admits he likes attention. I'm glad you're in Slytherin." I stared at him flabbergasted, all my fatigue forgotten as he gave his speech.

I was sure that my face was showing the fury I was feeling. I wanted to take that huge ugly head of his and throw it against the wall. I wanted to dunk his body inside a cauldron full of boiling slime. I wanted to take out my wand and use every hex, curse and jinx I knew on him. But more than that I wanted to scream at him, and shout at him, and tell him that he was bloody wrong. But how could I? What he said sounded almost believable. Is that what people thought of me? I took huge breaths torn between crying and being furious (And just falling down and going to sleep).

I always thought that crying was the best option if you needed to get rid of unwanted emotions, but sadly, my genes thought it better to release them by showing anger.

I clenched my jaw; fixed the git with the deadliest glare I could manage, and then pulled out my wand.

"You do not know anything about me," I hissed icily, the tip of my wand directly in his face. He looked intimidated. "If you even knew about half the things I've been through, you wouldn't even utter one word about me wanting attention,"

His eyes burned with curiosity, but he hid it and said, "There you go. Looking for attention once again,"

"Sod off Matthews, or I swear I'll hex you until you forget your name,"

"Is that a threat Luna-tic?"

"Luna!"

Wait. That wasn't Matthews.

Uh oh.

"Lower that wand! Come for detention tonight in my office. Now get to work!" she barked and went back to her table.

"You must be happy Loony. So much attention," Matthews whispered.

"Shut up. What spell?" I said, my drowsiness returning, along with a headache.

"Alynias Setruto. So what's your next plan for attention?"

"I'll do Veisar Arsto then," I said, ignoring his comment. I would not risk losing house points.

I took out my wand and pointed it at the feather on my desk, "Veisar Arsto," I grumbled and then performed the elaborate wand movements. Two twirls, a sharp flick, a half twirl in the opposite direction, a smooth swish, and then a light flick. I had chosen an extensive spell on purpose so that it would be easy for us to decide which spell was better, since elaborate spells are never considered handy.

"Typical of you to pick the most complex spell, so that everyone looks at you in awe," Matthews said smoothly.

I ignored him, too weary to say something, and controlled the actions of the feather with my wand. He picked up his own wand and pointed it at the feather, "Alynias Setruto," he said, and twirled and flicked his wand. The feather trembled and rose, and moved with jerks.

"I chose this so that it would be easier to decide which one is better, since mine has complicating wand movements, but you had to bring a spell that produces jerky levitation. Now it'll take us so long to

decide which one is better," I accused, trying to push the headache and drowsiness back, but the stubborn gits wouldn't listen.

"Oh boo hoo. I'll be wasting Loony's attention seeking time," he mocked.

I sent him a glare that could freeze the Sahara desert and stood up, stumbling slightly, knowing that the bell would ring any second.

"Do not make assumptions about things you do not know," I said once again, just as coldly, picked up my single shoulder strap satchel and dragged myself out of class just as the bell rang. Drake, Blake and Ness caught up with me, and we walked to History of Magic together, in silence. I think they'd heard what Matthews was saying to me.

"Lils we know that you hate attention." Drake said after a while. It was his way of telling me that he didn't believe one word Matthews had said. I sighed and bobbed my head up and down.

"I'm tired," I murmured. I doubt that they heard me.

History of Magic was as boring as ever with the ghost professor, professor Binns, who droned on and on about how the Elf and Goblin Agreement was initiated. Drake and Blake were already asleep a few minutes into the lesson and I looked at them enviously. Ness was inspecting her face in her compact mirror. I put my head down on the desk which felt softer than the softest pillow in the world and closed my eyes.

"Hey Lily? Lily!"

"Lily! Lily! Wake up!"

"Get lost Ness," I grumbled.

"She's not waking," I heard her say to someone else. Yay, she was giving up!

"Lils? Come on! We need to go to DADA."

Oh no. She'd called Drake and Blake. Now they'll chuck me off my bed.



I mumbled something incoherent that was supposed to be a plea to them to not throw me off the bed.

"Lily! Get up now! We'll be freakin' late!"

"We have a class here," a new silky voice said.

"Binns said he's giving you guys a free lesson. Something about some ghost party. I swear that guy's spooky. And this idiot isn't bloody waking up!"

Couldn't these idiots shut up? My head bloody hurt!

"No problem. Agumenti," yet another voice said. I knew what was coming, but my head hurt too much, and I was too asleep to register it.

I jerked awake as a streak of freezing water was splashed on me.

"Shit! What the hell?" I sputtered, looking around and noticing that Drake, Blake, Alec and Scorpius were here along with Ness. Why were they here?

What the- why am I in a classroom? Where's my bed? My dorm? My Common Room?

I was so confused and angry at how I had been woken up, and that bloody throbbing head wasn't making it any easier!

I got up from my seat, stumbling in the process, realising where I was. Thankfully, I was caught by Alec and Scorpius before I could fall. I sent them tight smiles and slung my bag on my shoulder.

"Oh where are your manners? No greeting? No 'thank you for waking me up'?" Alec said.

"Good morning. How are you today? Thank you so much for drowning me in bloody icy water, and talking in such projected voices as I nursed my headache" I said sweetly. Dang, my head hurts.

"How did your parents raise you? You can't hold that sarcasm even when your head hurts?" Alec said in a mock stern tone.

How did your parents raise you?

How did my parents raise me? Was I really an attention seeking brat like Matthews said? Was I really rude and sarcastic like Ness said? Did I not have manners like Alec said? Was I really stubborn and arrogant, like the Sorting Hat said?

What the hell? Where were these thoughts coming from?

From me of course.

And who are you exactly?

Your head, idiot.

But then shouldn't I be controlling you?

Nope. I control you.

So why are you planting these thoughts in my head?

I am your head. I can't plant thoughts in myself.

But I can plant thoughts in myself. Why can't you?

You don't plant thoughts in yourself, I do.

Oookaaay...why am I talking to myself?

Because you need to talk to someone who's in on your secret. You need to talk to someone who shares your fear, your hate, and your anger. You need to talk to me.

Will you leave me alone?

Nope. If I do, you'll go crazy.

I think I already am. Will you tell me why you hurt so much right now?

Because I'm new to the change in your system and I'm not accustomed to it.

Oh.

Your friends are calling you.

Huh? What?

"Lily? Lily?"

Oh.

"Yeah?"

"Haha, you were completely zoned out," Drake said, "and you had a blank stupid look on your face," Blake continued. The two of them cracked up. I could tell that Alec and Scorpius were trying to hold back their own smiles. I stuck my tongue out at them.

"Very matu-" Alec started, but I sent him such an icy glare, that he shut up.

"We have Defence Against the Dark Arts. Let's go. Before the bell rings." Ness said. I nodded and we walked out of the class.

History of Magic and Defence Against the Dark Arts classrooms were very close to each other, so we got there quickly. We entered and saw that the professor wasn't there.

"Elle? Where's Professor Kingsdale?" Ness asked Rochelle. She flipped her brown curls and turned to us.

"He went to the staffroom to talk to professor Neville," she answered.

"I'm glad they managed to wake you up Lil. I swear, when I was leaving the class, they were screaming as loud as they could, and you didn't even budge! But I wouldn't blame you for snoozing in Binns' class. I swear he is soooo boring. He doesn't even..." Miss-Chatterbox-Fiona.

"I really was sleepy. Ness decided to wake me up at the time normal people wake up in the morning," I said, scowling. I don't know why, but I was feeling extremely angry.

"Hey Vanny! Do you have a mirror?" Valerie asked Ness.

"Oh shit! I left it in the History of Magic class," she said, then turning to me, "please come with me to get it Lils."

"Let me think about it...No!" I said.

"Aww come on Lils, pleeeeeease?"

"No."

"Pretty please? With cherries on top? Actually make it cherry on top. Too many cherries over does it. And of course chocolate sprinkles. Come on Lily. Please, please," she begged.

Why did this feel like Déjà Vu?

"Ughhh, let's go," I said knowing she wouldn't give up until I gave in.

"Yay! I love you Lily!" I glowered at her.

We walked to the History of Magic class, where the second years were having the time of their lives. There was so much noise. Not a single person was sitting quietly. They were enjoying their free lesson.

Ness walked to the desk where her mirror was, picked it up, and came back. We left the class and walked back to the Defence Against the Dark Arts classroom.

"Lily? Why don't you like to be called Potter? Why don't you talk to your brothers?" I was so thrown off by her sudden questions that I stumbled and tripped on my robes, holding onto Ness' arm, so that I wouldn't fall, but of course, I did, along with Ness. She shrieked as both of us fell.

Ow!

"Ow!"

"Sorry," I apologised.

She stood up and extended a hand to me.

"S'ok. I deserved it for dragging you to get my mirror with me,"

"Well, well. If it isn't Loony trying to get more attention,"

"Sod off Matthews!" I scowled.

"Or what? You'll 'hex me until I forget my name'?" he mocked. His two friends snickered.

"Yes. That's exactly what I'll do," I spat, finally getting an outlet for my anger.

"You know what? I actually believe that you will, after all, it'll make you more famous won't it?"

I pulled out my wand and was about to hex him, when someone held my hand back. I turned angrily and saw Drake and Blake standing there, with their wands out as well.

"Slimy Slytherins sticking up for each other?" Matthews said, mocking surprise.

"Revolting Gryffindorks getting gallant, challenging the Slytherins?" Blake bit back.

"That doesn't even sound nice," he said.

"The truth hardly ever sounds nice," I sneered.

"A perfect Slytherin aren't you? I wonder how proud your Gryffindor family is,"

"My family is entirely Slytherin for your information." I said coolly.

He looked confused for a nanosecond, but then he said, "Is that another ploy to get attention? Lord knows being the daughter of Harry Potter isn't enough for you,"

"I am not his daughter," I spat venomously.

Little did I know that the second year History of Magic class had come to see what the commotion was, and that Albus Potter was part of it.

Drake and Blake decided that it was time they stepped in.

"Matthews. Be a goody goody, submissive Gryffindor and get lost!" Drake said.

"Ah. Defending our girlfriend are we?" he said

"Shut the hell up!" Blake growled.

"Oh. So you've got both of them eh Luna?" Matthews' ugly looking Gryffindor friend said. That was when I noticed that the second years were here as well. "What a tramp," he continued.

I didn't know what that meant. I was only eleven years old and I grew up in a place where there were no other kids, and Narci would threaten to wash out my tongue with soap if I swore, but I knew from the look on Alec's, Scorpius' Drake's, Blake's and the rest of the other students' faces that it was something bad. Really bad.

Why would Matthews' friend, a first year Gryffindor utter such a word?

Scorpius and Alec pulled out their wands, Drake and Blake raised their wands, but I was the fastest.

First, I pointed it at Matthews' idiot friend, "Iponus Wartus!" I shouted, and immediately his skin started bubbling and warts appeared. He howled as they started to sting.

I'd gotten that spell from a book in Lucius' library. It wasn't a normal warts jinx, it was one that made the warts burn.

Holding back a smirk, I pointed the wand at Matthews, who had pointed his own wand at me, "Taranteleggra!" he cried, the same time I screamed, "Aprochinara!"

I lost control over myself as my body started to dance uncontrollably, but it was worth it, because I could sacrifice as much to see the look of horror on Matthews face as his limbs started to transform into slimy, maroon tentacles.

It felt weird, to be dancing without falling on my face. I twirled and faced Drake and Blake, who were in between a hexing match with Matthews' ugly friends.

Alec and Scorpius were also exchanging hexes with a few Gryffindor second years.

I tried to point my wand to myself to remove the Taranteleggra spell, but my hands weren't listening. Alec must've seen me struggling, as he turned from his duel, leaving Scorpius to fend for him. He said the counter curse on me, winked and then turned back.

I looked at who he was duelling, and was shocked to Albus Potter among the few Gryffindor second years he and Scorpius were fighting.

The rest of the students were watching from the boundaries, afraid of getting into trouble.

Someone shot another tarantellegra curse at me, but I dodged it. Unfortunately, I wasn't quick enough to move out of the way of a jelly legs curse. I said the counter curse, and stood up, looking around for the idiot who had jinxed me. I couldn't see him anywhere, so I moved to where Alec and Scorpius were.

I didn't want to admit it to myself then, but now, I know that I went there because I wanted to hex Albus Potter, and let him try to hex me. I wanted to know if I was better than him. Better than them. Better than the Potters.

"Ah Lily! Great of you to join us!" Alec said, while shooting a Rapid Hair growth jinx at the second year he was duelling. When he said this, Potter's eyes shot up, and he stopped trying to curse Scorpius. He looked at me with wonder and awe. Probably amazed at how I had survived without them for so long. This riled me up and I raised my wand to jinx when I noticed the silence. And professor Kingsdale approaching.

"What is going on here?" he asked sternly. Every student's eyes turned to me or Matthews, and of course, professor Kingsdale turned his gaze to us as well.

"Explain," he ordered.

"Ummm...See professor; uh...since you hadn't come to class, and the second years had a free, we decided to, uh...ask them to help us in Defence Against the Dark Arts. We haven't been doing much of wand work in class anyways, and we thought that it would umm...be good if older students assisted us." I said. Wow. Where had that lie come from?

From me of course.

Oh Merlin! Not this again.

I tuned out 'my head' and looked at professor Kingsdale. He looked sceptical.

"Is this true?" he asked the students in the corridor. They all nodded, not wanting to get into trouble. "Very well then. I want to watch all of you as you perform counter curses, and you will get house points accordingly. How could he be so blind? He actually believed me?

I smirked.

And the Lilster scores!

"Awesome save Lils!" Drake and Blake high fived me, as we walked to lunch after the Defence Against the Dark Arts lesson.

Sadly, I had had to remove the curses of Matthews and his ugly friend. When professor Kingsdale saw the stinging warts jinx, he became tight lipped and asked me where I had learnt it. I told him that I read it in a Defence Against the Dark Arts book. He said that it was dangerous to use such complex spells at such a young age, and that I could harm someone if I messed up or lost my concentration.

That was my intent professor.



"I came up with the lie right there and then," I said, feeling proud that I had come up with such a reasonable excuse.

"Are you happy Luna-tic?" I heard Matthews behind me.

"I dunno about myself, but I do know that the Giant Squid isn't happy at all. It was looking forward to getting a partner," I said with a smirk, without turning around to face him.

He pretended to ignore my comment, "I bet you're enjoying all of this attention. I don't know how everyone stands you. I bet you just snatch the limelight from them all the time. They don't mind I guess, seeing how they kiss the floor you walk on," he said looking at Drake and Blake, and then walked off, before any of us could say another word. I bet my usually pale face was red due to the fury I was feeling.

"Die. Die. Die. Die. Die. Die." I chanted trying to keep my temper in control. Ness, Drake and Blake looked at me as if I was crazy.

"Why do you hate him so much? I think he's an okay guy," Ness said, interrupting my chant. I froze.

"An okay guy? An okay guy? Are you out of your mind Ness? He insults me every chance he gets. He pretends to know things that he's totally clueless about, and he's Gryffindor scum!" I shrieked.

"I'm just saying that you should try to talk to him, and sort out your hatred for each other." She said. Ever the diplomat, aren't you Ness?

"I'd rather have him hate me, and hate him back, than 'talk' to him," I spat venomously.

Ness shook her head and dropped the subject.

Smart girl.

We entered the Great Hall, and took our seats on the Slytherin Table.

I was halfway through my meal (more like stabbing my meal with my fork pretending it was Matthews face) when a thought occurred to me. I choked on my potatoes, coughing as I tried to remove the

mashed food from my wind pipe. Drake and Blake started laughing as Ness whacked my back. Tears were streaming from my eyes as I coughed, and choked, and gasped for breath.

You pull pranks, and I know you'll reveal your identity 'by mistake' and then people will look at you.

How did he know?

I finally regained my breath as the chunk of potatoes diverted from my wind pipe and into my oesophagus.

Another thought occurred to me.

"I know what." I said to Drake and Blake, who, once again looked at me as if I were crazy.

"What?" Ness said, confused.

"Yes Lily. Tell us. You know what?" Drake said.

"I know," I repeated once again, my eyes shining with anticipation and mischief (and a bit of residual anger).

Blake rolled his eyes, "Lily I think someone hit you with a confounding spell, and didn't remove it."

"Oh har har. Now listen. I know," I said. This time, I did it on purpose, to annoy them. It worked.

"Oh freakin Merlin and his freakin beard! Will you tell us what you know?" Drake said. Blake and he looked like they wanted to pound their faces on the table.

I grinned to let them know I was messing with them and then spoke. "I know the perfect prank and the perfect target."

Now their agitation was forgotten, and was instead replaced by eagerness and mischief, identical to mine.

"No Lily. We can't do Matthews. He might rat us out. And we're doing it for fun, not for revenge," Blake said to me.

"But-" I really wanted to show that git what a git he was.

"He's right Lil," Drake backed his brother. "We know that he's a prat, but we-"

"Okay then, we'll target Gryffindor." I said, not wanting to miss a chance to harm Matthews. The grins returned to Drake's and Blake's faces, as they nodded.

"One...two...three!" I said. Drake Blake and I aimed our wands and said the spells.

"Unasera Insidio," Drake whispered. The copying spell. I sighed in relief as I saw that the spell worked. I was afraid that Drake would lose his concentration, and would only be able to make the spell work on some of the Gryffindors, but we had succeeded. Every Gryffindor had a logo on the back of their robes. A green logo reading "Slytherins Rule, Gryffindoryffindorks Drool," in elegant cursive script.

Now it was Blake's turn. He murmured an altering spell, and the huge banner that hung above the Gryffindor Table no longer displayed the bold maroon 'GRYFFINDOR'. It was now a bold, maroon 'GRYFFINDORKS'.

"Unasera Insidio," I said the copying charm, and thought about the 'sign-off', and I appeared with all its glory, hanging in the Great Hall for all to view. My face shined with pride, even though I thought that it wasn't a very creative prank.

I saw Matthews looking sour as he tried to turn his neck to look at the back of his robes, and on impulse, I raised my wand again, and pointed it at him.

"Fulisa Indonii," I muttered. A huge smirk conquered my face as his hair turned an emerald green with silver streaks.

Thank you Pansy, for lecturing me on how to dye hair.

I was happy. I was in my bubble. And the only thing that could burst that bubble was detention with Goldstein.

SNEEK PEEK from the next chapter:

"Because I'm lazy and selfish, and a jerk and I hate myself, and I should die," I said. That sounded like a good option. "I would be doing everyone a favour. After all, I'm 'rude' and 'sarcastic' and 'attention-seeking' and 'manner-less' and 'arrogant' and 'stubborn', aren't I? I hate my life, and my problems, and myself. I really should just die." I said bitterly.

AN: I hate liquorice, and I think that everyone else should as well. But amazingly it smells nice; waaay better than it tastes. How people can like liquorice is beyond me.

IMPORTANT! The part where Lily talks to herself:

She knows the answers to things, secrets, but it's like she's given them to someone else, who she has to consult every time she wants an answer that's been locked away. She's intelligent and has figured a lot of things about being a half vampire, but she doesn't know she's figured them out. She wants to keep them hidden. She's too afraid to open them up and look at them. It's like her brain has two parts, one for normal use, and the other for storing things that she locks away. If she needs to remember something, she has to visit the 'locked away' part. And digging out something from this part is hard. If you do not understand this, then please, please tell me, because it is REALLY IMPORTANT!

Yay! The transformation is coming up in the next chappie. Unexpected encounters and unexpected revelations. It's gonna be really interesting! Pinky promise!

Please read and review!

Love yous!

~TMs'M=~

## Chapter 8

Oh wait. The disclaimer:

Me: I own Harry Potter. MWAHAHAHA!

JKR: C'mere my lawyers!

Me: Oh ahem...would you look at the time, gotta run!

On with chapter 8...

I dragged myself up the stairs to the charms classrooms, where Goldstein's office was. I hated her for giving me detention, I hated Matthews for getting me into this, and I hated myself for eating so much chicken that it really was a chore to climb all these stairs.

I pounded on her office door, pretending that it was her face and entered. "Ms Luna, there was no need to knock that hard. And you're late," she barked as soon as I stepped foot in the room.

"You didn't even tell me what time I was supposed to come!" I argued hotly.

"Do not argue with me. I am sure that my memory is better than yours. I told you nine o'clock, so that I could supervise all three of you as you serve your detention."

It was then that I turned at looked at the others who would be 'serving detention' with me, and who was it?

None other than Alec Scott and Scorpius Malfoy with spectacular grins on their faces.

"You have to clear out these cabinets. They are filled with folders from ancient times. I want you to remove all these records and place them in the back store room. I will warn you that there might be all sorts of creatures in there. No magic," she said, eyeing the rows of cabinets distastefully. She held out her hand for our wands, and we gave them to her wordlessly, even though I wanted to throw it at her face.

"Miss Luna, I will appreciate if you do not ruin these boys like you did Messrs Zabini." She said sneering at me.

"Ma'am, I would appreciate it if you stop accusing me falsely, and if you would drink a memory refreshing potion. You really do need it," What the hell Lily! Shut up!

Goldstein's lips pressed into a thin line as she glared down at me. How I wished I was tall.

"I will excuse that comment as a momentary lapse of stupidity, but if it happens again, be prepared to face the consequences," she said to me threateningly. "I will come and check on you at the end of the hour. If I am satisfied, you will be allowed to leave." And with a swish of her robes, she exited the office, her heels clicking on the floor.

"Lily, are you mental? She could have you suspended for saying that," Alec said when we had seated ourselves on the floor in front of the cabinets and could no longer hear the sound of her heels.

"I hate her. She should die. I hate her. She should die...," I chanted furiously.

"She can't do anything when you live with the most powerful family of the age," Scorpius said. I broke off my chant and looked at him warningly. No one could find out. Sure, some people knew already, but many didn't and I preferred it that way.

"You're right. She wouldn't do anything to a Potter," Alec said.

"I'm not a Potter. I hate her. She should die. I hate her..." I continued fiercely, trying to ignore the puzzled look on Alec's face.

"Why are you chanting that?" Scorpius asked, "You sound crazy."

"Thank you for pointing that out," I bit out harshly.

"Whoa! Chill Lil! You really do need that mantra to control that temper," He said. I glared at him, and Alec snickered.

"You know, we're lucky today wasn't quidditch practice. Flint would definitely burst a nerve if three of his players ditched practice," Scorpius said, thoughtfully changing the subject.

"Nope we're unlucky. I would love to see Flint burst a nerve." Well, that sounded acidic. Scorpius looked like he truly thought I was crazy. I didn't feel any remorse though. Flint overworked us too much, and he was evil and manipulative, and I hated him, and he should die. Alec wrinkled his nose as he dangled a mouldy file from the tips of his thumb and index finger.

"So Lily, what did you get into DT for?" he asked conversationally.

"I was about to curse Matthews. He is evil, and stuck up, and I hate him, and he should die." I said sourly.

"That reminds me; you owe me for saving you today. With the tarantellegra thing," Alec said.

I shook my head angrily "I do not owe you a thing."

"Oh really?" he said cocking an eye-brow.

"Yes really. Because you are conceited and vain and arrogant, and I hate you, and you should die." I said furiously, ignoring the offended look on his face. Who did he think he was? I owe him? Pfft.

"This is not fair Lily! Why aren't you helping?" Scorpius burst out suddenly, his face twisted in disgust as he piled the smelly, dusty files.

"Because I'm lazy and selfish, and a jerk and I hate myself, and I should die," I said. That sounded like a good option. "I would be doing everyone a favour. After all, I'm 'rude' and 'sarcastic' and 'attention-seeking' and 'manner-less' and 'arrogant' and 'stubborn', aren't I? I hate my life, and my problems, and myself. I really should just die." I said bitterly.

Scorpius and Alec were staring at me with wide eyes. My tight jaw, cold eyes, clenched fists and rigid posture must be intimidating as neither of them said a word, but they both looked curious, and sort of sympathetic, in a confused way. Seeing their pitying faces riled me up even more. I didn't need their sympathy. I was only acting like this because I was angry, and I could easily control my temper, couldn't I?

I closed my eyes tightly, and took in deep breaths.

Control Lily! You can do this. No one matters. Not idiot Goldstein. Not idiot Matthews. Not Idiot Flint. Not Alec Scott. Not Malfoy. Not the stupid idiot Potters who freakin' ruined my life. Not the bloody vampire. What right did they have to jump into my life and turn it upside down? They should all die and rot in hell.

I opened my eyes and I was sure that they were burning with icy fire.

How pathetic am I? I can't even control my anger.

I felt the tears welling up, but I furiously pushed them back.

I will not cry. If I cry they will pity me. If they pity me, I will pity myself. I do not want to wallow in self pity. That is pathetic. Even for someone as pathetic as me.

I stood up, my fingernails digging into my palms as I clenched my fists as tight as possible, and exited the office, slamming the door behind me, leaving two astonished second years in my wake. They probably thought I was a suicidal maniac, who needed to attend anger management programs.

I blindly rushed to the nearest girls' bathroom. Notice how I used the word 'rushed'? Confused why I'm pointing this out? Remember my nickname Me-the-Klutz? Guessed what happened?

That's right. I fell. And my freakin ankle freakin twisted, freakin once again. Pain jolted through my foot, and I clutched it tightly, hoping that it would heal, that the twisted ligaments would untwist.

Why did it have to be me? Did Merlin create me for his own entertainment? I bet he's up there laughing his arse off right this second.

Slowly, the pain from my ankle started to recede, until it vanished completely.

Saying that I was shocked is an understatement. I removed my hands from it and examined it. Then gently, slowly, stood up, preparing myself for the pain. But there was nothing.



I stood up, and tiredly continued to walk to the bathroom, my anger still present, along with fatigue. Why was I suddenly so tired?

Do you really want to know?

Why are you back again?

I've always been here.

Wait. If you're my head, then why aren't you as angry and as tired as me?

Because I am the part of your head that isn't allowed to be angry; that always has to stay calm and collected, lest I slip one of my secrets to you. And who said I'm not tired?

I'm having difficulty believing that you're my head. Are you sure you're not someone else?

Yes.

And you expect me to believe that? You need to give me proof.

I would give you proof by telling you your deepest darkest secret, but I doubt that you know it yourself.

You are not my head. How can I not know something that my head knows?

The answer to that, you should know.

Why am I so tired?

Like I said, you don't want to know.

But if you know it, then I should know it as well.

Nope. Only I know it. And I'm a part of you, but you have detached that part from you, so that some of the things I know, you do not.

I didn't know that burying up things in my head would lead to this.

Well, now you know.

But tell me, are there things I know that you don't?

How am I supposed to know that? Though, I do know that you need to go to the forest tonight. Go before you start changing.

Can I call that intuition, a message from my brain, or advice from my head?

Call it a thought. Now go.

Forgetting my anger and my confusion, I made my way quietly to my dorm, unspotted by my sleeping friends and grabbed my drawstring bag, with the map and cloak inside. Covering myself with the cloak, I stepped out of the Common Room and into the stone corridor of the dungeons.

I removed the map from my bag and tapped the parchment with my wand.

"I solemnly swear that I am up to no good."

Sometimes, you anticipate something that you know you shouldn't; something that you know will harm you; will put you in danger. And that is why you anticipate it. To feel that thrill of fearing danger; of not knowing what could happen to you if something goes wrong; the thrill that the peril of uncertainty creates.

Ever happened to you?

Cheating during a test, not knowing whether the teacher will catch you or not.

Stealing someone's belongings, unsure whether that someone will find out or not.

Telling a huge lie, uncertain whether that blush or those roaming eyes will give you away.

Gambling a large amount of money, unsure whether you will win it or lose it.

Escaping from the castle, at night, into the Forbidden Forest, not knowing whether the hazards lurking in the forest will put you in danger.

It all provides a thrill. Well, for me at least, and I've never said that I have a sane sense of thinking.

The moisture of the grass penetrated my shoes and surrounded my feet in wet, freezing socks. I had never realised how far the Forbidden Forest was from the Entrance Hall of the castle, but now that I had to walk all the way from there to the forest with aching legs, freezing feet, and limbs as heavy as lead, it could not escape my notice.

The grounds were enveloped in silence, thus magnifying the squelch of my feet on the wet grass.

I had stashed the Marauders' Map inside my drawstring bag as soon as I was out of the castle. The massive doors of the Entrance Hall had been closed and bolted at curfew time, but that hadn't been a surprise. I knew that the doors leading out of the castle were always locked at night...and so had the makers of the Marauders' Map.

There were a variety of secret passageways indicated on the map that led out of the castle and into the grounds. The day before, I had looked through them and decided that using the one which was in the Entrance Hall would be the best option, since the rest were near Gryffindor Tower, and there was no way I was climbing all those stairs.

So I had gone to the place in the Entrance Hall where the map showed a passage, and was faced by a wall. I tried to walk through the wall, but all I got from that was a bruise on my head, and a stubbed toe where it collided with a potted plant. For almost five minutes I stood there, under the Invisibility Cloak trying to figure out how I was supposed to get out, feeling incredibly stupid. And then it finally came to me.

The potted plant.

I tried pushing it aside, but damn, it didn't even budge. I tried to uproot it but without any luck. Then, desperate, I started pulling at its

leaves, and miraculously, a tunnel appeared next to it. Next thing, I was on the other side of the massive doors of the Entrance Hall.

My feet hurt like the devil's toothache and I considered just staying in the castle grounds for the transformation, rather than trekking all the way to the forest. But what if someone saw me? What if I needed to feed? I'd have to go to the forest.

I walked and walked, dragging my feet on. This was like doing laps in Quidditch practice. Speaking of which, I had practice tomorrow. Would I be in a condition that would allow me to practice?

This was the reason I hadn't wanted to join the team. Suppose that it had been a real match tomorrow, and not just training. What would I have had done then?

Once I was deep under the cover of the trees, I began to relax and removed my cloak. No one would be able to spot me now.

I know you must be thinking 'Hey is this girl crazy? She's in the middle of the Forbidden Forest and all she's afraid of is people finding her?'

Well, to be honest, I wasn't scared of being in here. I felt all hard-core and badass that I was a vampire and nothing would be able to harm me. I actually felt as if I belonged in the forest and that I didn't need to fear it.

Crazy thinking, huh?

Sure, there was the logical, normal part of me that was cowering in a corner, remembering the last time I had been so deep in a forest, but that tiny part was overruled by the vampire in me that wanted to enjoy this freedom and run around scaring away lesser beings than me.

Yup. Vampires can be crazy too. Especially when they're being administered such a large dose of moonlight for the first time. I or rather, the vampire me, felt energized and... Eager.

Walking was no longer a chore, although it was disturbing. The scents of the forest were too strong and what I was regarding as silence minutes ago was now an irritating buzz of sounds.

The transformation was complete.

There was no change in my vision as far as I could tell, and that upset me a little because, come on who wouldn't agree? Having enhanced eyesight would just rock.

I kept on walking. Looking for a place where the trees would thin out. They were obstructing the moonlight.

I turned my head up, looking up while still walking. You could see the occasional chunk of inky sky and glittery star, but mostly it was the dark leaves of the trees.

Then, then the trees vanished and above me was only the black expanse of sky with the ghostly crescent moon glowing.

I jerked my head back down to see where I was. Had I exited the forest? Impossible.

My eyes feasted on the beautiful sight before me. I was standing in a clearing, and damn, was it beautiful. It was a perfect circle, surrounded by the trees. The grass glittered with dew drops and the occasional wild flowers made the clearing appear more astounding. In the middle was a large boulder, ruling over the area. It was obvious that this place was not naturally made.

Not able to stop myself, I went and sat down with my back against the large rock and my face towards the moon. The wind blew and scattered my hair. At first the black locks didn't faze me. I thought that they just appeared like that because of the dark. But then it hit me and I froze... and then relaxed. So what if I looked different? I wasn't myself, so why should I look like myself?

Was I coming to terms with this already? With being a vampire?

I didn't know. Maybe the powerful, fearless feelings made me feel good about being a vampire.

I closed my eyes and contemplated it. I wasn't supposed to like this. But then again, maybe as soon as I turned back, and my rational self came into power once again I would start feeling as I did before. Hating it.

What about hunger? I really didn't feel anything right now but when I did get hungry, would I suddenly become a feral monster and eat the first creature I saw? And how was I supposed to feed? How was I supposed to drink blood? Did I have fangs?

My tongue instinctively went to my canines. Had they always been that sharp?

And how the-

My eyes snapped open as I heard footsteps crunching the leaves on the forest floor. The noise seemed intentional, as if somebody wanted to alert me of their approach.

I wasn't scared though. I guess vampires are hard-to-scare-creatures who like to feel as if they can take over anything, because I sure as hell knew that I would be sweating with panic right now, had I been...in my normal state.

So I kept on sitting there, my eyes trained onto the spot where the noise had come from, but there was silence.

After a while, I got bored of staring in the same direction, so I turned my face back up to the glittering sky.

The Lily part of me was wondering who had made the noise while the vampire part was content just staring at the moon with reverence. I wondered what Narci and Lucius were doing right now. Sleeping. It was like-

"That's my spot."

I snapped my head to look at where the voice had come from and nearly cricked my neck in the process, but he was too far back in the shadow of the trees for me to make out who had spoken.

Fear so strong that it even overwhelmed the vampire part of me, took over.

Was it him?

My muscles tensed and my breathing hitched. It didn't sound like him.

"My beautiful.' His voice for forever burned into my memory and this was not it.

"You can come out." I cursed the vampire part in me for being so bold and saying that. Merlin, what was I going to do now?

The figure started approaching, and my previous theory about the loud footsteps being intentional was confirmed. He walked with such grace and stealth that the only sounds heard were my rapid breathing and the buzz of the forest...and his voice when he started speaking.

"I heard rumours that the Dragonovs were back but I didn't know it was true." His voice was rich yet young, melodious yet firm, his tone; friendly yet reserved.

How as that possible? The adjectives needed to describe him contradicted each other, yet, on him they merged perfectly together. To describe him, every phrase would need a 'yet' present in it.

I still couldn't see his features, though I could see his figure as it drew nearer and nearer, with his powerful yet delicate gait, appearing confident yet hesitant.

Every word about him was conflicting with each other, but it was as if he brought the phrase 'opposites attract' to life. The contradictory things about him complimented each other, made each other look good.

It was confusing...and impossible.

"What?" I said confused, answering what he had said before. What the hell was a Dragonov? And why was he telling me about it? And couldn't he walk any faster?

The fear I had felt had completely vanished and was replaced by curiosity. He was emerging from the shadows now. He tilted his head up, not unlike I had done when I stepped foot in the clearing, and stopped walking.

"Don't you just love the moon?"

"Yeah. Who are you?" I asked amazed at how brave I was feeling.

"Wouldn't a mighty Dragonov know?" his tone was mocking, and even though I didn't understand what he said, my anger still flared.

"I have no idea what you are talking about." I said curtly, showing him what exactly I thought about his mocking attitude.

He moved closer, breaking away from the moon to look at me, now about fifteen metres away. He moved hesitantly, as if to show me that he meant no harm, and was it annoying. I mean, here I am, dying to see who he is, and there he is, taking his time.

"Would you walk faster?" I asked, my voice portraying my impatience and annoyance.

"Oh? I would make some witty comment about your lack of patience, but then you would probably go and tell one of your males."

I blinked a few times stupidly, "One of my males? Dragonov? Please walk faster and then tell me what you are talking about, so that I can judge whether or not you are crazy...and who are you?"

"Ah. Typical Dragonov behaviour." The way he said it, I had a feeling that he was taking pleasure in my confusion and frustration.

"Hey! Don't talk to me like that. I'll go tell one of my males!" I said, bluffing.

"Oh really? I don't think that you're much of a threat since you seem completely clueless." Huh. So much for that.

At least he was walking faster now. He was close enough for me to see more than just his figure - about five metres away.

He was a lot taller than me (who isn't), with a lean, yet muscle-y build, and looked quite young. The light wasn't enough, he wasn't near enough and I didn't have super eye-sight to make out any of his facial features.

"Who are you?" I asked again.



He didn't answer, but instead dropped himself on the ground next to me. I didn't mind that he was kind of close, his presence was actually comforting...but we can't let him know that can we?

"Hey! What are you doing?" I said shoving his shoulder lightly. He saw right through me and raised an eye brow. As a reflex, I started to cock my own brow but then stopped and gasped.

"You're a vampire!" I exclaimed, taking in his eyes. They were such a beautiful colour. Turquoise...or was it teal? With just enough blue and just enough green. Sure, humans had sea green eyes, but this colour was just different...Unnatural.

"Oh my stars! Really? I'm a vampire?" he said, acting as if he was shocked.

"Oh ha ha." I said drily.

"No seriously. You didn't know?" he asked looking incredulous.

"No, since I'm not a bloody mind reader, I didn't know." I said.

"But you just saw me soaking in the moon. How could you not have guessed?" he teased. When I scowled at him and remained silent, he spoke again.

"Are you new here?"

"Uhh...yeah, you could say that."

"You are so different from the other Dragonovs, I swear. No offense to them though." He added.

I turned my head to look at him. The wind had messed up his hair so that it fell casually in his eyes. The brown complimented the turquoise beautifully. I wondered if all vampires looked so...the only word that came to my eleven year old mind was pretty. With his sharp, angular facial features, soft eyes and melodious voice, he reminded me of the fairies I had read about in muggle story books...but of course they were all female fairies. He was like a male version of them.

"What, pray-tell, is a Dragonov?" I said, the last of my patience snapping.

"A family." He said simply, annoying me further.

"And how am I a part of this family?" I asked through gritted teeth.

"Easy. Your eyes; that's the Dragonov colour."

"Oh. And what did you mean when you said that I'll go tell 'one of my males'?"

"You'll go tell one of the Dragonov males, and they'll have my head."

"Why would they do that?"

"Because I 'harassed' a lady of theirs." Now his tone was bitter.

"But I'm not a lady of theirs!" I protested.

"Really?" he said sarcastically, looking pointedly at my eye colour. I returned his gaze, hoping that he would think I was being defiant, and not...staring into his eyes.

Because that's exactly what I was doing; staring into his eyes. A warm, comfortable feeling crept through me as I looked into them. All his emotions were displayed through his eyes, he didn't bother hiding anything, making him seem friendly, inviting and trustworthy.

I had known how to choose good company when I was young. Or maybe you could call me a good judge of character. In my initial years at Hogwarts, I had always been able to tell who would be close to me, and I was grateful for that. Because those were the years in which I made friends with people who would be a part of me for the rest of my life.

Sitting with this vampire, it was as it had been with Drake and Blake. I felt safe and comfortable with him immediately. I started trusting him and grew fond of him. In less than five minutes.

And that scared me.

He was a vampire, for Merlin's sake! I should just get up and walk away. This was not safe.

But I didn't. Get up and walk away, that is. I had reasonable explanations though.

1) I mentioned that being in vampire mode made me feel all hardcore and badass...well, my vampire self didn't think there was anything to fear, and even if there was, I didn't want to hurt my pride by admitting to myself that I was scared. 2) Remember when I said that I got a kick out of danger? Yup, that pretty much kept me glued on the spot. 3) Those eyes of his, playful and warm, held no sign of aggression, and had me entranced (unintentionally of course). 4) The clearing was too beautiful, and the moon was too energizing too just walk away. 5) He made me feel safe and comfortable. He was like a safe haven. 6) Who knew what kinds of creatures resided in the forest? (That one didn't really faze me, but hey, I need this list to be long.) 7) I wanted to get answers from him. 8) Maybe my trusting instincts meant something, and if I walked away, I could be losing a great friend.

Well, that's a pretty long list, and it sure as hell convinced me to stay.

"I know I'm handsome, but you need to stop staring at me," the vampire smirked.

"I was just thinking," I scowled.

"About me,"

"You wish,"

"Maybe I do,"

"I'm ten," I said with disgust.

"Oh I didn't mean it in that way." that kind of upset me, because hey, what he said previously, to my ten year old naive self, it meant that this handsome creature was showing approval, if not more

"Then in what way did you mean it?" I said, not letting any of my inner feelings show.

"A Dragonov giving thought to someone like me would be an honour." He said, once again bitter.

"About that. Please explain what you are and why a Dragonov wouldn't give a thought to you. They sound to me like stuck up snobs."

He gaped at me, and then smiled.

"Sweetheart, someone may have stolen your memory, but you're still one of those 'stuck up snobs'."

"Don't call me that!" I huffed.

"What? Sweetheart or stuck up snob?"

"Both,"

"Fine, but then what do I call you?"

"Li- I mean, you tell me first since I asked you that question so many times and you dodged every time."

He sighed. "Fine. I'm Ryan. From the Fyrsea family. Your name?"

"I forgot. How old are you?"

"Seventeen, like I'll be for the rest of my life." Seeing my confused expression he added, "We stop ageing after we reach seventeen."

"Oh. Why would it be an honour to be thought of by a Dragonov?"

"Dragonovs are like the highest class of vampires. Like royalty."

"You vampires have rulers?" I asked bewildered.

"No. We vampires don't. Dragonovs are just powerful and like to pretend they're rulers."

"What made them so powerful?"

"You are all powerful because of your powers."

"Powers as in gifts?"

"They're called powers, not gifts."

"So Dragonovs are the only ones with powers?"

"No. They just have the most ruling powers, in the most abundance, and they're not hesitant to use these powers."

"That's unfair. So do you have a power?" I asked, genuinely curious.

"Yeah." He smirked at my interest.

"What?"

"I won't tell you."

"Hey! Why?"

"Because you'll go tell your family." He said in that hated Duh-that's-so-obvious tone.

"What do I look? Crazy?"

"No. You look oblivious. Dragonovs are never oblivious. That makes me suspicious."

You gotta love the guy for being so straightforward and honest.

"But- but I won't tell. I can't," I said trying to convince him.

"Really?" he said again, sarcastically.

"Yes really. And even if I did, which I won't, what would it matter?" I asked, puzzled and intrigued.

"They'd kill me."

My eyes widened and I shuddered. Ryan, seeing my expression laughed.

"Okay, I exaggerated. They won't kill me, but they'll monitor me, or worse, try to bribe me or threaten me or my family."

"Why?"

"They don't want to live knowing that there's someone out there with such a strong power that chances of overthrowing them would actually exist."

I nodded, "So do they live in a castle or something?"

"No way. They live like the rest of us. It's just because everyone is afraid of them that they feel so high and mighty." He said, detest filled in his tone.

"You don't seem afraid of them?" It was a statement but it came out as a question.

"That's because I'm not."

"And why is that?"

"My power." He said simply.

"Does anyone else in your family have powers?"

"Your questions are making me incredibly suspicious. I mean these are the questions whose answers the Dragonovs would love to know. It would tell them if anyone is preparing an attack or something."

"You sound paranoid. The only reason I asked was because I wanted to know why you haven't overruled the Dragonovs yet."

"I shouldn't be talking to you about this."

"But I won't tell. I promise."

"Why am I the only one answering questions?"

"I'll make you a deal. Every question you answer, I'll answer one as well." He looked into my eyes for a moment, after which a satisfied look crossed his face and he nodded.

"Okay. So why haven't you attacked yet?" I asked again.

"Because it's not that simple. The Dragonovs are a huge family, each member possessing a power of their own. They can threaten any vampire to do anything for them. My turn. What's your name?"

"Lily. Lily Luna. Where do you and your family live?" I asked quickly so that he wouldn't question why I lied about my name before.

"Here. In the forest. Do you have a power?" he asked

"I don't think so, but I'm not sure. Does anyone else in your family have a power?"

"Yeah. 'Course they do, but not all of them. Did you really not know about the Dragonovs or were you just pretending?" he asked.

"I really didn't know. What is your power?" I tried the question once again.

"I won't tell you that. Ask something else," he said in a tone that left no room for argument.

"But the- Okay. Right at the beginning, you said you heard rumours that the Dragonovs were back. What did that mean?"

"Their main home is this forest, but they travel to different forests sometimes. They had left a few months back, and now there are rumours that they're back. How come you didn't know about the Dragonovs?"

I stayed silent. I had no idea why, but I didn't want to tell him that I was a half vampire.

"Do you even know the answer yourself or was your memory really taken away?" he asked.

"I don't know." I lied.

"You're lying," he said bluntly, after his eyes had flickered to mine for a second. How did he know that? How could he tell I was lying?

"Bloody hell! You're a mind reader!" I exclaimed as soon as it hit me, panicking slightly.

"No I am not."

"Then how did you know I was lying?"

"Your eyes speak a lot, even though you try to tell them not to."

"Riiiiiiight."

"So why didn't you know about the Dragonovs? Or anything else for that matter." He asked again.

"I won't tell you that," I said, just as he had before. I really didn't want to tell him.

"Okay. How about; if I tell you my power, will you answer my question?"

Huh. That sounded like a fair deal. I mean there wasn't even a legitimate reason for why I didn't want to tell him, so there was no harm in telling was there? Plus, I would get to know what this strong mysterious power was.

He must have seen the thoughts in my 'eyes that speak a lot' as he smirked and said, "You know it's worth it. My power is amazing. Out of the ordinary, rare. You've never heard of it before. Imagine that it's a power that allows me to not fear the Dragonovs. What kind of power could that be?" he said trying to get me interested.

He succeeded. I was intrigued.

"Okay. Tell me what this mighty power is." I said, giving in. His lips spread into a huge grin, revealing perfect teeth and sharp canines that instinctively sent my tongue to my own canines once again.

"I am an illusionist." He said proudly.

I had a clue about what that meant and where this was going, but the thing to say that seemed logical was "what's that?" and that's exactly what I asked.

"I can create illusions. I can make anyone see, and sometimes feel, what I want them to."



"So you're telling me that this clearing I'm seeing could be an illusion. Or your appearance could be an illusion?"

"No more questions before you answer mine." He reminded.

"Oh yeah. I don't know anything about the Dragonovs because I'm a half vampire." I said that, and the next thing I knew, with the swiftest of movements, Ryan was standing in front of me, instead of sitting next to me, with a stiff posture and wide eyes. But that wasn't what made my heart wrench and what told me that I had made a huge mistake.

It was eyes. His open, friendly eyes were now guarded and blocked as they stared into my own, searching for the truth. When he found no traces of dishonesty in them, he just turned around and started to walk away.

I looked down at my hands, hating myself and wondering what the hell had happened.

"That's my spot," he said, like he said when he had entered the clearing, but the meaning behind his words was clear. He didn't want to see me there again.

That's another name to add on the list of People-Who-Abandoned-Lily.

Lily you bloody idiot! I cursed myself. I had just ruined my chances of learning about vampires...and had also lost the only person who would agree to keep me safe in this forest. The panic, confusion and hurt I was feeling was enough to push down the lull of safety that my vampire instincts created, and now, I was scared. Thrilled, but so, so scared.

I got up from where I was sitting, trying to suppress the emotions that had caused the vampire instincts to back down. I really needed that false feeling of nothing-can-harm-me-I'm-a-vampire right now.

When I was sure I had my emotions under control, I got up and walked out of the clearing. No way was I going to stay in there.

My bag on my shoulder, I entered the shadows of the trees once again, moving further and further away from the clearing and Hogwarts.

I walked, thinking about what I would do if I got hungry. I was glad that I had eaten so much dinner. Maybe I wouldn't need to feed. That was what I had been thinking about when my foot snagged on a root, and I fell.

You can't avoid the inevitable can you?

Thankfully, and amazingly I didn't get hurt too bad.

I finally reached a place where the cover of the trees wasn't so thick. There was a small pond there as well. I sat on the ground, hugging my knees to myself, wishing that I had brought something to keep me from dying of boredom along with me, like a book or even homework.

I looked at the pond, the reflection of the glittering moon clearly visible. Then I saw something else silver and glittery next to the pond. Had I dropped the Invisibility Cloak? I walked over to it and gasped audibly. It was a unicorn! And an injured one at that.

There was a shimmering pool of silver blood next to it, but I didn't look at that, nor look for the cause of this stunning creature's demise. I only looked at the life in its eyes. It was still alive.

My hand trembled as I outstretched it to touch the beauty. I wished that I could do something for it. I closed my eyes as my hand made contact with its silky skin. It must be feeling so much pain. Pain that could have been avoided.

The cells dividing and reforming the lost blood and broken tissues. The tissues joining together to repair the flesh. The flesh combining to close the wound under the skin. The skin mingling once again to cover it all up as if nothing had happened.

A movement from under my hand made me snap my eyes open...and meet an extraordinary sight.

The unicorn was moving, staring at me with its glimmering silver eyes. It sat up and nudged my hand that was lying on its neck with

its nose. I was too fatigued and shocked to try and pat it, so I just looked into its grateful, trusting eyes.

What had I done? Why was I suddenly so tired again?

Do you really want to know?

This feels like déjà vu.

I wonder why.

Oh, no need to take up that tone with me!

I am you.

I sighed and stopped conversing with my head, instead turning back my attention to the unicorn which was starting to retreat into the trees, its eyes filled with gratitude..

The wind blew lightly and for a moment, everything was silent. A shiver crept through me as I wondered what I had done to the pure animal. Maybe I was-

"Ah. So you're a Healer?" the cold whisper came from right behind me. Only inches away from my ear.

I froze and my blood ran cold. A shudder racked through my body as I whipped around to stare right into violet eyes identical to mine.

It was him.

DUN DUN DUUUNNNHHH. Haha people, a cliffy! Yes, I know I'm evil. =]

How did you like Ryan? Why do you think he left? Lily's a Healer? What happens next? Tell me what you thought!

Please review! Next chappie will be up as soon as I get 12 reviews so hit that button down there! \*points to review button\*.

I love you guys!

~=TMs'M=~

## Chapter 9

AN: Hey everyone! Happy New Year! You guys reviewed so quickly! Thank you all sooo much:

Darinmeg, Jessica682, Three Funky Sisters, VampirePotter, writergirl318, Emilyderanged, lovetoread7698, Miss Crookshanks (I PM-ed you!), Pugs189, XxXxXxILuvNicoDiAngeloxXxXxX and:

One 'N' Only: hehe...thank you so much. I'm really glad that you like. You'll find out her power in this chapter (if you haven't already guessed it). You'll definitely get a part, don't worry! Yes, I know Lily is very mature, and it's her past that has made her that way. You'll notice that around her friends, she is not at all mature.

PlasticScene: Thanks a lot! Hehe, I can't kill Goldstein, otherwise there'll be only Matthews to aggravate Lily.

Helen: anytime! Feel free to ask any more questions that are bothering you!

Tayla: Thanks for reviewing! I'm glad you like it! Hehe...it's usually my mom who scolds for reading late into the night. Something about ruining my eyesight and UV rays:]

Rohma: Thanks for reviewing! Guess which one the next chapter is? Yup, chapter 10! I'm glad you liked it! Love you!

Oh, and I realised that lines don't appear on ff, so I'm sorry for any confusion! :]

And another thing. In chapter 2, Lily said the word mudblood. Just scratch that out. It's a vile name, she's 10 years old and the Malfoys don't act prejudiced around her. I repeat: Lily did not use the word mudblood. (I'm too lazy to change it)

Warning to the extremely sensitive people: violence in this chapter. I don't get the point of the warning... it's not like reading it will kill you or something...Just my opinion.

Previously:

"Ah. So you're a Healer?" the voice came from right behind me. Only inches away from my ear.

I froze and my blood ran cold. A shudder racked through my body as I whipped around to stare right into violet eyes identical to mine.

It was him.

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"It's good to see you again, my beautiful," he whispered, his cool breath tickling my ear so that the hair at the back of my neck stood up straight.

I started to back away, but he caught my hand before I could go too far. "You don't need to be scared, my beautiful, I won't hurt you. The appearance suits you." he said with his silky, smooth voice.

"Leave me alone," I said without moving, staring at my hand where his fingers were wrapped around my wrist.

His hold tightened, "You don't really want that do you?" his whisper was barely a decibel above the whistling wind.

I stayed silent. He would not get his way with me again. My resolve shattered though when an excruciating pain ran up my wrist and to my arm.

I wanted to scream, and the tears wanted to fall, but my pride wouldn't allow it, so only a pained whimper escaped my lips.

He seemed amused by this, "now, do you want me to leave?" he said, squeezing my broken-because-of-him wrist. I inhaled sharply at the pain and shook my head.

"Say it." He ordered; with his thumb stroking my wrist, reminding me that he could still harm it...harm me.

I was afraid that if I opened my mouth to say anything, I would start sobbing uncontrollably, and that would be showing defeat to him, so my mouth remained closed. His fingers applied a small pressure to my wrist that made me flinch and made the tears reform.

"I-I don't want y-you to leave," I said, disgusted with myself for stuttering like that. He smiled a handsome smile and let go of my wrist, wrapping a lock of my hair around his finger instead. The black strands glistened against his skin as he looked into my eyes.

"We've never had a Healer in the family before. Now, I guess we do."

"I'm not part of your family, I have my own," I hissed, realising too late what I had said. His eyes flashed me a warning, telling me not to let my tongue slip again, while his finger subconsciously pulled at my hair.

"You belong to me and no one else. Understand?"

I nodded vigorously, flinching as the movement tugged at my hair.

My hand was still throbbing, and I felt extremely tired as I tried to keep my legs from collapsing under me.

"Can I- can we sit? I'm fee-"

"Ah yes. You must be tired by your little healing spree there." He said with his silky voice, letting go of my hair. "Please, do sit."

I started to sit, exerting pressure only on my right hand. The question must have been in 'my eyes that speak a lot' because he chuckled as he sat in front of me. I won't lie and say that his laugh sent shivers down my spine, because it didn't. Nothing about him was scary. Only his voice...and maybe his eyes when they took on that frightening look.

"You want to know what I mean by that." He stated and I nodded softly. "I'll tell you, my beautiful, but first, let us exchange pleasantries. I am Donovan Dragonov of the Dragonov family. Since I know your power, it is only fair that you know mine as well. I am a Fighter. That means that my speed and strength supersede anyone else's. My family is the most royal and highly thought-of vampire family. I have been seventeen for twenty three years. I reside in this forest." He looked at me expectantly and I realised that he wanted my introduction.

"I won't tell you my name, or my family for that matter. I am-" his eyes flashed dangerously as I racked my brain for an excuse.

"And why is that?" he asked with a clenched jaw. Whoa. And I thought I had anger management problems.

"Well it's because I don't like my name...and I like what you call me." I fibbed, trying my hardest to blush.

Think of when you walked in on Astoria and Mr. Malfoy. Almost immediately I felt my cheeks heating up. The vampire, Donovan, fell for it and thought I was blushing because of what I had said.

"You don't need to be embarrassed, my beautiful. Please, do go on."

I nearly sighed in relief, amazed at how easily he had let go of the subject.

"I am ten years old, soon to be eleven. I live with my wizarding family in the outskirts of London. They, my family, are very highly thought of in the human wizarding world. I go to Hogwarts School of witchcraft and wizardry." I said, trying hard not to show the fear I was feeling.

"And you're a Healer." He added.

I nodded, "I just found out tonight." My mind flashed back to when I had tripped back inside the castle. I had been sure that my ankle had twisted, but after a while the pain had gone. Had I healed myself?

"We've been looking for people with powers like yours. It would be a great asset for the Dragonovs. For us. You are, after all, one of us now."

I stayed silent, not wanting him to bash my skull against a tree or something.

"Healers can heal any creature with any injury short of death, but unlike any other power, it takes a toll on the Healer. The energy required for the injured to heal is funnelled in by the Healer, which would explain the fatigue you are feeling. I would advise you not to try to heal while you are in your human form. You'll need to give in

much more human energy than you need to give vampire energy, I'd say about four times more. Healing can also lead to the death of a vampire, or human in your case, as it is very easy for them to underestimate what they are doing and give up too much of their energy to the injured. Thus the Healer will not have enough energy to sustain themselves and may die right there and then."

"You seem to know a lot about the topic." I stated.

"Like I said, we've been searching for powers like yours, and what better way than to read up on them beforehand?" He said. He actually seemed caring for a minute...before I remembered my throbbing wrist, that is.

"What if I try to heal myself? Will that require energy?" I asked, genuinely curious. He smiled softly, and I asked myself if this was the same person who had just shattered my wrist.

"Try it." He murmured to me.

"What do I do?"

"Just do what feels natural," he said, so I put my hand on my broken-because-of-him wrist and closed my eyes. I wanted the bone tissues to rejoin so that the flesh could relocate over it but nothing happened. I wanted it to happen, but unlike with the unicorn, I couldn't feel it happening.

I frowned and opened my eyes. "It's not working."

He seemed puzzled, "Are you sure? It's not supposed to be that way. Have you ever tried to heal yourself before?"

"I think I accidentally did today." I answered, amazed at how the words spilled out of my mouth, without hesitation.

"Did you feel tired after that?" he asked and I recalled the conversation with my 'head'.

Why do I feel tired?

Do you really want to know?



I had been tired because I had healed myself. And my brain had known the reason. I guess there are things that my head knows and I don't.

Exactly.

Oh go away!

Fine, but if you don't want your other wrist crushed, I'd advise you to answer Mr. Fighter over there's question.

"Yes. I did feel tired."

He nodded. "Healing yourself doesn't drain you of energy if you're a vampire, but it does if you're a human."

"But why can't I heal myself right now?"

"Because you have just healed such a huge injury, and the energy left in you isn't enough to heal anything that serious, so your power knows that it has to stop. Otherwise you might die"

"How does it know that? And if it knows, then why do Healers die of giving too much energy? Their power should know that it has to stop when the time comes."

"It knows that it has to stop only when you heal yourself."

"Why?"

"I do not know the answer to that. So tell me about your school." He still had my hair wrapped around his finger, so I knew better than to object.

"Umm... I'm in Slytherin house. The other houses are Raven-"

"Ravenclaw, Gryffindor and Hufflepuff." He said, cutting me off.

"How did you know?" I exclaimed, incredulous.

"Vampires go to school as well. When I was still living my years before seventeen, Durmstrang used to accept vampires. So did many other wizarding schools around the world. Now we have our

own schools, dedicated to the education of vampires only. Hogwarts was a pretty famous school, and many spoke about it." This news shocked me, because come on, who would have guessed that vampires needed to learn magic?

"So you have wands and can do magic?" I asked.

"No. We possess a different kind of magic that does not require wands and foolish incantations, but you must not forget, that with our kind, magic is let go of as soon as we become of age and graduate."

"But why?"

"It disturbs the peace. With our race, everyone is always on their toes, and if someone wields magic, it would show that they are trying to harm the others."

"Oh. How is your magic different from ours?"

"We don't have wands and spells. We need the moonlight to do magic. The main element of our magic is focus. If we focus hard enough, we can make anything happen. This is why vampires are creatures with strong, sharp minds. It is also why some vampires cannot wield magic at all; their concentration strength isn't enough."

"So you can make anything happen as long as you focus on it?"

"No. We can't make anything happen. It's like saying you wizards can do anything by having a wand and saying a spell. Some things just can't be done by magic. The extent of our magic goes as far as yours does."

If he hadn't hurt me, I would have been ready to take him as a friend for answering my questions in a detailed way. No, actually scratch that. He broke my wrist, he was over-possessive, he was chauvinistic, he changed me, he was a power hungry beast (according to Ryan at least) and he had rapid, intense mood swings.

No friendship for you then, Mr. Fighter.

"Do all vampires have powers?" I asked, not wanting to seem as if I knew anything from before.

"No. Only special ones, who have extreme focusing abilities. It also depends on your family. Genes and all."

"So since I'm a half vampire, I'll be able to use my power but it would require a lot more energy in human form?"

He nodded.

"So if I were to heal one of my friends-"

"Ah, your friends, tell me about them."

I knew that what would come if I disobeyed him would not be good, so I obliged.

"We'll there's Ness. She's the total clothes and make up obsessed type, but she's an awesome friend because she's there to support me and counts on me to support her, which makes me feel trusted. She's sometimes our voice of reason and keeps us from getting too crazy." I smiled thinking of Ness and when she woke me up at two in the morning so that I would help her with her homework.

"Us?" Mr. Fighter asked me, prodding me to continue.

"Drake, Blake and I. Drake and Blake are twins and they are amazing. They have my sense of humour and my thirst for mischief and trouble making. The idiots don't mind laughing at me though, or inviting other people to join them when they do so either. I'm really clumsy, so sometimes they're there to steady me when I stumble, though it's usually Alec and Scorpius who help me with that." I was realising that talking to him was actually easy. The words just continued to flow out of my mouth...or maybe the topic I was talking about was easy to talk about.

"And then there's Alec and Scorpius. They're both second years, so you wouldn't expect us to be that close, but because I'm on the quidditch team with them, we're pretty tight."

"So many male friends and only one girl." He said.

"No, I have other girl friends as well. There's Valerie and Belle and Fiona and Ellani and Sarah and Rochelle. I'm not as close to them

as I am with the others though. I guess I do prefer the company of boys over girls, who only talk about celebrity scandals and shades of eye shadow and gossip. That's another reason I like Ness so much; she never gossips."

"You shouldn't have so many friends." He said with a cold edge to his velvety voice.

"Why?" That didn't sound fair.

"Because you belong to me." He whispered icily, and let me tell you; that sent shivers down my spine. His hand disentangled from my hair and moved to my neck. His warm fingers danced at the nape of my neck. I couldn't help but feel tingly at his touch... until I realised something that made my body tense.

His hand was moving towards my scar.

My mind ran over my options. (a) move from under his touch; (b) tell him to stop; (c) shove his hand away or (d) just let him touch it. The first option did not seem so good, as he would restrain me, possibly cracking my neck in the process. I could tell him to stop, but would he listen? The third one I did not even consider for a second. Sure, I got a thrill out of fear, but no way was I suicidal. I flinched when I contemplated the fourth one. I hadn't forgotten how excruciating the pain was.

His fingers moved closer and closer to the scar.

"Please stop," I whimpered, "It'll hurt."

"You belong to me." He stated.

I nodded, "Yes, I do," I pleaded, willing to do anything to avoid him touching the mark. My wrist was already throbbing; I didn't need any more pain.

"So then you don't need to fear a thing." his finger was almost on my scar. At first nothing happened, and then I felt it.

My eyes widened as the pleasure went through me. It was a beautiful feeling. I nearly sighed in delight as I drowned in the bliss

provided by his touch. I wanted him to keep the contact, but he didn't, and instead moved his hand to my shoulder.

"That felt good," he murmured, his eyes glinting with pleasure similar to mine.

"Why didn't it hurt?" I asked, trying my best to appear that it didn't affect as much as it had.

"Because you're mine," he said possessively.

"It didn't hurt when a human touched it." I said, wanting him to explain.

"It'll pain only when touched by a vampire. Except if it's me. Because I created you and gave you the scar. Any other vampire will know to steer clear from you if they touch it and it stings, because then they know that you belong to someone else. A Dragonov at that; and no one is crazy enough to mess with a Dragonov."

"But it also hurts when I touch it." I stated.

"That's because you're a vampire too, my beautiful. No vampire, except for me, can touch it without making you both feel pain."

I nodded. I had been doing that a lot. Nodding, I mean.

A long silence followed...an awkward one.

"Why did you bite me?" I asked suddenly, my voice barely above a whisper. He heard me though, with his super vampire hearing abilities.

He stayed quiet.

"Did you- did you want to...to eat me?" I asked contemplating what would have happened to me if I hadn't started the fire in the forest that day.

"No." He said simply.

"Liar." I blurted before I had realised it. His jaw clenched and his hold on my shoulder tightened, sending jolts of pain in my shoulder blade and neck.

"Stop! You're hurting me!" I shrieked. The pain was too much for me to fear the consequences I might have to face for saying that. I reached with my own hand and tried to loosen his grasp from my shoulder, but he only tightened his grip.

"You monster!" I hissed. His eyes blazed with fury, and it was as if he couldn't feel the nails that I was digging into his hand. I tried to stand up and move away, and I had almost managed it, but then in a flash he was standing in front of me.

"Don't you dare." He said menacingly. I took a step back, my legs wanting to collapse from under me. I would have been futile to try and run because (1) he was Mr. Fighter and I bet he would catch me before a second passed (2) I was too tired from the Healing (3) I would have tripped before managing the first three steps.

I couldn't do anything. I couldn't run, I couldn't try to sock him and I couldn't call out for help.

I was helpless.

And I hated myself for it. If I hadn't been as helpless as I had been, maybe my family (if they even deserve to be called that) wouldn't have left me. If I hadn't been as helpless as I had been, this sadistic vampire would never have bitten me. And if I wasn't as helpless as I was right now, I wouldn't have had felt such severe and excruciating pain within the first ten years of my life.

I can't say I wasn't at fault, because I was.

What I should have done was to apologize, take whatever he had to say to me without a word and act as if I worshipped him.

But what I did was nothing remotely close to that...and I had to face the consequences for it.

So when he said his "Don't you dare," I did my part and took a step back. That was okay; it showed that I feared him. But then the

vampire part of me resurfaced. My panic vanished, and I was filled with that sense of I'm-a-kickass-vampire-and-no-one-can-scare-me.

My hands started to clench into fists, but then a sharp pain jolted into my wrist. I flinched, remembering what he had done to me. Rage bubbled up inside me and I raised my lowered gaze and met his eyes defiantly.

"I don't listen to monsters." I spat, in the iciest tone I could manage.

I would have berated Vampire Me, but right now, Logical Normal Me was nowhere in sight.

"You really think I'll listen to you and treat you like some god? Well, think again."

He smiled a cold, cruel smile and I could see the venom in his eyes. Then he said in a tone as icy as mine, "I would take that as a challenge."

"Women in your family might be pushovers, but you can count me out of it." Oh how I wish I hadn't said that. His eyes flashed with rage, and his jaw clenched.

"Don't," he warned maliciously, "talk about my family."

I know I should have had just shut up then, I mean, I could still worm out of this, but the idiot Vampire Me wouldn't listen.

"I repeat: I don't listen to monsters." I guess that was the last straw, because the next thing I knew; his hand was at my neck, all strong and powerful, and I was shoved against a tree, with my feet hovering above the ground.

His hold wasn't one that was meant to choke; the grip wasn't tight near my windpipe, but rather at the sides of my neck. The ache travelled from my neck to my temples, adding to the hurt caused my head being bashed against the trunk of a tree.

You know, there shouldn't be such hard trees in the forest. Professor Longbottom should have done Cushioning charms on them. You could never know when a girl would get her head banged against one by a vampire. I'll have to talk to him about it.

That's what I was thinking about. Not about how much it hurt, not about how much more it would hurt, not about what a huge mistake I had made, and not about what I was going to do next. Oh no. I was thinking about Cushioning charms...on trees nonetheless.

What does this prove to us, my friends? That I, Lily Luna, tend to divert my mind off of things I do not want to think about.

And you've become quite an expert at it, haven't you?

Oh! You're back. I could use some non-violent company right now. This guy's a nut.

It's your own fault.

Hey! If we're the same person, aren't we supposed to be in this together?

We're not the same person since I am not a person. I am your head.

Yes, I know you're my head...Speaking of which, it hurts a bloody lot right now.

At least when you're in pain, your vampire self isn't running around pushing away all rational thoughts.

I prefer it. At least I'm not scared when it's around.

I should remind you that you are held up against a tree by a very angry and aggressive vampire.

So I should be scared?

No. You should skip around in circles singing the Captain Potter Song.

Hey! No need to- What the hell is the Captain Potter Song?

Woopsies. Gotta run!



Hey! Come back! As your owner, I order you to come back right now!

No can do ma'am.

Ha! You just did!

Humph! I think it would be safe for you to open your eyes now.

My eyes are closed?

No. They're wide open, which is why all you see right now is black.

Quit acting like me! It's annoying!

I am you.

I opened my eyes reluctantly hoping that I would wake up in my dorm and realize that this was just a dream.

More like a nightmare.

I am ignoring you.

You can't ignore me. That's like saying you'll ignore yourself.

I ignored my 'head' and blinked several times, trying to get my eyes to pick up the sights in front of it.

Please let it be the ceiling of my four-poster. Please let it be the ceiling of my four-poster. Please let it be the ceiling of my four-poster.

Unfortunately, Merlin, who I was praying to, paid no mind. After all, why would he exchange a situation in which Lily Luna could provide him entertainment, for a situation in which Lily Luna's life would be perfectly normal and un-entertaining?

So once my eyes picked up on the visions, and my brain registered them, I inhaled sharply and nearly screamed in fright.

Dangerously glinting, violet eyes? Check. Evil smirk on face? Check. Me, cornered against a tree, with no contact with the ground? Check.

A throbbing hell-of-a-headache? Check. Vampire sense of security aka I'm-a-kickass-vampire-and-no-one-can-scare-me? MIA.

So you can imagine how scared I was. And how angry I was at the False Sense of Security for bailing out on me.

"Not feeling so brave now are we?" he mocked, seeing the terror in my eyes. "A sharp tongue, a tiny brain, and a huge ego. It's good you weren't born in our family. It would be a disgrace; a tight slap in the face."

'At least I'm not a power hungry sadistic beast like you,' I wanted to retort. How dare he? I was a million times better than him! Sure, I was currently pressed up against a tree, but he didn't need to feel all High and Mighty for pinning a tiny ten year old girl!

Rage consumed me, and without thinking, I did the first thing that came to mind...

I spat on his face.

No, I kid you not.

I bet Narci would have had fainted if she had been here right now...and Lucius would have turned his able-to-freeze-the-Sahara-Desert glare on me. And then they would both whip out their wands (Don't spoil my fantasies by stating that Narci is passed out on the ground and cannot 'whip out her wand') and kill this monster.

Said monster's grip on my throat was no longer not-intended-to-choke. At first, it wasn't too bad; I could still feel air seeping into my windpipe. The pain of his crushing grasp was my main concern, but then, his hand tightened further, and I found myself gasping for breath. Black spots danced in front of my eyes...some of them were blue though, and I could even spot a few purple one.

My lungs felt like they were squeezing up, I felt dizzy and nauseous. Thrashing about wildly, I thought about what an unfortunate way to die this was. I mean, I hadn't even played my first quidditch match...and Flint would be so angry when I wouldn't show up for practice tomorrow due to unavoidable circumstances i.e. death.

My feet kicked at whatever they could and my hands were flailing about vigorously. My wrist throbbed, my head hurt, I was dizzy, and my throat was being squashed. Oh yeah, and I was pretty much going to die.

And then it stopped.

Figures. The Supreme-Ruler-Up-There wouldn't want me dead; don't wanna lose their main source of entertainment now, do they?

The hand at my throat dropped, and I fell to the floor, gasping and choking, trying to rake in all the air I could manage. Meanwhile, Mr. Fighter-Who-Just-Tried-To-Kill-Me was standing in front of me, staring at a spot behind me, where I had been fighting for my life just a second ago.

I started to sit up, relief flooding me when his eyes remained trained on the tree behind me. Every part of my body ached wildly as I tried to stand up. My wrist protested when I tried to crawl away. I couldn't very well stay there if I wanted to stay alive. I would have to move.

Making my decision, I inhaled deeply then stood up, whimpering when my body's weight was centred on my hands and when the slightest of head movements sent my neck into spasms of agony.

I gasped in relief, shock and pain when I had finally managed to stand up. I was doing it! I did it. Sure, my legs were wobbling, and my head didn't want to stay upright, but still, I had done-

And then I fell. I snapped my head back (and nearly screamed in pain, mind you) to check whether Mr. Fighter-who-had-just-tried-to-kill-me had noticed. Thankfully, he was still examining the fascinating bark of the tree (note the sarcasm).

Ughh! What was I supposed to do now?

Your wand maybe?

Ahem...well...I knew that!

Of course. After all, I am you.

My wand's in my bag.

A simple 'Accio' would do it.

But-but then I'll need to remember.

Captain Potter Song.

That did it. That got me to think of the past again. I mean, "Captain Potter Song"? What the hell could that be? It was familiar, and bit by bit the memories started to consume me.

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"Mum? Mum? Can Ally and I borrow one of your necklaces?" a nine year old red haired boy asked his mother enthusiastically.

"My necklace? What would you need that for?" Ginny Potter turned from what she was cooking and bent down so that she was level with eldest child, love shining in her eyes.

"See, me and Ally are playing Pirates! And pirates wear a lot of shiny chains," he stated matter of fact-ly.

"Oh? Who told you that?" she asked in a humour filled tone.

"Aunty Hermione. She also told us that they sing songs. Me and Ally have a song too! Wanna hear it?" the boy asked eagerly.

"I'd love to James." She said smiling slightly as a naughty glint lit up her son's eyes.

"I'll tell you the song if you give me a necklace," he said with a broad grin.

Ginny sighed and shook her head dramatically, moving to her room. "I'll be right back."

"Can I play too James?" a small red head girl asked her brother from where she was sitting on the counter.

"But you're a girl Lily-pop. Girls can't be pirates!"

"Yes they can!" the five year old protested.

"No they can't! There are no girl-pirates in our pirate song, so that means that there are no girl pirates." He said stubbornly.

"That's not fair!"

"Yes it is. It's my game, and I say girls can't be pirates."

"So let's hear this song of yours Jamie." Ginny entered the kitchen again, unaware of the tension, and handed her son a cheap, shiny chain.

James beamed at her and then started to sing, "I am a pirate. I am Captain Potter. This is my pirate song. My Captain Potter song. We have a very big pirate ship. The Captain Potter pirate ship. This is my pirate song. My Captain Potter song. Auntie Audrey helped us to make it!"

"Wow James!" Ginny said, applauding for her son.

"That wasn't a nice song. And Ally isn't in the song, why is he a pirate? I wanna be a pirate!" Lily whined breaking her mother's applause.

Ginny, not having heard the recent argument between two of her children, turned to her daughter and reprimanded her, "No need to whine Lily. If you ask him nicely I'm sure he'll let you play."

"But mum! She can't be a pirate! She's a girl! She can't do anything!"

And the little girl burst into sobs.

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You would have expected me to be angry once I had remembered that scene, but I wasn't. Instead, I was consumed by sympathy for the little girl.

Don't dwell on it.

I turned my head, slowly, to check on Mr. Fighter, and then seeing he was still fixated on the tree, I focused on summoning my wand, filling myself with images of the poor overshadowed girl.

Nothing happened. Why wasn't it-

Goldstein had my wand. Damn! Didn't think of that, did you?

I am you. My mistake is your mistake.

I took a deep breath, and then dragged myself over to where my bag was, whimpering the whole way. There were only a few hours left until sunrise. Would I be able to make it back to the castle by then?

Pulling out the Invisibility Cloak from inside my bag, I draped it over myself and started crawling away, on my elbows and knees, dragging my bag with me and a killer-of-a-headache tagging along.

Wasn't my life amazing?

SPOV:

What the hell was up with her?

I looked away from the door through which Lily had just stormed out and faced Alec, who was just as gobsmacked as me.

"Whoa. Talk about temper," Alec broke the silence.

"Yeah..." I said, still remembering how her eyes had flashed when Alec had mentioned that she owed him.

Note to self: Never remind Lily Luna about a debt she has to clear.

"Should we- Should we go after her?" Alec spoke once again, "I mean; what if she gets caught or something?"

"She can take care of herself Alec." I said, smiling at his expression.

"But-But what if she falls down the stairs? She could get hurt...or she could get-"

"You like her." I said to him bluntly, trying to hide the smirk that was taking over my face.

"No! No way! I'm just saying because- because Flint will get really pissed if she doesn't make it to practice tomorrow."

"Oh sure, that must be it." I said sarcastically "You don't waste time, do you? It's only been a month since you've met her."

"It doesn't matter how long-" he stopped abruptly as he realized that he'd all but admitted his feeling towards Lily.

"Ok. Yeah, I like her." he said, accepting defeat and rolling his eyes at my smug expression.

I, Scorpius Malfoy, love to be proven correct.

"So, what do you suppose has gotten her into such a huff?" Alec asked, pulling out a file from the cabinet.

"Oh she's always in a huff. Hates us Slytherins, she does. Have you noticed how nearly everyone she's given detention to this month is a Slytherin? Got some serious issues, doesn't she?"

"I was talking about Lily you dolt."

"Of course you were. How could you talk about a female other than her?" I teased him. Seconds later, I just managed to catch a mouldy file that was chucked at me (courtesy of the idiot in front of me) and would have whacked my face, had I not put into practice my amazing Seeker/Chaser reflexes.

"Hey! No need to get violent!" I scowled at his grin.

"I'll get as violent as I want to."

"Oh really? Then so will I." I said then threw a folder at him, with as much force as I could. It hit him right on his head, with a resounding whack.

"You know, that whack sounded kinda hollow..." I said.

"You mean like this?" and the loser chucked yet another heavy folder at me, aiming for my head but instead hitting me square in the chest.

"That sounded even hollower," Alec commented mockingly, "proving, that you don't have a heart."

"I'd rather skip out on the heart than on the brain." I said tossing him a file that had to be sorted.

"Why are we talking about organs?"

"I dunno...I remember that it started with admitting your undying love for Miss Luna, though." I said taking on a thoughtful expression, "I wonder how she'll react to it..."

"Don't you dare Scor!" he said, lifting an extra thick file over his shoulder, threatening to hit me with it.

"Give me your best shot," I grinned and prepared myself to duck as soon as he would throw the file. With an expert flick of his wrist, the file was speeding towards me. I ducked and it flew past me and then landed on the floor with a loud thud.

"Missed. My turn."

Pretty soon, we were both part of a full blown war, with files hurtling around everywhere; swear words being uttered, and us taking shelter behind the scarce desks. The room was dusty due to all the dust we had dislodged from the files when throwing them. The occasional yellowing parchment fell out of the folders and littered the ground.

Alec and I were on the floor, managing only to throw extremely off-aim folders due to the fact that we were on the floor doubled over with laughter.

And then we heard her footsteps.

The two of us looked around at the mess we had made and froze.

Please let it be Lily. Please let it be Lily. Please let it be Lily.

The door opened. It wasn't Lily.

"What in Merlin's name is going on here?" Professor Goldstein asked sternly, extremely tight lipped.



"Umm...you see professor, the uhh...we err...we were trying to umm..."

"Kill the Bundimuns." Alec interrupted.

"Bundimuns?" I said clueless, and then realised I had given us away.

"Yes, Bundimuns," Alec glared at me.

"It wasn't Bundimuns! It was a Bowtruckle!" I said, covering up for the previous mistake.

"Merlin Scorpius! Bowtruckles are trees!" he protested, "Did that thing look like a tree to you?"

"They're not trees! They protect trees!"

"It was a Bundimun!"

"Bowtruckle!"

"Where is Miss Luna?" Professor Goldstein cut in, with an extremely pale face. I don't think she likes animals.

"She...well she ran away," Alec blurted.

"Ran away?" her tone was strict, but I could tell she was positively delighted to get a chance to land Lily in more trouble.

"Yeah. She ran away to call the Care of Magical Creatures teacher." I said, proud of myself for coming up with such an amazing excuse.

"You sent her alone, at this time, to get the Care of Magical Creatures professor?" she asked sceptically.

"Well, yeah. We couldn't very well let her stay with a Bowtruckle. It could've gouged her eyes out!" I said. At this, her face paled even further and her eyes widened.

"It was a Bundimun!"

"Please describe this creature for me."

Alec and I looked at each other, then at the floor then at the professor.

"Umm...it had...eyes," Alec said, as if it were an astonishing fact.

"Eyes? Of course it had eyes Mr. Scott. All creatures have eyes!"

"No ma'am," I cut in, "not all creatures have eyes. Take the Lethifold, for instance; it doesn't have eyes, and it's a mystery how it finds its way around to suffocate victims."

She swallowed and inhaled deeply. "So what did it look like?"

"It was...uh..." Alec started, and from his expression, I was sure that he had no idea what a Bundimun looked like.

"It was brown." I said.

"And it had yellow spots on it." Alec added. Huh. The last time I checked, Bowtruckles didn't have yellow spots. Oh well.

"And it had really long fingers."

"No it didn't! Bundimuns don't have long fingers!"

"Which is exactly why it's not a Bundimun. It's a Bowtruckle!"

"How long ago did Miss Luna leave?"

"Uhh...just now, Professor." I said.

"Okay, then. You all are dismissed from your detention. Here are your wands. Please give Miss Luna hers when you catch up with her."

We nodded and bolted out the door as fast as possible. Once we had turned round the corner, the two of us dissolved into giggles... well, not into giggles, more like howls of laughter.

"Yellow...spots?" I managed once the chortles had stopped and we were panting for breath.

"It's better than Bowtruckles gouging out Lily's eyes." And the whole laughing-clutching-our-sides began again.

"Her face was priceless when you said that Lethifold thing." Alec said between chuckles.

"Unforgettable...where d'you reckon Lily is? We need to give her wand to her."

"She must be in her dorm. How the hell will we get there?"

"Let's just give her wand back tomorrow morning." I suggested.

He nodded, and we made our way down to the dungeons.

"So... when are you confessing your love to Lily then?" I teased Alec.

"I think you're forgetting that I have my wand in my possession now." he threatened.

"Oh? What are you going to do with it? Poke me? I'm so scared."

"Very funny Scor. And do you know what's even funnier? Someone anonymously tipping off Claire Carlton about Scorpius Malfoy liking her." he smirked.

"I don't like her!" I protested, "And if you tell her that, she'll be stalking me full-time!" I whined.

"Exactly." Oh, that evil git!

"Scott? What are the chances of us getting caught if I curse you right now?"

"I'd say...about 99.9 to 100%, so don't even try it Malfoy."

"Oh well. Then this will have to suffice."

"What?"

"This." I said and then jabbed him with the tip of my wand in the ribs.

"What the- Scorpius you prick! I'll get back at you for that!" he promised, rubbing at his side.

"Violence for revenge is something I doubt Lily likes, Scott." I teased.

"Sod off Malfoy!"

"And control that tongue of yours too, if you want her to like it."

"Scor? Have I ever mentioned to you how much of a prick I think you are?"

"Yes. You've mentioned it twice in the past five minutes if I count correctly."

"Ughhh!"

Correction: I, Scorpius Malfoy, love to be proven correct and love to win an argument.

LPOV:

I have now, officially stopped believing in the word 'impossible'.

I thought crawling on one's own knees and elbows all the way from the Forbidden Forest to Hogwarts grounds, with broken wrists, throbbing headaches, bruised necks, no wand, no light, no energy whatsoever, and with fear of a brutal vampire following you, was impossible.

Surely, if this had been accomplished, nothing else could be impossible right?

My elbows and knees were bleeding. I was sure that the wounds would get infected due to all the mud and grass that I kept dragging them against, but I didn't care. Nurse Janice would fix me up. My main concern right now was to get as far away from the monster as possible...and to keep the Invisibility Cloak from sliding off me...and finding an entrance to the castle.

I wish I had worn jeans to my detention and not the school skirt. I had taken off my robes and was using them to protect my severed

knees, but it wasn't really helping much. The damage had been done.

I hadn't tried standing up even once...and I have reasons: 1) it would be slowing me down. 2) I would surely trip over a root or the Invisibility Cloak or something. 3) My back was fixed in this position. Straightening it out would take forever. 4) It was faster this way. 5) It would hurt like the bloody devil if I tried to stand. 6) I was just too lazy.

The moonlight should be strengthening me right? Then why the hell did I feel like one of the lifeless, bloody chickens that were hung in butcheries, in muggle story books?

Almost there. Almost there. Almost there. Almost there. Almost there- What the bloody freakin hell?

Three steps. Three tiny, harmless steps were all that kept me from the door (which was locked) to the Entrance Hall.

Before you go all, "stop over reacting and just crawl up the damn stairs!" remind yourself that I am crawling on my elbows and knees. Once done, skip out on two days worth of sleep, or do anything else that will drain you of all the energy you possess. Next, smash your wrist and twist your neck and back painfully, with the help of an evil vampire if required. After that, use sandpaper to grate your elbows and knees roughly (or you could always do it by crawling a million kilometres and a half through a rugged forest on your elbows and knees). Then, drape an Invisibility Cloak (or a semi see-through sheet) over yourself. Finally, go to the staircase nearest to you and try crawling up three steps of it on your knees and elbows.

Now try to say "stop over reacting and just crawl up the damn stairs!"

I bet you couldn't say it.

So how was I supposed to get inside?

I would have to stand up. Taking a deep breath, I shifted out of my crawling position and sat up, flinching as my back protested against the change of stance. Then, without giving it another thought, I put my weight on my hands and stood up, biting my lip to muffle up the

scream that was trying to escape from my mouth. Stupid wrist-crushing-vampire!

Great, now I have a bleeding lip as well!

I wobbled slightly. Okay, who am I kidding? I wobbled tremendously and then-

Then I fell.

I fell up the stairs, flat on my face. Well, the good thing that came from that was that at least now all I had to do was drag my legs up, and I would be on the landing!

I had learnt tonight (well, technically morning) that not all things that sound easy are actually easy, so when the thought of how simple it would be to heave my lower half up the stairs entered my mind, I prepared myself for the pain and difficulty it would entail, but it was for nothing.

Maybe Merlin decided to take pity on me, or maybe he had had enough fun for a day, because getting back into the Entrance Hall had been a piece of cake...compared to the rest of the night, that is.

Hauling the rest of me up the three stairs hadn't been too hard or too painful...but painful nonetheless. Crawling (once again on my knees and elbows) to the place next to the doors of the Entrance Hall, I looked for anything that could lead to a secret passageway, but the place was bare, all bricks piled one over another.

My hair was blown into my face (it was its normal hue again), and I pushed it back with annoyance. Giving up on entering the castle, I sat against the wall, hoping that Agnes the Caretaker would find me in the morning. I didn't consider expulsion, or even the questions that would be bombarded at me. Nor the fact that I could die out here if my wounds weren't treated and the fact that the idiot-who-did-this-to-me could find me didn't even cross my mind. I was too exhausted to think, too exhausted to heal, too exhausted to Heal, too exhausted to continue. I had given up.

So imagine my surprise, when, once again, the nature of things worked alongside me, and I was falling through the wall I was leaning against. More crawling followed after that. Once I was in the

Entrance Hall I looked behind me to check if I had left a bloody, muddy, wet trail behind me.

I hadn't. I guess there was a cleaning spell on the floors. Karma really loves me today! Wait, I take that back. Correction: Karma really loves me right now.

Thankfully, I didn't have to climb (or fall up) any more stairs, since the Hospital Wing is located on the ground floor, for maximum efficiency. Yup, I think me and Merlin are finally starting to warm up to each other.

By the time I had reached the Hospital Wing, I was completely worn out and ready to pass out any second.

The most I managed to accomplish was a weak cry to Nurse Janice, who was probably sleeping in her quarters, and to heave myself onto the nearest bed I saw, and then falling into the bliss that is sleeping after craving sleep for so long.

Or maybe I wasn't sleeping, maybe I had passed out.

No. It had to be sleep. You can't dream when you pass out. Or can you?

Because I was sure that I had a dream. And it wasn't your normal dream with butterflies fluttering over meadows. Oh no, it was nothing remotely close to that.

It was a dream like that dream.

X=x=X=x=X=x=X

Yay! It's like two in the morning, on the 2nd of Jan and I'm sitting on my bed with my laptop in my lap and all the lights switched off, completing this chapter for you people.

You gotta love me. But I owe it to you guys for reviewing sooo quickly! I love you guys!

If you thought that Mr. Fighter seemed too...mood swing-y and extreme, then I'll consider myself successful. He's supposed to appear that way.

So how did you like the entire transformation? And the unplanned SPOV? I loved that Bundimun/ Bowtruckle part. Lol.

Tell me what you guys thought! Love you! Oh, and I'm not doing the whole 12-reviews-and-the-next-chapter-will-be-up because you guys seriously review too fast, I hardly get time to complete writing that chappie. :] ooohh, next chapter is the tenth one! Yay!



## Chapter 10

Okay, I know this was REALLY late, and I'm very sorry guys but the reviews were stuck at 99 and I wanted it to hit 100...and some other reasons as well.

So, I was listening to "Us against the world" by Westlife when I was finishing this. It's an amazing song... My current obsession, even though it's quite old...yup, I'm changing the subject. :)

Anyways...

YAY! Today is a celebration day! Firstly, because this is the first double digit chapter (not including the prologue)! Whoop whoop! Second, WE HAVE HIT THE 100 REVIEWS MARK! I appreciate you brilliant reviewers A LOT! Third, the last chapter got the mostest reviews! So since this chapter is so special, I want to dedicate it to my AMAZING cousin Romii, who was the first person I told the story to. Also, A HUGE CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE TO MY AMAZING REVIEWERS. Thanks to:

Emilyderanged, writergirl318, VampirePotter, Jessica682, darinmeg, Pugs189, birdie31293, miss crookshanks, whathappenedtosomeday, billyvmom, BROOKLYNrose95, and:

Tayla: Thankiies for liking! What might this theory of why Lily parents left her, be? Wait; actually don't tell me, because if you're close, then people who'll read your review will know. On second thought, do tell me...the story behind it is pretty unexpected, and I doubt yours will match mine due to this unexpectedness...so do tell me, I'm accepting ideas! =P

Haha, maybe your dad is a vampire, with his supersonic hearing...lol. You should do muffliato or something on him. I'm giving you the encounter you wanted between lily and her bros. I hope you get your bathroom back. But you know, don't just wait for it, I'd advise you to move in for the kill and conquer this piece of land that is crucial for survival...Lol

Lois: awww...thank you for liking! I'd say you look specifically like Rose Weasley...hehe, and you just realized? I did the lily and bros encounter! Enjoy!

PlasticScene: Thank you sooo much! Yup, the Nurse sure is in for the scare of her life. Lol.

One 'N' Only: Thankiiue! To find out you'll just have to wait and see! ;)

Lovetoread7698: Thank yous! Hehe, I get lazy too. You've disabled PMing so I'll have to reply to your reviews here =)

LIZZY: thankies! I don't think she's gonna go back home to the Malfoys any time soon. She'll go for Christmas though! I'm glad you liked!

Rohmii: Awww...sorry about the exams! Haha, yup chap 10! Miss you!

MILY: Thankiies! I'm glad you like!

RainshineLOL: YOU WERE THE 100th REVIEWER! I would have had sent you a sneak into this chapter but you're unregistered. I'm glad you love! Yeah, I think green eyes suit Lily too. Thanks for reviewing!

Oh, and some of you wanted an encounter between Lily and her brothers, so here you are!

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Harry Potter. Though, if I did own it, Peter Pettigrew would have jumped off a cliff with a rotten slab of blue cheese.

Previously:

No. It had to be sleep. You can't dream when you pass out. Or can you?

Because I was sure that I had a dream. And it wasn't your normal dream with butterflies fluttering over meadows. Oh no, it was nothing remotely close to that.

It was a dream like that dream.

X=x=X=x=X=x=X

I was sitting on a boulder. It wasn't very big, just about enough to accommodate me if I lied down straight. The moon was obscured by thick black clouds, peeking out from behind them occasionally. The air was sharp and cold, as it blew the long, black strands of my hair into my face. I didn't move to push it away. I didn't move a muscle. I was frozen with fear. The type of fear that has your heart pounding a mile a minute, but keeps you glued in your place. The kind of fear that grips your heart and body, and controls them.

I was too afraid to move. Too afraid of what would happen if I would budge an inch. You would be too, if you were in my position.

Yes, I was sitting on a boulder, but it wasn't a normal boulder in the middle of the craggy hills or something of the sort. Oh no, I was sitting on a boulder and surrounding me was the dark, never-ending abyss, otherwise known as the middle of the ocean. The water was black, the sky was black, the clouds were black and the atmosphere was black...

I could see nothing but the black, scary waters around me, no land. Only this boulder. The silence was punctuated only by the gentle, beckoning calls of the water as it lapped against my boulder, deceptively trying to appear innocent; trying to lure me in.

The slight breeze was like the fingers of a ghost, playing with my hair, and occasionally tracing a pattern against my skin, whispering in my ear, chilling me to the core.

The clouds parted, and the pale, ghostly moon made an appearance again. Another cold wind passed, and I shivered involuntarily.

Something moved.

The tiny hairs at the back of my neck prickled and another shiver ran down my spine, this one, not having anything to do with the cold. My breath was shallow and fast, but silent.

A small, black thing was gliding on the surface of the water, triangular and upright, slicing the water gracefully underneath it.

Not a sound was heard. It was as if even the water had stopped it's rippling just to make silence for the thing.

And then it sunk back in. It was no longer there...but I could sense it around me. It was moving in the water, circling around me. Waiting for me.

And then, out of the blue (or should I say black?), a huge shark jumped out of the black void. A shark with vibrant violet eyes.

I didn't move, because the shark didn't jump at me. No, it jumped high over me. And then-then...now I know y'all will go 'hey, this girl really is crazy; even her dreams are crazy', but it seemed so real, that I was sure it could have happened in reality.

So the violet eyed shark jumped high over me and, well, bit the moon. No, I kid you not. That is what I saw. It tore a chunk of glowing white rock from the moon, suspending it in between its teeth, and then it opened its jaws so that the rock fell from them into my hands. Its eyes then looked into mine, for a second that stretched for waaay too long, and then, in all its shark-y glory, it dived back into the blackness.

Cold claws of fear gripped my heart as I looked at where the shark had splashed in. My gaze drifted to the piece of the moon I had in my hand. It was a shiny, glimmering white and it was...warm.

Oh no, wait. It was a shiny, glimmering and now turning a brilliant red colour.

Not to mention, it was burning the life out of my hand. I wanted to let go of the rock, to throw it away, but I couldn't bring myself to move. I was too scared of moving...of falling.

The pain was excruciating and the skin on my palm felt as if corrosive potions had been poured on it. The pain was too much, the fear was too much and the helplessness was too much.

I woke up.

X=x=X=x=X=x=X

Let me give you a little handy piece of advice. If you're in the hospital wing, due to injuries caused by a sadist vampire, and you've just had a confusing yet chilling nightmare about said vampire, and

your hand is burning due to the said nightmare about the said vampire, and you wake up due to the said burning due to the said nightmare about said vampire, be prepared to be faced by nine pairs of stern eyes. Oh, and do not, in any circumstance, sarcastically say the words: "what the hell are y'all looking at? Have I got something on my face?" because that's exactly what I said, and believe you me, the result was not good.

Flint's face started turning a red colour, and his jaw tightened.

"Have you got something on your face? Have you got something on your face?" he looked incredulous, turning to the rest of the team standing behind him for agreement. "No Luna, you do not!" by now he was shouting "but you did a few hours ago. A shit load of bruises and scratches! Not to mention bloody broken bones!" he gestured wildly with his hands, trying to show God-knows-what. "And do you know what else you had on your face? A sodding reason for me to kick you off the team!" he bellowed, making me flinch.

More advice? "You wouldn't kick me off the team, you need me," are not the words you should reply with.

"Oh really Luna? Watch me!" he spat

"It isn't her fault..." Alec began, and I shot a grateful smile towards him, cradling my scorching palm.

"You stay out of this Scott!" Flint ordered, "She deserves to be punished!"

"Punished? For what?" I demanded.

"Punished for getting hurt!"

"You're punishing me for getting hurt?" I said, incredulous, balling up my hands into fists. Yet another piece of advice? Don't do that. "Ow!" the burning in my palm made me gasp.

"What's wrong Lil? Are you okay?" the concerned voice of Ness.

Just then, Nurse Janice came out of her office, "What is going on here? Is she ok Miss Reyes?" Oh right. So she hears Ness' barely audible words, but not the shouting of Flint. Pfft.

"My hand is...burning." I mumbled, trying to avoid looking at Flint's smug face.

"Oh, it must be paining because of the potion you had to drink for your broken wrist."

"No, it's not paining. It's burning."

"Burning? Are you sure?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Well, I guess you react to the potion differently."

"Yeah," I nodded absently, knowing that the burning in my hand had to do with the moon rock from my dream.

"So, Miss Luna, would you like to tell us how exactly you ended up here?"

"I bet she fell down somewhere. You've taken it too far, haven't you Loony?" a mean voice called out from across the room.

My blood simmered at the sound of his voice and I immediately sat up, not wanting Matthews to see me in such a vulnerable state.

Another bit of advice? (God, I should just become a counsellor or something, with the amount of advice I can give in ten minutes.) Do not sit up so quickly. Black spots will take over your vision; you will sway like a drunken idiot and then fall back ungracefully onto your white hospital-smelling pillow. Not to mention the fact that all of your visitors and well-wishers (NOT!) will be snickering behind their hands.

And the worst part? The idiot you were trying to look not-vulnerable in front of couldn't even see you when you were lying down, but when you pulled off the amazing-swaying-cobra act, he had you in his line of sight and was currently laughing his arse off.

Result? Utter humiliation.

I sucked in a deep breath through gritted teeth, and then slowly sat up, wanting to see why exactly Matthews was in another hospital bed.

Nurse Janice of course, was oblivious to the hate circulating around the room (well, across the room at least). She shooed out all my visitors and said that she 'needed to speak with Miss Luna alone'.

Everyone walked out, and it was like a mini procession. In my confusion over the dream, argument with Flint and hate for Matthews, I hadn't even looked at who came to visit me.

"As I was saying, how exactly did you get injured like that?" I saw Matthews turn away from the girl he was talking to and pay attention to me and the nurse, so I stayed quiet. Plus, I hadn't really thought of an excuse.

My gaze was still fixed on Matthews and his girlfriend, and I saw him whisper something to her, the words shaping themselves on his lips and I could make out the words 'attention' 'wins' 'late'...or maybe it was 'detention' 'twins' 'hate'. I'm not sure.

"I err- well I was in detention...and umm, I went...to the uhh-"

"She went to the astronomy tower and jumped off."

My eyes widened and I gaped at him. Nurse Janice's expression wasn't any different.

"Is this true?" she asked me, but I didn't hear her. I was too busy thinking about how true that story sounded. But I couldn't use it as a cover up. People would think I was suicidal and that I was weak.

"Oh Merlin! I should have had known! All the times you came to me injured and you claimed you fell down and you..." I tuned out the healer's ramblings, and stared at Matthews.

"It was easy to figure out." he said simply.

I shook my head, trying to let him know that he was wrong, because my mouth was incapable of forming words at this time.

What would people think if Matthews told them that I had tried to kill myself by jumping off the astronomy tower? Everybody would pity me. They would shoot me sympathetic and sad looks, as if I were a cat stranded in a tree in the middle of a rainstorm.

That was the moment the quidditch team and my friends decided to re-enter the infirmary, but I couldn't bring myself to pay attention to them. I just kept on thinking about what would happen if this rumour got out. Surely, my friends would abandon me. I would be removed from the quidditch team. Narci and Lucius would understand though. And so would Mr. Malfoy and Astoria. They knew the truth.

"It really was very obvious; you were leaving a trail of mud and grass-"

Or did they?

"My dear child! I'm so sorry! I should have had seen it! I am the school nurse, and yet I am so blind to-"

What if they believed the rumours?

"We have to show professor Greengrass our progress in quidditch today Ramón. If Luna can't make it, we'll have to postpone it-"

What if Narci and Lucius thought that I was weak?

"Did you see Bryan's face when the dung bomb exploded inside her bag?"

What if they thought they weren't being good enough?

"Let's not forget whose idea it was to set a dung bomb in her bag. If only Lils had been there to see it."

How would Narci deal with it?

"From now on if you're even a little bit depressed, you come to me Miss Luna, alright?"

If they loved me, they wouldn't believe the rumours

"Depressed? What's this about being depressed, she-"



But the rumours wouldn't get out.

"Just because I threatened to kick her off she has to go on and mope? That-"

I would threaten Matthews with a horrible death if he dared to tell anyone.

"I bet she wouldn't be depressed if she had seen Bryan when her bag exploded. That was epic, I-"

But it wasn't true, so what if it did get out?

"No, she-"

People who knew me wouldn't believe that I tried committing suicide. Which I didn't.

"Would you all SHUT UP?"

You would have had thought that it was me who said that, but it wasn't. It was the girl who was sitting with Matthews. Every single head (except for mine) turned to stare at her, where she sat with a book in her hands.

"Oooh! Look Blake! It's Bryan! How's your bag smelling, Bryan?" Drake said and the twins dissolved into fits of laughter.

"This is entirely your fault!" Nurse Janice suddenly burst out, pointing at Drake and Blake and silencing the huge room.

"Ours? Exactly how?"

"And yours!" she pointed at Flint with her other hand.

"You can't even take care of her and you call yourself her friends? And you! You don't deserve to be your team's captain! Next thing you know, another one of your team member will try to drown himself in the lake!" she shrieked.

"What are you talking about? I knew they took a very inexperienced nurse! And don't you dare talk about how I treat my team!"

"Shush! I have to go and fetch anti depressant potions now. All of you get out."

"Anti depressants? For what?"

"Loony here, jumped off the astronomy tower."

WHAT?

"WHAT?"

The bloody idiot had to open his big mouth! Now what?

"Yes. And she could have had...she could have had..." the Healer started, and then she buried her face into her healer's robes, making a sniffing sound every so often.

Would everyone else believe him?

"Talk about drama." Matthews said in a low tone.

"You jumped off the tower? And you're alive? Wicked!" Justin said, thumping me on the back. This thankfully snapped me out of my reverie.

"NO! I did not jump off the astronomy tower!" I fumed, shooting Matthews my coldest death glare. "How could you people think of me as that low?"

"It's okay honey. You don't need to deny it. We all understand." Nurse Janice said, resurfacing her head from where it was buried in her robes.

Pfft. Before, she used to glare at me when I came in injured; now, she's calling me 'honey'? Maybe I should just say that I did commit suicide. At least she'll be nice to me the next time I come in with a twisted ankle.

"I am not denying anything!" I said through clenched teeth.

"That's a good girl. It's good to be honest about your problems."

"No! I haven't done-

"Come on dear. It's okay; we're all here to help you."

"Is that why you were at the astronomy tower that day?" Scorpius spoke up from where he was standing in the midst of the quidditch team.

Now, I was really hurt. For a nurse and a guy on my blacklist to assume that I tried to kill myself was okay, but for one of my close friends to think that? It was...shocking.

Ok, so maybe the medicines made me emotional or maybe it was the dream, or my almost-death-at-the-hands-of-a-vampire, but I felt really hurt. I looked at the faces of Drake and Blake who were looking at me with revelation, as if they had found out something new about me. Ness just looked hurt.

"No. That is not why I was in the astronomy tower that night." I said curtly, then pushed the sheets off of me and prepared myself to stand up.

"I thought we just established that we need to be honest about our problems," the healer said in a gentle tone. She's wasting time here if she wants to pursue a career in psychology.

"I am being perfectly honest when I say that I have no problems." I said to her with a clenched jaw. She sighed and shook her head.

"Lily," she said, taking my hand into her own soft one. Oh, so now I was 'Lily' huh? "I will help you, but you need to be honest." Her eyes were imploring, and her hand was so soft and warm, that I was immediately reminded of Narci, and how she would react.

"I have some potions that will help you a lot. 'Suicidal tendencies' was a part of my healer course. I know how to deal with hormonally imbalanced teenagers." She said sympathetically.

"For God's sake! I'm only almost eleven years old!" I shouted and snatched my hand from hers.

"Yes, I know, and that is the age a child is going through many changes. Just let me help you honey."

"She said that she...that she, well...wanted me to- ahem...she wanted me to die, the night we had detention..." Alec suddenly spoke up.

My head snapped up to look at him (glare daggers, more like).

"I. Will. Kill. You. Alec Scott." I hissed, and he actually looked threatened.

"Oh no dear. Violence is not the answer. And neither is self-inflicted pain." She said eyeing the nails I was digging into my palm because of clenching my fist too tight. Then turning back to Ale- I mean Scott (number 1 on my blacklist), with a glint in her eye, she started her questioning. "What else did she say? Anything about her problems?" she sounded professional, and maybe she was just doing her job, but to me it felt like she just wanted something new in her routine...but then again, I'm biased.

"She was-well...she was talking about uhhh...about- killing herself."

There was loud dramatic gasp from behind Ness, and I turned to see Fiona standing there, with huge tears in her eyes.

"It's your parents isn't it?" she said, blinking out tears.

Remember when Valerie told me that Fiona was a shy person around people she didn't know? Well, turns out, Fiona either picked up confidence, or she was never shy to begin with. She was always the overdramatic one out of all of us, making us laugh late into the night, by complaining about how she was developing a hunchback because the benches in the grounds were uncomfortable, and how when her cat got lost for a day she planned a whole funeral and everything. Dramatic and definitely not-shy.

"My parents?" I blinked stupidly.

"Don't pretend not to know. I figured it out." she sniffled.

"You know?" I asked horror painted on my face. How the hell did she find out?

"Yeah. And I'm really sorry. I hope it all ends well."

I bet the rest of the occupants of the room were watching the exchange in confusion...except maybe for Scorpius.

"What has happened with your parents, dear girl?" Nurse Janice asked. I swear she sounded like an old, concerned healer right now, as opposed to a freshly graduated, young healer. I ignored her and turned back to Fiona.

"You don't want people to call you Potter because you're gonna use your mother's maiden name. You don't talk to your brothers. You tried to kill yourself. Clearly you're on your mom's side...and your brothers on your dad's. But hey, it'll turn out for the good ok?"

Now I was the one with the confused expression, while the rest looked like they had understood every word she had said.

"Miss Luna, I give you my word that I will speak to your parents about this. They should know what a divorce does to children. Driving your own daughter to the point that she tries to kill herself? It will not be tolerated!"

"Divorce?" I said cocking my head to the side.

"Yes dear, now we know what is driving you to hurt yourself, but trust me, you are a very sweet girl, and none of what is happening at home is your fault." The nurse soothed.

Doesn't she know? Everything that happened at home was my fault. They left me because I wasn't good enough.

Don't go there.

Snapping back to myself, I took in a deep breath.

"Okay, listen up everyone. I am saying this one last time and I want you all to get it through your heads. I did not try to kill myself. There is no divorce at home. What happened to me was that I...fell."

Wow. What a wonderful story.

"Oh? And tripping and falling down the stairs broke your wrist, bruised and scratched your entire body, gave you an almost

fractured ankle, battered elbows and knees, gave you a bump the size of a snitch on your head, and knocked you out for an entire day and night?" the Nurse asked knowingly.

I flinched, still remembering the pain.

"I never said I fell down the stairs," I said defiantly.

"The where exactly did you fall?"

If only I knew, myself.

"I fell-"

"She fell from her broom," a timid voice said from across the room.

It was the girl with Matthews. Her long, dark blond hair was plaited back neatly, falling down to the small of her back. She had a book in her hand, and I noticed that it wasn't a textbook.

"Exactly!" I said triumphantly as the healer's face fell.

"Now, if you'll excuse me," I said curtly, standing up, steadying myself by holding onto the bedpost, then walking past them with my head held high, and an air of dignity around-

Umff. Damn it!

Of all the times I choose to trip, this has to be the worst one. Talk about dramatic exit.

Thankfully, I was saved a bruised behind, when I landed on the cushion-charmed floor. Smiling gratefully at the blonde girl who had saved my life twice today, I stood up again, refusing to look at anyone else's face, and walked out.

"Hey! Wait up!" I stopped and turned around to see the blond girl trying to catch up with me. When she had reached me, I started walking again and together we went on silently.

"Thanks." I said finally.

"No problem." she smiled shyly, "Those guys were giving you a pretty hard time."

"Yeah. Mental; every last one of them, I swear."

"I'm Tommie by the way. I'm in your charms class"

"Lily. So you're in Ravenclaw."

"Yeah. Where are we going to?"

"Just walking aimlessly. Anything's better than going back inside there. What book are you reading?" I asked, eyeing the thick paperback in her hand.

"You wouldn't know it." She said, pushing her long bangs back from her eyes. Her brown, sad, empty eyes.

"Oh? Why would you say that?" I pressed, trying to ignore those hollow eyes.

"It's a muggle book."

"I read muggle books. Just because I'm in Slytherin doesn't mean I'm a muggle hater!" I said, pretending to be offended.

She smiled and rolled her eyes. "I knew my cousin was wrong about you."

"Cousin?"

"Luke."

"Luke?"

"Matthews."

"Matthews?"

"Yeah, he's my cousin."

"Whoa! He's your cousin? Really?" I said disbelievingly. She nodded.

"So why was he in the hospital?"

"Fever or something." She said absently, looking at something ahead of us. I turned my gaze to match hers and saw none other than the devil-being-spoken-about approaching.

"Ah Loony. I see you've made acquaintance with my cousin! She's under the impression that you're a nice person," he drawled.

"Oh? And I was under the impression that you're supposed to be moaning in the hospital wing."

"Moaning? You were the one imitating Moaning Myrtle when you dragged yourself into the Infirmary the night before last."

"Right. And you would know because you know everything. Just like you knew I jumped of a bloody tower!" I snapped.

"No. I would know because I was right there when you brought your battered self inside and dumped yourself on a bed. I was the one who had to leave the comfort of my own warm hospital bed and call the Nurse from her office."

I gawped at him for a second, and then rolled my eyes, "I would have had done the same thing."

"Really? Because I would think you would be lying at the bottom of the astronomy tower."

"I told you, I fell off my broom!"

"Tommie here came up with that one. I'm really sorry about your parent's by the way," he mocked and then started to walk away.

UGHH!

I. Hate. That. Boy.

Correction: Scott is number two on my blacklist.

Grabbing Tommie's wand from her, I pointed it at Matthews back, and was about to yell a curse when a voice stopped me.



"Attacking an unprepared opponent? Magic in the corridors? Snatching someone else's wand? I think you need another detention Miss Luna."

I gritted my teeth and wordlessly handed Tommie's wand back to her. Of all the professors that could have had come, it had to be her.

"Eight sharp, tonight, greenhouse 3. Be on time."

Without another glance in her direction, I turned around and stomped off to the Slytherin dorms. Taking out a good book to read, I went to the common room (after changing out of my hospital gown, of course) and sat in one of the lush leather sofas.

But my mind wasn't on the book I was reading. No, I was thinking about the dream, which amazingly was still fresh and solid. I tried not to dwell on it too much, I mean, it was just some crazy imagination of mine right?

Sighing, I snapped my attention back to the book, and gave it strict orders to stay there.

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TPOV:

I met her. I met Lily Luna.

I'd always wanted to get to know her. I don't know why, but there had always been something within me, willing me to go talk to her. But I was too scared. I always am.

You'd think that I would have hated her, with a cousin always rambling on about how much of a 'spoilt, attention-seeking Drama Queen Loony was', but it never affected me. Okay, so I'm lying. It did affect me.

One second, I was ready to go and try to talk to her about how crushed horns of Graphorns would make the potion so much easier to brew, and the next second, doubts about how she would be, were invading my mind.

Maybe she did like being the centre of attention. Lord knows the whole school had been talking about her recruitment into the Quidditch team, and her occasional injuries, and her aversion to being a Potter, and her...

She would never like me. She was all confident and popular, and surrounded by boys (even if they were just friends), and a proud Slytherin, and top of all the classes, and amazing at Quidditch, and everything.

And here I was on the other hand, with as many insecurities as books (and trust me, I have hoards of books), with a dislike for anything remotely Quidditch, with nearly no friends, and with a boring appearance that no one look twice at.

In all the books I had read, muggle and magical, good looking popular girls and invisible head-buried-in-a-book girls were meant to dislike each other. The invisible girls were supposed to be jealous of the popular girls who had almost everything. So according to these books, I was supposed to hate her.

But I couldn't bring myself to dislike her.

Though I decided to stay away from her, taking the advice from Luke ("Really Tommie? You definitely don't wanna get to know her. It'll haunt you for the rest of your life,")

Then today came. In the hospital wing.

She tried to commit suicide. And no right person would do it just for attention, as opposed to Luke's opinions. Something really bad must have had happened.

And then that Slytherin gossip girl had revealed that her parents were separating, and then I knew that I was supposed to befriend her. This was surely a sign. We were meant to be friends! I had to help her out.

So in the hospital wing, she looked so agitated when everyone was questioning her about it, and I had to help her. Lily was doing a good enough job of hiding how much it was paining her, but surely, she wasn't feeling as well as she looked.

Her "friends" were being so rude, and didn't the nurse know better than to be so blunt? I could tell that talking about her attempt at suicide was making her uncomfortable, so I jumped in and saved her.

If the word got around that she tried to kill herself, Lily wouldn't be having problems only at home, but also in school.

When she had had enough of her friends' rude questions, she decided to make a swift exit. Amazingly, when she was about to fall, my non-existent reflexes came back to life and I cushioned her fall, saving her from a load of embarrassment and a longer stay in the infirmary. She had shot me a grateful look, and I, in an act of rare boldness took that as a sign to proceed and followed her.

It was easy to talk to her and the silence between us was nowhere near uncomfortable when we were walking in the corridors together. That had to mean something right? Otherwise, I'm always awkward around people.

I knew Luke's opinions about her were incorrect. Sure, the things that happened with her made her seem like a show off, but honestly, I just had to spend five minutes with her and I was convinced that she was a nice girl.

Then Luke got her into detention. No wonder she hates him so much.

Professor Goldstein smiled at me as Lily turned and stomped away. Huh, I guess Luke isn't the only one who hates Lily.

I sighed and made my way to the Ravenclaw Tower, parting ways with my cousin.

Answering the puzzle question the statue asked me, I entered the common room and went to my dorm.

On my bed waiting for me impatiently was a beautiful grey owl. I sighed and untied the letter from its talon. It didn't spare me another glance before it gracefully flew out the window.

I opened it slowly, not wanting to see what was inside.

Tommie,

I am holding my birthday ball on the 5th of November. Please write to your mother and tell her that I will require her catering services on the day. Also convey to her that she will be paid and that she may attend the ball so as to take care of the catering and other arrangements.

I hope that you have started taking more interest in Quidditch. I trust that your studies are going well.

You father.

I glared at the offending the piece of expensive parchment, letting the tears fall. I climbed into my bed, pulling the blanket over my head, prepared to stay in there for the rest of the evening.

This is why I had to help Lily; so that she didn't end up like me due to a separation between her parents.

I had to be there to support her, so that she wouldn't feel what I had felt when no one supported me; so that she wouldn't feel the guilt I had felt when no one told me otherwise.

So that she wouldn't crumble and lose herself like I had lost myself.

O-o-O-o-O-o-O-o-O

LPOV:

"I have detention ma'am. I can't stay here," I said, grabbing my drawstring bag from where it was on the bedside table in the hospital wing.

The evil witch had me dragged here by some burly Slytherins to give me my medications. Not the anti-depressant ones, I would never in a million years take those no matter how much she insisted, but the normal potions.

"But dear girl, I do not see you fit enough to release you. Who knows what you could do to yourself in a greenhouse," the nurse shuddered.

I breathed in deeply and then said calmly, "I'll be fine."

Then, I deposited the hospital robes I had in my hand on the bed and walked out of the hospital wing.

"Come to me immediately if you feel the slightest bit...off. I have medications that will make you feel better," she called after me.

I had an hour until my detention, but we wouldn't let the nurse know that, now would we?

My footsteps echoed as I made my way to the Slytherin common room, knowing that everyone would be in the Great Hall for dinner.

I went to my dorm and hid the drawstring bag, then took out my books and dumped them on the floor, doing the homework I had due for tomorrow. Sure, I could tell the herbology teacher and professor Greengrass that I had been in the hospital, but Goldstein wouldn't take that excuse. She'd do anything to put a Slytherin into more trouble.

X=-x=-X=-x=-X=-x=-X

"Ah Miss Luna. I see that you remembered what time you had to come today. Good. I'm sure that the other two who have detention tonight will be here shortly." She said, with an evil glint in her eyes.

What was she planning?

"You may start putting on those gloves, over there," she continued in a cold voice from where she was sitting comfortably on a chair inside the greenhouse.

I walked over to where she had indicated and found a few pairs of huge hideous gloves. My hands felt as heavy as lead when I put them on, but I wasn't about to complain.

I heard the greenhouse door opening, and then Goldstein's curt voice "If I weren't in a good mood today, I would have added yet another detention on your ever growing stack, for tardiness."

"Sorry Madam," replied a charming voice, "Ally and I had some...business to take care of."

"Hey! Don't call me that!" a younger voice complained.

My heart started pounding and my jaw automatically clenched as my rigid back continued to face them.

"I expected this from you Potter, but not from you ," she said.

"Please professor, I'm really sorry. I promise I didn't do anything! I was just at the wrong place at the wrong time! Please don't mark this detention on my record, please!"

"Relax Ally; no one's going to refuse you a job just because you had one detention on your perfect record. Plus, who knows what fun we'll have in this greenhouse." James Potter said mischievously.

"You two won't be the only two in detention tonight." She then said, and I could almost picture the smug look on her face.

"Oh? And who will be joining us?"

She did this on purpose. I hate her. She will die. Even Hell won't accept her. She will be homeless in the After-life. I hate her.

"Miss Luna? Come here so that I can explain each of you your tasks for the night."

I inhaled deeply and then turned around, walking casually to them, not looking at the two gawking boys even once.

"Hey Lily!" James Potter said, cheerfully, the shock completely erased from his face...though I couldn't say the same for his brother whose jaw was hanging.

"Shut it Ally. You don't want any of these plant pods entering your mouth and growing in your stomach, now do you?" the older boy said to the other one.

He clamped his mouth shut and managed to smile at me weakly, which I ignored, keeping my eyes fixed on the teacher.

Did she always have those teeth? Man, she needs to get those canines filed a bit. They make her look like a devil-snake hybrid... or maybe I was just picturing her like that.

"You have to de-thorn these Thorning Mackets. One of you will have to scratch the base of its stem to make it weak; the other will meanwhile hold the plant and the third will pull away the thorns." She said.

Well that didn't sound so hard. I mean, we were going to weaken it, and someone would be holding it down right?

That's what I thought, until I saw that green monstrosity unworthy of being called a plant. Each of the plants was like two or three times my size!

"Okay, thank you ma'am, you may now go and have your dinner," James Potter said to Goldstein charmingly, bowing slightly. I rolled my eyes at him and Goldstein pursed her lips and then walked out.

"So, shall we start?" James Potter asked. Albus Potter nodded and we moved towards the huge-green-monstrosity hesitantly.

"I'll hold it down. That'll need muscle, and I'm definitely the only one who qualifies into that category."

Show off much?

I stayed silent, fully intent on not making direct contact with them, unless unavoidable.

"Ally, you can get the thorns, and Lily here can scratch the stem."

Five minutes later, the three of us were covered in scratches, and the greenhouse was polluted by the profanities that escaped from our lips every so often.

"So Ally," James Potter said, struggling with a tentacle-limb-thingy of the plant, "how are you coming along with Sarah."

The younger Potter was quiet, but I could see a faint blush spreading on his cheeks.

"Eh Ally? I thought you were going to talk to her!"

"I was, but then..." and then he started murmuring incoherently.

"Lily-pop, explain to him that if he waits around, someone else will snag the girl." James Potter said, panting as he wrestled with the plant.

Once again, I ignored him.

"She would never like me..." Albus murmured.

"Aww Ally, why wouldn't she? Any girl will like James Potter's brother, eh Lily?"

"Oh ha ha," Albus said drily.

"Seriously Al, she'll love to get to know you. For one, you're my brother. Two, you get the best grades in your class. Thirdly, you're the son of Harry Potter. And, since you've just joined the Quidditch team, you'll be popular in no time."

"She'd rather go for Luke. He's 'handsome'" Albus said, and I was actually starting to feel sorry for him, I mean, he was being over-shadowed by Matthews!

"You're handsomer. Just need more muscle. What do you think Lily? Ain't our bro handsome?"

That was when my patience snapped.

"Look," I said, "Firstly, I came here to do detention, not to chat with the two of you over a cup of tea. Second, I am not your sister, so stop acting as if I still am. Now I would really like it, if you two would shut up, and we could all work quietly. And you don't get to call my Lily. It's Luna to you."

There was silence after that, for about ten minutes, as we scratched, wrestled and plucked, got scratched, bruised and exhausted.

"I know you have them," James said looking at me, breaking the silence. I stayed quiet.

"The map and the cloak; I know you took them." Albus' and my eyes widened simultaneously.



"It was her?" Albus asked his brother, incredulous. James nodded.

Denying it would be pointless.

"I have as much right to using them as you do." I said defiantly.

"Really? How now?" James questioned.

"They belong to me too. I was supposed to have my share of time with them."

"Kind of like how we were supposed to have our share of time with you. And yet you claim you're not our sister." He said. Albus watched the exchange between us, the plant forgotten.

"That's different." I said, searching for something to say.

"Really? How now?" He said once again.

"Because- Because, they were taken from me, I didn't give them up willingly!" I said, proud of myself for thinking of that.

"Ever considered that maybe you were taken from us too? That we didn't give you up willingly?"

My stomach felt like someone had kicked it. Hard. My lungs didn't seem to be holding as much air as they should. And was I supposed to be hearing my heart beat in my ears?

No Lily, he's just playing mind games with you. That's all you are to them: a toy.

"Thank you, Potters, for a lovely evening." I said curtly (sounding disturbingly a lot like Goldstein), and then surveying at how much we had accomplished (amazingly quite a lot), I silently congratulated myself and walked out, ignoring the words I could hear the brothers exchanging, behind me.

O-o-O-o-O-o-O-o-O-o-O-o-O

IMPORTANT! Tommie is the character created by VampirePotter. Thank you so much VampirePotter! Tell me if I portrayed her as you wanted it to be done!

How did you like how I did Albus and James? And what about Tommie's POV?

Ok, so I had planned that the person who would send the hundredth review would get like a sneak peek into the next chapter, but the 100th reviewer was unregistered, and so was the 99th ...so sorry!

Next time a fifty's number comes, the reviewer gets a sneak peek!

Review and I'll love you guys! Well, I already do, but...no harm in saying right :)

Hugs and Hearts

~TMs'M=~

## CHAPTER 11

Yes, I know this is late, but that's because we moved to a new house, and the internet hadn't been installed yet...Even right now, I'm updating this from school.

It's my cousin's birthday! yup, the one who woke with me until late at night, listening to the rough drafts of this story. Happy Birthday Rohmii! I love you.

Anyways. Thank you guys soo much for reviewing. Y'all are AWESOME! I got such amazing reviews, and every time I went to my mail and read one of them, I was smiling for the rest of the day...okay, that's I lie...I can't smile through boring English class... ANYHOO thanks to:

VampirePotter, Jessica682, Birdie31293, Pugs189, Writergirl318, Three Funky Sisters, Emilyderanged and:

PlasticScene: Thanks a lot! Haha, yeah Tommie was supposed to be a side character, but now I've decided that she'll have a more important role in the story.

Lois: I'm glad you like! Haha, okay fine, I've done a SPOV for you! Thanks for the review Weaslette!

Tayla: keep on guessing... i really wanna hear one of these theories :)... Haha, I'm glad you got a cupboard; you can now hide weapons of mass destruction in it. ;) Thanks for the review!

Cherry2: Awwwwwwwww....thank you sooo much! That was one heck of a review! I'm flattered \*blush blush\*.

One 'N' Only: you'll get your SPOV in the next one...i promise! so that you get your dose of Scor! Thanks for reviewing!

MILY: Thanks! Okay, I promise i'll do a SPOV in the next chap, but for now, enjoy this :)! Hope you like!

LIZZY: Thanks! Yeah, I've done a number of other POVs in here...you gave me the idea! SPOV next chappie. Promise!Thanks!

Snowflake Pixie: Thank you so much! I loved your review! And yup, I'll give you your James/Albus POV... I'm really glad that you liked it! Thanks again!

Helen: I wouldn't really use the word taken as in physically snatched away and taken; it's more of a having-to-give-her-up-against-their-will... I think I'm giving away too much. Thanks for reviewing though, and I'm glad that you ask questions that confuse you!

Rohmii: Thanks! I hope your exams went well. Love you! and HAPPY BIRTHDAAY! have fun!

So this is the surprise chapter that I mentioned to some of you. MANY of you requested different POVs, so I've made this like a special chapter, where there will be many different POVs! Whoopee!

On with it:

Disclaimer: I am not JK. If I were, Umbridge and Rita Skeeter would have been killed by an angry hoard of sugar-high pixies.

And once again, VampirePotter came up with Tommie.

On with chapter 11, the POVs chapter. Oh and I won't give the name of the person whose POV it is, only the initials, but it'll be really easy to guess who the person is

APOV:

I lied.

I lied to my best mate.

I lied to my best mate and he believed me.

Okay, I didn't exactly lie; it was more of a dropping-hints-here-and-there-and-then-pretending-that-the-lie-he-thought-was-the-truth-was-the-truth.

Confusing, I know.

I couldn't even sleep last night; which is pathetic because, I mean, seriously, who stays awake all night just because he didn't correct

his best mate when the best mate said an incorrect statement...even though making him think that the incorrect statement was the correct statement was intentional.

Ugghh! I swear this stuff is messing with my brain. Don't worry if you're getting confused, because I am as well.

Are you feeling guilty too, by any chance?

Because I sure as hell am.

I mean, Scor and I have been friends since forever. Well. Not really forever if you want to get all technical about it, but ever since the first time I stepped foot into platform 9<sup>¾</sup>.

You know how everyone describes their first view of Platform 9<sup>¾</sup>? With the scarlet steam engine, and the anxious children and upset parents, and animals in cages, and students leaning out of carriage windows?

Well, sorry to say, but that's not the sight I was witnessing, instead, all I could see was my mum's face peering worriedly into mine as she straightened my already straightened collar for the twenty third time.

I hate it when she does that. Just saying.

"Alec? Sweetie, will you be fine? Are you sure? And if there is any problem-"

"Mum, I'm telling you for the gazillionth time; I. will. Be. Fine. And yes, I'll write as often as I can, and yes I have packed all my stuff, and yes, I packed my toothbrush as well."

"I know, I checked your trunk, but-"

"Ah, Sylvia, what a pleasure to see you again," a smooth voice said from behind me. Turning, I saw a man, and his wife, and his kid.

"Draco," she said, all traces of worry vanishing from her now professional face. "How have you been doing? And what about the company?"

"Oh, we're all doing perfectly, but we'll need our lawyer back soon. The Gazers is offering to sell a branch of their business in Crossbow Lane, but..."

I zoned out, and instead looked around the platform, this time getting a chance to look around at all the hustle around me.

"You like the Appleby Arrows?" a pale-as-death kid asked me, inspecting all the stickers on my trunk.

"Yeah! They're the best! My dad took me to a game of theirs once, and I got an autograph of their Keeper!" I said excitedly.

"Wow! Really? That's amazing, but I think Ballycastle Bats are the best!"

And that's how we became friends. Okay, it wasn't exactly that, I mean, you can't expect me to remember the exact words each person said, right?

I know it's not that interesting; how we met, but it doesn't have to be. Interesting would be us joining forces, without really knowing each other, and then blowing up the Hogwarts Express, but that would give my mother a reason to keep me at home.

So I'm glad that it was plain and boring. But let me tell you, the years after that? Not plain and boring in the least.

He has been the closest person to me since I started Hogwarts... even closer than my mum, I think. I mean, I can't randomly go up to my mum and ask her what the word "gay" means, right? But with Scor, I can do that.

And that is exactly why I stayed awake last night just because I lied to him; he's my best friend, and I was supposed to always tell him the truth.

But hey, it wasn't entirely my fault, was it? He should have known too.

I mean, Lily? Really? She was like a sister more than anything else. How could I like her in more than a friendly way?

But it's good that he didn't figure out that I was lying.

Because if I told him who I actually liked, he would die of stroke, and I really don't want my best friend to die.

LPOV:

I hate that woman! She did that on purpose! She is an evil hag. She should die and rot in hell... oh wait, I had decided that hell wouldn't accept her. I hate that woman. She did that on purpose. She is an evil hag.

I mean, giving me detention with those two? And how did she even know that it would be an awkward situation that would torture me?

Inhale. Let's not think about this Lily. Exhale.

"So Lily how's your hand?" Drake asked me, nudging me and pointing at me bandaged wrist.

"Fine." I sighed.

"Awww, don't you look depressed...and I don't think you got much sleep last night. Did ickle Lilykins have nightmares?"

"Sod off," I said shoving him aside and then picking up my pace.

I didn't exactly have nightmares last night. It was more of the Shark Nightmare playing itself in my mind again and again, not letting me sleep.

What the hell was it supposed to mean? And why had my hand stung as if the moon rock had actually burnt me?

Huh. Once again the same questions as last night were replaying in my head, and once again, I had no answers.

But at least there was an addition on my trunk. I had drawn the boulder, and me and the moon and the shark and the blackness around me, but this time I did it consciously, not mindlessly like last time.

Ale- I mean Scott and Scorpius had told me what had happened in the detention in Goldstein's office after I had left, yesterday. And Scott had also given me my wand back. I saw Scorpius eyeing the two of us suspiciously; probably thinking what a traitor Scott was and how I was trying to actually be civil to him.

"What is wrong with you Lil?" Blake whined, coming and sitting with me in herbology. "You should be happy, tomorrow's your-" abruptly he shut up, as the professor entered.

"Good morning students! Isn't it a jolly good day?"

I sighed, closed my eyes and continued my mantra once again.

I hate that woman. She did that on purpose. She is an evil hag. I hate that woman.

FPOV:

"Ay! Daniel! Who are you takin' to Hosmeade this weekend?"

"I'm not going."

"Why not man? You've been ignoring Aria, not to mention, the rest of us." My best mate of seven years, Grey said.

"I know man, but I have quidditch practice. I have to win us the cup this year," I explained.

"Yeah, we know, but can't you give it a rest for the weekend? I mean, you've been training the guys so much. I won't be surprised if one of them quits."

"None of them will quit. I won't let them." I said aggressively.

"Mr. Flint? Mr. Lionel? Is there something you would like to share with us?" the Defence against the Dark Arts professor asked us, from where he was at the front of the class, teaching about repeating curses. We shook our heads simultaneously.

"Then I suggest that you both keep quiet and pay attention. It is your NEWT year, and some of you are still not serious. You need to



understand that these NEWT scores are what will decide your future."

'I don't need NEWTs to become a professional quidditch player' I wanted to say to him, but a look from Grey shut me up.

I took out my quill and started scribbling down notes that barely made sense, but was distracted from my "constructive" work when a piece of parchment landed in front of me.

So are you coming with us then?

I sighed, and looked at Grey, who was obviously the one who sent it, then scrawled a reply.

No dude, I told you, I got Quidditch.

You know, that's not fair, the rest of your team is suffering too because you're holding them back from Hogsmead.

They should have had considered that before they tried out for the team.

Come on man, I swear if you come, I'll buy you a horde of Honeydukes.

But I can't cancel.

Yes you can. Think of all those sugar quills and liquorice wands and everlasting gum...

You know that if we lose the cup to Gryffindor again, I will blame you.

So you're coming? I knew it. You got a weak spot for Honeydukes.

Shove it.

TPOV:

LONDON UNIVERSITY OF HEALING RESEARCH AND PRACTICE

By the authority of the board of directors,

On the recommendation of the faculty of the

LONDON UNIVERSITY OF HEALING RESEARCH AND  
PRACTICE

The degree of

HEALING RESEARCHER

With all the accompanying rights and privileges

Has been conferred upon

THEODORE REMUS LUPIN

In testimony thereof, this diploma is issued

With the seal of the University and the signature authorized

By the Trustees

On the 14th of October, 2044

Wow. Doesn't that look awesome? My awesome degree on my awesome wall in my awesome room in my awesome flat.

Ain't life awesome?

"Teddy? Are you there?" the sweet voice of an angel came from the sitting room.

"I'm in here Vic!" I called back, and turned around to see my beautiful girlfriend enter the room.

"Don't you look happy," she commented, kissing me lightly and then ruffling her delicate hand through my currently turquoise coloured hair.

"Oh? And don't I have the right to be happy? I just got my research degree, and my new flat, and I have you. Though I personally think that it's the last one that's got me so happy."

"Doesn't that sound cheesy. Well anyways, I can't stay long. I just came to drop off a box of your things Aunt Gin sent."

"Aww Vic, don't leave me," I pouted playfully, wrapping my arms around her waist, her soft, silvery blonde hair caressing my hands.

"You're the one who left me," she said raising an eyebrow.

"I didn't leave you. I just bought an apartment that's all."

"Yeah, an apartment that's so far away from the rest of us." Her tone turned bitter.

"I had to. I need to be close to St. Mungo's if I'm gonna work there."

She sighed deeply and erased the frown off her face, "I know. I'm just acting irrational. It's just that I won't be seeing you as much and-oh Teddy, I'll miss you so much."

"Come on Victoire, I'm not moving to another country."

"Yeah, but you'll be so busy with your job and you won't have time for me and what if you find someone else and..."

Whoa, what the hell was this? Victoire hardly ever displayed her insecurities like that.

I tightened my hold around her waist and buried my face in her soft, fair strands.

"Vic?"

"And what if some nurse hits on you..."

"Victoire."

"And what if you get so engrossed by your work that you won't be able to make time for me?"

"VICTOIRE GABRIELLE WEASLEY!" she broke off her rant to stare up at me.

"Easy on the ears there Teddy," she said, pressing her hands to her ears.

"Sorry," I smiled sheepishly, "but you just weren't stopping." Immediately she blushed.

Huh. Victoire blushing? I need to get used to that.

She must have felt her cheeks heating up, because next thing, she hid her face in my neck to hide the red hue.

I chuckled softly and kissed her head.

"I love you Vic, and no one will ever be able to replace you," a murmured into her ear.

"I love you too Teddy. I would give a speech about it, but I have to go back. I have an appointment with the lady whose house I'm gonna work on next. This interior designer business isn't easy I tell you." She said, smiling at me sweetly.

"I'll miss you." I said into her hair, then releasing the hold I had on her waist.

She tiptoed and kissed my cheek, "miss you too!" and then with a faint 'pop' she was gone.

I sighed and went to the sitting room, opening the carton mum sent.

Pictures, books, more pictures, more books.

I piled the books on my shelf with a flick of my wand, and then leaned against the couch and started sorting out the photos, deciding which ones to hang up and which ones to stash away in some drawer.

Most of them were from my days at Hogwarts, with my mates, and in every photo, my appearance different. Some were of my parents, my birth ones, with my mother with a different appearance in each picture. I had noticed a long time ago that she preferred her hair a bubblegum pink, just as I liked mine a perfect soft shade of turquoise.

There were some with my god family. Mum with a huge stomach, smiling brightly, while dad carried a seven year old me on his back.

One in particular caught my attention. I looked about twelve years old, with a huge smile, and long aqua coloured hair falling on my face. Next to me was a five year old James, smiling to show his missing front tooth and shaking his head vigorously so that his hair would fly around. Two year old Albus was clinging to my leg, his black hair as unruly as James'. And in my arms was a tiny baby. Barely one, but smiling widely at the camera as she held my finger in a tight grip. Her short red hair spilling into her bright, shining eyes.

Lily Luna Potter.

I missed her. A lot. But the most painful thing was that she probably didn't even remember me.

I was at Hogwarts for most of the six years we had her, but every summer I used to spend so much time with her. I used to take her out to play in the rain, and sneak her out for rides on my broom, and the summer after my fifth year, I spent as much with her as possible.

Because I had known what was going to happen. I had known when no one else did.

She was more of a sister to me than she ever was to James and Al. Sure, they had loved her too, but the thing me and she had, I don't think it could be reproduced.

Or maybe it's just me thinking that. Maybe she was closer to James than me. Or closer to Al, because I was at Hogwarts when they spent time with her and played with her. It was only during the summers that I spent day and night with her.

There was a 'pop' behind me, and I turned around to see Victoire once again. Her bright smile dropped immediately when she saw me.

"Teddy? What's wrong?" she said, concern laced in her tone.

"Wrong? Nothing's wrong," I said, not wanting to upset her.

"Oh Teddy. You should have learnt by now that there is no use lying to me."

"But I'm telling you, nothing's wrong."

"Really? Then explain to me why exactly your hair is that colour."

Oops. Busted.

"Ugh," I said, and then tossed the picture to her.

"Lily?"

"Yeah." I muttered.

"Aww, Teddy, it was for the best right? It had to be done."

"I know."

"Then stop moping and get up." I stayed seated. She huffed, and then plopped herself into my lap.

All thoughts about Lily and what-not soared out of my head at the contact. I can't help it; I'm a guy madly in love with this girl.

She hooked one arm around my neck, while the other hand ran through my hair. Almost instantly, I could feel my hair changing colour back to my and her favourite shade of turquoise, becoming longer and softer, easier for her to play with.

"There, that's better," she said, eyeing my hair, and twining both arms around my neck, fingers grazing the skin there. I leant down and kissed her soundly.

Life really was awesome.

NPOV:

Oh. My. God.

I messed up.

"Lily!" I screamed, but she didn't listen, she and Drake were struggling with their own Devil's Snare.

Stupid plant! First, it messes up my hair, then, when I retaliate by stabbing it with my quill, it strangles me...AND RUINS MY BLOODY CLOTHES!

I had made sure that I wore my nicest pair of jeans and the cutest top under my robes, because I know how hot it gets in the greenhouses and that Professor Willow therefore allows us to remove our robes. Sure, normal people wear their uniform under their robes, but I have a perfectly perfect excuse...and it's true: the button of my skirt came out, and my other skirt was being washed by the house elves.

So here I was, with my cute outfit, and perfect accessories to go with it, and my hair done so that it looked extra glossy, and lip gloss that matched with my shoes, getting appraising looks from the girls (except for Lily who didn't even notice my attire), and feeling amazing.

Life would sure as hell be perfect if I WASN'T BEING STRANGLED BY A LOW LIFE PLANT.

I mean, seriously, my hair and my clothes and my everything was getting ruined just because the stupid bush didn't have a life so instead it decided to squash the life out of perfectly made up girls for fun.

"Lil-lee! Help meeee! This -mfg- stupid thing is –umf- destroying my –ughh- clothes!" I wailed, wrestling with the tentacles of the stupid bush (let's just call it that to make it feel useless), trying to keep my hair away from its stupid vines.

Stupid plant.

"So you're worried about your clothes, but not your life?" a voice asked me. I looked around and saw Matthews raising an eyebrow at me.

"Forget my life. I know it can't kill me, -mfhg- but I'm sure it won't hesitate before messing up my -hmf- hair," I said knowing that Professor Willow had charmed the stupid bushes so that they wouldn't be able to kill anyone.

"So will you help me out?" I said to him, glancing around, knowing that if Lily saw me talking to him in a non-hostile manner, I would be in for it.

"Sure. Stop struggling."

"No!"

"The only way to make it let go is to stop moving,"

"Yeah, and it's also the only way to -umghf- let it ruin my hair." I said stubbornly.

"You don't wanna stay still? Fine." And then he walked away.

"Aw come on!" I muttered under my breath.

"Hey Lily! Will this thing let me -ugh- go if I stop moving?" I called out to Lily, who was still being squeezed.

"Yeah. And if Zabini here would -hmg- stop thrashing about, I'd be out -humf- of here." She called back, shooting a glare at the panicking Drake.

Making my decision, I took a deep breath and then stopped moving. I could do my hair again right? And this time, I would curl it as well, and then maybe pull back some of it in a half ponytail. That would so cute. Better than this.

Slowly, I could feel myself slipping out of the plants grasp as the grip loosened. And I could buy more clothes right? Easy.

Wait! Where the hell would I fall? The plant had me about ten feet up in the air. If it let go, I would fall and scar my face and break my hand, and never be able to use it again and then I wouldn't be able to apply my own lip gloss.

I started panicking.

"Help me!" I shouted, but not moving an inch, lest the plant decide to start squashing me again. "Help me! I'll fall!"



I felt myself slipping, and then falling, and then landing. Not on the floor. Oh no. I landed in somebody's arms.

At first, my mind immediately came to the conclusion that it was Matthews. I bet that's what you thought too huh?

But know this: I would definitely prefer Matthews over the person who was holding me right now.

Anyone wanna guess? No?

It was Professor Willows.

How embarrassing that was for me, I can't tell you.

I blushed a deep crimson as he let me down, and the first thing I saw then was Blake howling with laughter. I'd have to make sure he didn't tell anyone.

Now, to go and fix my hair. And my clothes.

Come on bell, ring!

APOV:

Double Potions with the Slytherins. Oh joy.

Please note the sarcasm.

"Good morning class. Today we'll be spending the first thirty minutes of the lesson discussing the properties of the Cleansing Potion, and the rest will be spent brewing it. In the last lesson, I had told you to read up on the potion, so Mr. Lapillus; can you state one property of this potion?"

"Yes sir. The Cleansing Potion has the ability to clean anything that is not of magical means."

And it should not be possessed by magic, I added silently.

"Correct. It can clean any object that does not possess any magic."

"Mr. Potter, can you tell us why this is impractical?"

"It is impractical for wizards as most of the objects we possess are magical, so the potion cannot work on them. However, in some cases it can." I answered smoothly.

"Precisely. Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Scott, please do not disrupt my lesson with whatever it is that is amusing you so much," he said to the sniggering boys in the row behind me and Lorcan.

"Now, who can tell me why the roots of a Juyrin plant are needed in this potion and what substances can substitute that specific ingredient."

Nobody raised their hands. This hadn't been in the textbook, so they didn't know the answer. But I knew it; after all, I was the grandson of Lily Evans Potter wasn't I?

I was pretty sure that the roots were added to neutralise the negative properties of the Burlaf mucus. It could be substituted by Fwooper feathers essence, but that was very expensive. I knew the answer but I didn't raise my hand; I didn't want everyone to think that I was a know-it-all teacher's pet and a nerd.

Life wasn't fair.

If it were James who had answered this question, everyone would be proud of him, and look at him with awe and admiration. But if I did, they would roll their eyes at me. I wasn't saying that I was hated; I was just usually over-looked at school. Though I didn't mind that.

"Hey Al," Lorcan whispered from beside me.

"What?" I whispered back.

"You know the answer don't you?"

"Huh?" I said acting as if I had just woken up from some sort of boredom induced trance, but I couldn't fool Lorcan; he was my closest friend and most favourite cousin (even though he really wasn't my cousin). Plus, I had actually responded to him when he said my name, and no idiot I know goes into a trance right after his mate calls his name. So much for pretending that I wasn't paying attention.

But in reality, I never paid that much attention in class as people assumed I did. If an average boy with average grades focuses on the lesson, then it's nothing, just a shrug and a "maybe he wants to improve his grades", but when it's the top student in the class, it's always a rolling of the eyes and a "look at him, he's so engrossed in the lesson". Not that I've heard anyone ever say anything like that, but I know that they think it.

I even wrote incorrect answers on my tests even though I knew the correct ones, so that people wouldn't think I was a geek.

It really was unfair how James got the easy, carefree life, while I had to work my arse off to look good, and people didn't even notice.

But then again, who am I to be complaining?

Lily has a much harder life than me right? Maybe it goes in order in our family.

Teddy got the best life, with his ability to draw everyone in due to his good nature and metamorphosis. With the best grades, and a beautiful girlfriend. With the title of a popular kid and a healing degree. With the skills of Quidditch and the former title of head boy.

Then there was James, with every girl swooning at every smile of his. With the amounts of friends he had and the measure of popularity he owned. With amazing quidditch skills and fairly good grades. With the confidence of a Jarvey and an ego the size of Russia.

Then there's me. With okay looks, and okay friends. With a terribly low self esteem and a tendency to blush uncontrollably. With no recognition whatsoever from anyone outside of my family and friends and occasionally the Daily Prophet reporters. With great Quidditch skills and amazing grades.

Then Lily: with a family who practically dumped her, with a burden of being a Slytherin from a Gryffindor family. With okay looks and fairly good grades. With a tendency to fall on a flat surface and end up in the hospital wing more often than normal. With amazing quidditch skills and a close group of friends.

Okay, no actually, it doesn't go in order. I am definitely under Lily in the chart of who has a better life.

The only bad things that have happened to her are us leaving and her struggle with gravity, but she doesn't seem too upset about it. Try and compare that to being over shadowed by two of the most influential guys of Hogwarts.

I sighed and dropped my head in my hands.

Life was unfair.

LPOV:

Albus is such an idiot.

And I, being his best mate, needed to tell him that.

He doesn't see the people who look at him with admiration. Oh no, he'll look at the few (usually from Slytherin) that will roll their eyes or scowl at his ability to answer any question thrown at him.

He won't look at any of the girls who would try to talk to him. Oh no, he'd be looking at the one who rejected him. And the rejection wasn't even in a "you're not good enough for me" kind of way. More like an "I don't know Albus. I don't know if it would work out" kind of way.

I swear this boy needed to open his eyes...or get glasses that would actually cure his blindness.

He was so intent on comparing himself with his brothers that he didn't think of looking at himself when he accomplished anything. After a quidditch game (at his house) or quidditch practice, he wouldn't look at how many people were congratulating him, he would be looking at how many more were congratulating James or Teddy.

I know I make him sound like a jealous, thirsty-for-power mini-Voldemort, but he wasn't any of those things. He didn't get jealous; he just got all mopey about the unfairness that was life.

He never once said anything negative about any of his brothers. Instead of thinking, "ughhh, that is not fair! Why does he get all the self confidence? I wish I was the one with it and not him", he would think "Wow. He has some self esteem. I wish I had inherited it as well".

To be honest, I don't think anyone dislikes Al (except for the few ugly Slytherin here and there); they just don't make an effort to get to know him, because he doesn't make an effort to be known. And I think that if he did try, he would be as popular and loved as James had been at this age.

JPOV:

"Hello professor," I greeted the transfiguration teacher with a wink as I strolled into her class, Fred right beside me, grinning at the swooning girls.

"Ah. Mr. Potter, Mr. Weasley. Would you like to tell me why you're entering my class twenty minutes into the lesson?"

"No ma'am, we wouldn't like to tell you," I said jokingly, allowing Fred to finish my sentence.

"But since you would throw us in detention if we didn't, we'll have to," he continued.

I saw Rose sitting right in the front of the classroom, glaring at us disapprovingly. Next to her were a few of her friends. As usual, the seats surrounding mine, Fred's and Louis', right at the back, were filled with the giggling, made up girls, with eyelashes that batted at us twenty-four seven and shiny lips that pouted at us twenty four seven.

Not that I minded it. It was good to have a healthy dose of attention.

I noticed that Louis' seat was vacant as well as mine and Fred's, so I smiled charmingly at the teacher, "the prefect wanted a word with us. Apparently, the Slipping Charm on the Great Hall floors was our fault."

The professor raised her eyebrow at us, as if trying to say "apparently or definitely?" Well, okay, so I don't think that's what her raised eyebrow meant, but it had to be along those lines right?

I mean, it couldn't be anything like "this guy needs to get a life if he seriously thinks I'm gonna believe that", could it? After all, everybody loves James Sirius Potter.

Just then, Louis entered the class, and the professor eyes diverted from us to him.

"See, ma'am, we told you the prefect wanted a word with us. Now, you can ask the prefect for confirmation yourself." Fred said, indicating to Louis with his hands.

Louis, being as cool as ever (I swear that guy could have had competition with a cucumbers and ice cubes and still would've won), smiled, swiftly nodded and then spoke. "Yes professor, I needed to speak to these two about the happening in the Great Hall."

"I don't believe an ounce of that, but since you've already made me waste seven minutes of my lesson, I will ignore it. But I don't want it happening again."

Huh. That's what they all said, but in actuality, it was the devilishly good looks of James Potter that had them letting us off the hook.

The lesson passed without much incident, unless you call the giggling group trying to get one of us to ask one of them to Hogsmead an incident, or if you call me transfiguring everything without any difficulty (no surprise there) an incident.

The bell rang and I left the transfiguration room and made my way to the dungeons for potions, with Fred next to me. (Louis had charms with the rest of the Ravenclaws and Slytherins)

Right outside the potions classrooms, I saw my brother, trying to talk to a girl. Hawkins, her name was. Sarah Hawk-

Wait. Hold on a second there.

My brother? Trying to talk to a girl? A girl who was currently the subject of his fantasies?

Whoa. I gotta help him with this.

I quickly darted towards them, a puzzled, struggling Fred in tow.

"So, the Hogsmead weekend's coming up and-"

No. Way. This was Albus? Ally? Without any blushing or stuttering?

"Albus, we're second years, we can't go to-" she interrupted him, only to be cut off by him.

"Yes, I know we're second years, but maybe we could spend the day together."

I saw the hesitation on the girl's face, and saw the sadness on my bro's face as he noticed it.

"Hey Al. What's up?" I walked over to him and draped my arm around his shoulder (in a manly way of course. A manly, I'm-a-protective-brother kinda way).

"Um. Nothing."

"Oh, Al here was just asking me to spend the day with him." the girl said, looking up at me from under her eyelashes. My god, even little babies are hitting on me. I must be really hot.

"Oh? Of course he was. You're one lucky girl to be asked out by a guy like my bro." Then, just to make her feel as if she wasn't worth the trouble Ally was going through to get her, I added, "And what must be so special about you to make our Al choose you?" Right on cue, Fred patted Ally's back, winking at a group of third year girls that were watching the exchange.

The Sarah girl flushed and started twirling a lock of her golden-yellow hair around her finger.

Albus rolled his eyes, probably at how Fred was acting and making the already giggling girls giggle even more. "So will you?" he then asked the girl.

"Uh... Yeah. Sure." She said after shooting one last glance at me.

I grinned proudly, and then went inside the potions classroom.

"Ah. Mr. Potter and Mr. Weasley. Nice of you to join us." The professor said, in his collected tone. I swear, if I had to choose one person in Slytherin who wasn't like a Slytherin at all, I'd say it was this man. I didn't like him or anything, but he was the Head of the Snake House for Christ's sake. Shouldn't he be at least a little bit nasty and vulgar and unfair?

No other Slytherin was like him.

Except maybe Lily.

Actually, cross that, I don't know her anymore, so I'm not one to judge am I?

Speaking of which, I mean, speaking of whom, it's her birthday tomorrow.

I know. You all must be thinking, 'how did this handsome, intelligent, busy guy manage to remember his once-upon-a-time-sister's birthday; I had thought his mind would be preoccupied with other matters.' But alas, I, James Sirius Potter, have an amazing memory that has no flaws.

Okay, yeah, so I heard Albus mentioning it to Lorcan.

But that doesn't change the fact that I, James Sirius Potter, am perfect.

APOV:

I hate James. She only said yes to me because of him.

Okay, I don't really hate him, because I doubt that he knew what he was doing, but still, he should at least have an idea of what's going on. I mean didn't he see the way she was flapping her lashes at him? Or how she was ogling?



But hey, it's all good. At least it taught me something. If she's hanging out with me just because of James, then she doesn't deserve me at all. I'd be better off if she just ogled at James rather than if she did it while she hung with me.

I swear James is a pain-in-the-ass. But a pain-in-the-ass that I've grown used to, and feel uncomfortable without.

Now if only I could find a way to cancel with Sarah...

LPOV

You know how you sometimes forget your birthday? That's what everyone thinks has happened with me; but the truth is, I remember perfectly well that tomorrow is the 15th of October. My birthday.

Why I am pretending to have amnesia, you ask? The honest answer would be: I dunno. Because I really don't.

I think I'm pretending to forget it because I really want to. And that may be because I don't want to find out how many people will even bother to remember. I doubt it'll be many. I mean, I haven't even told Drake, Blake and Ness my date of birth, and my family will obviously not find it important enough to remember. Of course Mr. Malfoy and Narci will definitely remember, and maybe Pansy and a few other family friends...

That's not very many, is it? Okay, yeah, I'm being an ungrateful thing with eight legs. Sorry. I will stop dwelling on it.

Now to go to the nurse and get these bruises and scratches (credit goes to the Mighty and Terrifying Devil's Snare) patched up.

I wonder how many people will remember...

X-x-X-x-X-x-X-x-X-x-X

AN: so how was it? I know it didn't involve much happening, but it was just to help you guys understand some of the characters. I wanted to do a POV for Matthews, but I couldn't find a suitable place...next time though!

Oh, and these different POV chapters won't be happening very often, so don't hold your breath.

How did you like James? And Albus? And Ness? Flint and Lorcan, there wasn't much, but still.

And the ones that I enjoyed most: TEDDY AND ALEC! How did I do on them?

Anyways, I love you guys.

Keep reading and sending the love!

~TMs'M~

## Chapter 12

A HUGE happy belated birthday to VampirePotter! This one's for you...=D

Thanks so much to all of you who reviewed. I am really sorry for not replying to them. So thanks to:

Birdie31293 (Thanks!), VampirePotter (Yeah, I know there wasn't much action, but the point was to understand the background characters. Thanks mucho! And Happy Extremely Late Birthday!), Emilyderanged (Thankiees! Can't wait to see the character!), CHERRY2 (Thank you soo much! Your reviews are amazing and really encouraging!) Writergirl318 (Really? Which ones convoluted the chapter? And if there's anything confusing, do tell me! Thankyous! Oh, and the owl has one blue and green eye, not black, because it goes against science...melanin and stuff :) one dark and one light eye is impossible. Either both are dark or both are light.) Lizzie Malfoy666 (Thankiees!) Pugs189 (Thanks! Yup, definitely more action coming up!) bananas4youu (Thank you!) RavensclawsPartyHard: (Thank you so much. Keep reading!) super16simone (Thanks! Yup, more Potters soon!) Lois (Haha...you're writing a fic? Have you started? How can you be so sure that the girl Alec is on about is a Weasley...?) PlasticScene (thankiees!) And:

Jessica682: Haha, you'll just have to wait and see what happened :) Maybe it does look like as if Potters don't miss Lily, and maybe they really don't, but keep in mind that it happened over five years ago, and they have had enough time to get over it... Thanks!

Helen: You just have to wait and see what happened and why... But don't make assumptions. Its true Lily has gone through a hard life, and it makes her irrational, so she doesn't care that maybe James and Albus didn't have a role in it, nor did the rest of her cousins. Thanks for reviewing!

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, but I own Ian and Eloise-the-Blondie :) writergirl318 came up with the description of the owl. Thankiew!

## Chapter 12

My dearest Lily,

Many joyful birthday greetings to you from Lucius, Astoria, Draco and I. Don't you worry; you'll be getting letters and presents from them too, latest by breakfast, I am sure.

I am staying over with Astoria for a few days at Malfoy Manor, due to Draco and Lucius having gone to Dublin on a business trip. Astoria has also been feeling a bit under the weather lately, so I thought a little company would do her good. The Healers say that it is stress of some sort, and I'm pretty sure that you are the cause of this stress.

No, don't act all surprised, I myself almost fainted of shock when I received the letter from Hogwarts. The one from the nurse was a load of trash. I wouldn't believe for one second that you would jump off a tower, especially without leaving a letter or note for us. Astoria did believe it I though and I can imagine what a shock it was for her.

Now, in a letter, I cannot embrace a stern tone, especially when it is your birthday, but believe me, if this were any other circumstance, I would be dragging you out of Hogwarts right now.

What in the world happened? I know that it must have to do with your lamprosy, and the furthest my imagination is taking me is you going to the forest and then getting mulled over by an animal of some sort.

I m expecting a detailed letter from you about what happened and I want the truth and nothing less, so that I can decide whether to let you stay in school next time it happens. And don't you dare lie to me about this matter Lily Luna.

I hope you like the presents. I have bought the owl just recently and have not named her yet, so she is entirely yours. Lucius helped me choose her, so consider it a joint gift, but naturally, he will send you another gift, just like I have enclosed another one as well. We're spoiling you aren't we?

So once again, many happy wishes of the day. Do tell me how school is treating you, and if that captain is still over working all of you. And, of course, a detailed report of how you are doing health wise.

Happy Birthday once more.

Much love,

Narci

-X-X-X-X-

Saturday, 15th of October, 2044.

My birthday.

Yesterday, I'd expected that I'd be all miserable and 'ugh it's my birthday. Don't remind me', but I actually feel excited, because even though I doubt many people will remember, it's still my birthday.

I am now eleven years old.

Wow, that sounds so old and grown up. I mean ten is so tiny. Eleven is the real age people consider you to be a responsible child, since you can start school. Naturally, some ten year olds can start school if they are turning eleven within the first half of their first year, but wizards still consider eleven to be The Age.

Of course, turning 17 matters most, since you come of age, and can freely use magic, but eleven is when you can start learning how to use that magic.

I tucked the letter I got from Narci back into the envelope, and then examined the owl that had delivered it. I wouldn't say that she was a beautiful, breath-taking creature, but the way she carried herself made it seem as if she was.

She was of medium height; not too big, not too small. The feathers were a grey colour; a transition between a sleek silver and charcoal. And then there were her eyes; one blue as the deep ocean, and one green as the grass in the fields.

Okay, yeah, so I was in a poetic mood.

But nevertheless, she was beautiful. The way she perched at the window sill, with her head held high, as if she didn't care what

anyone else in the world thought, it reminded me strangely of Narcissa; elegant and powerful and perfectly self-confident.

Wait- what? Did I just compare an owl to Narcissa Malfoy?

Yeah. Yeah you did.

Whoa. I need to get some sleep then.

But you need to write back to her first.

It's 1:15 in the morning.

I know that, but you need to write back and tell her exactly what happened.

I can't tell her that.

Why not?

Because then she'll think that there's an evil, fat, ugly, not to mention, powerful, vampire set on killing me.

Well, it's true isn't it?

But she doesn't need to know that.

She does. And she'll never believe whatever lame story you cook up.

I think she will.

Fine then. Tell her you were "mugged by an animal". Lie to her. See if I care.

It's not lying.

Oh really?

Yes, really. I just won't tell her which creature exactly I got molested by.

Whatever, back to the owl.

Oh yeah. Is that even possible? Having different coloured eyes?

Duh! Exhibit A right in front of you.

Ughh. Shut up.

Sure thing.

So what should I name her?

Umm...Sylvie? Shadow? Brea? Whisper? Gray? Kylie? Feather? Silver? Lynn? Pearl? Mist?

What about- Did I even ask you?

Well, technically, yeah. Since you were talking to yourself.

Whatever. Anyways. Hey! I need to open the-

-other present.

I picked up the small package that I had untied from the owl's claw and ripped open the packaging. Out fell a scarf. A beautiful, silk, shimmering, silver scarf, with tiny beads embroidered at the edge.

Wow.

I smiled and pet the owl, while thinking what to write in the reply.

I'd write how I was feeling; perfectly fine, though a bit angry that everyone thought that I tried killing myself. I'd mention how I was attacked by an animal, but that it wouldn't happen again because I won't go that deep into the forest again. Oh, and I'll thank her for the beautiful scarf and owl. Tell her about Quidditch practice; which was going fine, though still very tiring. Thank her for the birthday greetings.

I would write all of that, in a very detailed, very long letter...in the morning.

Right now, I had to sleep.

Thankfully, today was a Saturday, so no classes! I could sleep in as late as I wanted!

OoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoO

"Lily! LILY! Wake up right now! We need to get ready and go!"

"Shut up Ness." I mumbled, clutching the duvet to myself, knowing what was about to come.

"It's Elle."

Now she had my attention.

"What? Why? Where's Ness?" I sat up, pushing the covers off of me.

"She's changing."

"Oh." I fell back on the bed once again.

"You need to get up now. There's a quidditch match!"

"WHAT?" I screeched and jumped off the bed.

That couldn't be.

Flint would've told you if there was.

Maybe he did. I was in the hospital wing for some time, wasn't I?

But you don't even know who you're playing against.

I don't even know if I'm playing or not. I've missed the meeting for setting team tactics.

And you haven't gone for practice in the past week.

So, I don't think he'll take the risk of letting me play... which means I'm not playing. Whew.

You know, the thing is, even if you want to do something, and you've wanted to do it for a long time, you still get cold feet when the time comes, and you'll snatch the opportunity to walk away as soon as



you catch a glimpse of it. Well, at least I would. I never said I was Gryffindor brave, did I?

Elle continued on blabbering about how Gryffindor was definitely going to win and Hufflepuff had no chance, but how we-

Wait what?

And then it dawned on me. The Gryffindor-Hufflepuff match today! Of course!

Hey, don't judge; I'm slow in the mornings.

"Don't you think it's too early for a match?" Elle asked, not noticing my moment of enlightenment. "I mean, I know that the decree the ministry passed makes sense, but isn't this a bit too early. I mean, they wouldn't have had time to train their new team mates. Sure, Gryffindor doesn't need time, they always have the ready-made players, but I bet you Hufflepuff needed more time to practice."

I agreed with her.

About a year ago, the ministry passed an educational decree that there were to be no Quidditch matches within the two months prior to the end of year exams. The reason, apparently, was because students, OWL and NEWT candidates in specific, needed to dedicate those two months entirely to their studies.

So the whole quidditch schedule was rearranged and shifted back.

"Wow! Am I still dreaming?" Ness walked out of the washrooms, with an expression of mock surprise on her face, "Elle, you should be on waking-up-Lily-duty from now on."

"Haha, yeah." I muttered drily.

"Oops. We can't get you in a bad mood today can we?" Ness said.

Elle rolled her eyes "We shouldn't get Lily in a bad mood any day."

"No, today is special. Happy birthday Lily!" she walked towards me and swept me into a huge, tight hug.

Elle's eyes widened and she nodded, as if she had known all along, and smiled a happy birthday to me as well.

"Okay, now get up and get changed," Ness said pushing me into the bathroom and then dumping my robes into my arms.

"Yes mother," I said, already in a good mood. That was three times I had been wished. Or five, if you count the number of times Narci had mentioned it.

Yeah, I counted.

I changed while Ness waited. Elle went to look for Fiona and Valerie, and something deep inside of me wished that she would tell the rest of them that it was my birthday.

No such luck.

When I went and sat down in the Great Hall, with Ness filling me in about how the Hufflepuff captain was trying extra hard this year, there was no sign of excitement or any sign of "whoopie it's Lily's birthday! Let's stutter and act awkward so that she doesn't find out about the surprise birthday party we planned for her." No sign at all.

And then Drake and Blake entered, with identically huge, bright, mischievous grins on their faces, making me feel guilty for being such an ungrateful piece of dragon dung.

"Ah. I see that for the first time ever, you made it to breakfast before us. I like the eleven year old Lily better already!"

I rolled my eyes, but couldn't stop the smile that broke through my lips.

"It's not me who's early; it's you guys who're late."

"Yeah, well, we were busy," Drake/Blake winked mysteriously.

"Anyways, happy birthday Lils!"

"You are one of our closest friends,"

"Our partner in crime,"

"Our lost third stone under a cauldron,"

"Our sister."

"And don't you ever forget that."

"Wow. You guys are so...synchronised." Ness said amazement on her face.

"Big words, huh Ness?" she shook her head and smacked Drake/Blake on the arm.

"No really. You guys should be in... Some mind reading contest." She continued, "And when you guys win, give the prize to me because I was the one who suggested the idea!" she said chirpily.

"Actually, we rehearsed this." One of the twins said, making Ness' face drop ever so slightly.

"But still, you guys are awesome at the I-know-what-you-are-going-to-do-next thing."

"Thanks very much madam," Drake/ Blake said, after which they bowed charmingly.

"Oooh, Lily, I forgot your present in my dorm! Lemme go and get it. I'll be back in a sec!" she said and walked away after giving Drake and Blake a long look, that held a bit of a challenge.

She got me present!

Or maybe she actually hadn't but was just using the idea as an excuse to go do something else.

My stomach did a sort of flip, even though I told it not to. That look had to mean something. Maybe they are arranging a party...or maybe Narci and Lucius are coming to visit.

I ordered my over excited mind to shut up, but it didn't listen to me; so naturally, the non-over-excited part of me caught the disease too.

I was so caught up in my fantasies, that I almost missed the owl that was peering into my face demandingly. I snapped back to attention and fed it some toast, which it nibbled on hesitantly. I know. Owls don't like toast.

I untied the letter and the package it was carrying.

Lily,

Very many cheerful birthday wishes to you.

I hope that you are faring well and that no one is giving you any trouble. Please find attached your birthday gift. I hope you like it and enjoy it. I'll be honest and tell you that it was Draco who gave me the idea of buying it. I was utterly clueless about what to get for you; after all, you are grown up now.

Please focus on your studies. I promise that Cissy and I will come and watch your first Quidditch match.

Take care of yourself and keep your health in check. I know that Narcissa must be taking up the role of concerned mother hen very seriously, so I won't bother pestering you for a report of your condition as long as you truthfully tell me that you are fine.

Pay attention in class and don't let your friends come in between you and your grades.

Happy birthday and take care,

Regards,

Lucius Malfoy.

I took out the other letter that was in the envelope and unfolded it, wanting to quickly read the letter and move on to the presents. I wasn't materialistic, but whenever you get a present, you have an urge to open it and see what it is... don't you?

Dearest Lily,

Happy eleventh birthday!

I hope that you are doing well. I have been very busy here in Dublin with father, but Astoria wouldn't leave me alone until I wrote to you. And since I didn't want any threatening, angry howlers, I wrote to you as soon as possible.

I hope that my present proves to be informative. It is a book that contains all about vampires, from start to end. I had to buy it off a librarian for... let's just say a lot. Apparently, it's the only copy, and she thinks that it would be most beneficial to the wizarding community if it were for public viewing rather than just for one household.

Astoria is quite worried about your health and she wrote to me about a misunderstanding about you trying to kill yourself. I can tell that she has slight doubts about it being a total misunderstanding and wants me to tell you that we are always here for you. Of course I don't believe that you would try to commit suicide, but I had to talk to you to reassure Astoria.

Take care,

Draco.

"Where the hell is this girl?" I heard Drake/ Blake ask the other twin.

"Vanessa? She probably thinks her gift is better than ours. Did you see that look she gave us?"

"Yeah man. She really thinks hers will be more amazing... but I doubt it."

They high fived each other and there was a slight sinking feeling in my stomach. So it wasn't a surprise party after all.

But hey, at least the amount of times I had been wished had increased to...eight by now.

"So who do you think will win the match?" I asked the twins.

They both stared at me for a minute incredulously, until I spoke again.

"Well, I know everybody says Gryffindor will definitely win because they're the best and all, but I've never seen them play, so I don't really know what to expect you know?"

Drake/Blake opened his mouth to speak, but just then Ness came up and sat herself beside me.

"I'm ba-ack!" she said in a sing-song voice, brandishing a neatly wrapped package.

"Yeah. We noticed." One of the twins said drily, to which the other one snorted. Ness scowled at them, and then offered me the package.

"Guess what it is." She said excitedly.

"Umm..." it was rectangular and hard like a box "...a box?"

"You silly girl. Of course there's a box, but what's inside the box?"

"How exactly is she supposed to guess that?" "She isn't psychic!"

"That is exactly why it's just a guess and doesn't have to be the correct answer." Ness replied knowingly.

"Okay, what is up with the three of you today?" I asked, confused.

"Nothing. They just think that the present I got for you will be something representing my "shallow and vain" character."

"Aw, come on Ness. You know better than to listen to them."

"Hey!" the boys protested.

"Whatever." Ness said, rolling her eyes and then walking away, leaving me holding the present awkwardly.

"What is wrong with you guys?" I demanded as soon as she was out of earshot.

"Let's forget about it." Drake... no, Blake said, after which Drake reached into his pocket and pulled out a notebook.

"Here you go."

"Happy birthday!" they both said.

"So... What is it?" maybe it was a journal that wouldn't let anyone except me read the entries. Or maybe it was a never ending notebook. Or one of those ones in which you just had to think the words and they would appear on the page.

"It's a notebook." They said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Oh." I said, trying not to show my disappointment, "thanks guys. I could do...ahem... with a...um... notebook. Loose leaf parchments are so annoying."

The two burst into chortles and I felt myself reddening. Were they laughing at me? Why were they laughing at me?

"Loose leaf parchments are so annoying" Drake imitated me and the two dissolved into fresh giggles.

I decided to ignore the idiots and pretended to be really interested in the letter from Lucius.

"It's a three-way notebook." Blake said once the two had quietened.

"Both me and Blake have a similar one. Our dad got them made for us when we were starting Hogwarts."

"Yeah, and we asked him if he could get another one made. He did. Just sent it last night."

I cleared my throat awkwardly, "Well, I knew that perfectly well." I said matter-of-factly.

"Whatever you say Lils."

"But won't you thank us?"

"No. First I have to ask how it works."

"Ah yes. It's simple. Whatever one writes in his notebook, it appears in the other two as well."

"We figured it would make you even more part of us you know."

"Aww. Nice. Thank you guys soo much!"

I hugged the two of them (even though it was quite a process due to the fact that they were sitting across the table from me), and then put the book, along with the parcel from Draco and Lucius and the one from Ness into my bag.

Back then, I sort of found it weird how Drake and Blake treated me. I mean, sure we had become great friends, but they considered me a sister. It was just confusing; because come on, why me? It could have been Ness, or any other girl.

I don't even know how to explain it. We hadn't been through that much together. It had only been about a month and a half since we had gotten to know each other, and already they considered me a sister?

I couldn't help but think that maybe I was special to them...and that made me feel good. Hey, I'm just being honest.

I broke away from my thoughts when I felt a light, hesitant tap on my shoulder. I turned on my seat and saw Matthews' cousin peering at me anxiously.

"Um, Lily? Can I... speak to you for a second?"

Drake and Blake sniggered from where they were sitting, and when she noticed them her cheeks turned crimson and her eyes widened, immediately turning to the floor. This amused them even more.

I glared at the two then stood up and walked away with her.

TPOV

I rushed down the stairs of the Ravenclaw tower, the letter clutched tightly in my hands, so much so that the parchment was creasing and my knuckles were white.



Couldn't they communicate with each other themselves? Why did I have to be the middle-man? I bet that was the only use I was to them; to convey hateful messages to each other.

Why couldn't I have a normal life like anyone else here? Why couldn't I have normal parents who appreciated the talents of their daughter instead of criticising her for not being able to play Quidditch?

Why was I the one whose predicted perfect day had to be ruined just because of a stupid piece of stupid parchment containing stupid words? I hadn't opened it yet, but I was sure that that's what it would contain; if the Tommie Bryan in elegant cursive was any indication.

I continued to mindlessly go down the steps, finally coming to a stop when I reached the landing and was sure that no one was around.

Then, I ripped open the envelope and unfolded the piece of parchment, taking in a huge breath to gather up my courage.

Tommie,

Please convey to your father that I am not his lapdog and that I will not be standing at attention whenever he "requires my services". I am a busy woman and cannot make time on my schedule for a man such as him.

I hear that the first quidditch match of the season is coming up. For Merlin's sake, watch and try to learn from the players. Maybe, by some miracle, something will sink in within the next seven years.

I pray that it does,

Lucinda Bryan.

Wow.

Isn't my mother just amazing? She prays for me. She prays that something sinks into my stupid thick fat ugly huge idiotic worthless head.

I am one lucky girl.

I furiously wiped at the tears that were making their way down my cheeks, but it was no use, new ones kept on replacing them. Feeling my legs trembling, I slid down the wall and collapsed on the stone floor.

I had been so excited to start at Hogwarts due to the fact that I would finally be rid of them even if it were only for a few months. But then again, they could never let me be happy could they? They would continue hounding me, making sure that I wouldn't forget how my life was at home.

Of course, I don't think they did it on purpose; after all, they couldn't waste time on hating and hurting me. I wasn't worth the time or the trouble. I didn't matter enough.

I hiccupped loudly and my eyes widened when the sound echoed around the corridor. And then they widened further when the sounds of footsteps and laughs joined the sound of my sobs.

I tried to stop them, holding my breath and scrunching my eyes shut tightly until it hurt, but my stupid sobs wouldn't subside. The best I could manage were whimpers...and even those were pretty loud.

The footsteps grew louder, but the laughter was replaced by confused murmurs.

Wow. They'd heard me.

I stood up and dusted off my robes, crumpling up the letter in my fist. I rubbed my face, one last time, hoping against hope that my eyes weren't red and my cheeks weren't blotched.

You'd think that maybe for once life would take pity on me, and I would actually look normal. You'd think wrong.

I inhaled deeply once again and started walking towards the Great Hall. Then I heard them catching up. I had a sickening feeling as I recognized the voices and I knew that today was just about to get worse.

"Look who it is." Said the taunting voice as the steps drew nearer. I whirled around, whipping out my wand, for once, standing up for myself.

"It's Bryan...and oh? It looks like she's been crying."

"Too right Blake. I wonder what happened. Did your bag explode again?" he mocked.

I felt the heat travelling up my neck, and my wand lowered; the defenceless me coming back into position once again.

"Come on Freckles, it can't be that bad-"

"Of course it not that bad. She's just too weak. The slightest things make you cry, don't they Bryan?"

Why? Why? Why? Why?

Why did I have to be bullied by the stupid Slytherins? Why did god have to send, not one, but two evil snobs to make my already miserable life even more pathetic?

Why did it have to be me?

"So, tell us, who burst your bag this time?"

I clenched my fists, the letter in my hand becoming a paper ball. Bad move.

They noticed the parchment in my hand, and identical evil smirks conquered their faces.

"What you got there Blondie?" One of them said, taking a step towards me.

"Come on now Drake, she won't tell us. We'll have to find out ourselves." And with that, he leaped forward, eyes trained on my fist.

Fear gripped me. I couldn't let them see it.

Jumping out of his way, I raised my wand and pointed it at them, not sure what I was doing.

"D-don't m-move," I stuttered. One of them rolled his eyes and took a step and I realised how feeble I had sounded. Now I was angry. Couldn't I be strong? Why was I such a baby? Those two were right.

"I said don't move!"

They stood there for a second, and I think they actually thought I would've used my wand, but after that one second, light dawned on them, and next thing I knew; two wands pointing at me.

Nice Tommie. Real nice.

Only one thing left for me to do now.

"Incarcerate!" I shouted quickly, and then watched the parchment burst into flames as I threw it on the floor.

"You know, you shouldn't have done that."

Uh oh.

"I I-I...I." I started stammering again. Wonderful.

"Whoa. Slow down there miss. You're talking too fast."

One again, heat filled my face and hot tears started to prick my eyes.

"Pl-please. J-just leave m-m-me alone." I said in a wobbly voice and then started to walk away to the girls toilets. Amazingly, no spell hit my back, and no rude jibe was thrown at me.

Once I had cleaned up and looked presentable, I went to the Great Hall, my stomach rumbling angrily.

Food had never looked so yummy before, but yet another thing stopped me from eating right then.

The doors to the Great Hall opened behind me and almost the entire hall burst into cheers as the Gryffindor team entered, looking all cool and confident, suave and smooth.

I wish I could play Quidditch. Looks like it gives you confidence.

I felt someone tug at my elbow and I turned to the person who was going to be the number one enemy of my starving stomach.

James Potter.

"Hey. Tommie right?"

"Uhh..." Talk you idiot. Talk! What is wrong with you? Speak! "Y-y-yeah. T-Tommie."

"Okay. So Tommie, can you do me a favour?"

"S-sure." It wasn't that I was bedazzled by his looks.

He was like royalty. Everyone in the school adored him, that's why I was flustered. And a flustered-me leads to stuttering.

"Do you see that girl over there?" he said pointing over to the Slytherin table.

"N-no. W-wait which one?"

"That one with the red hair."

"Y-yes." Ugh! Couldn't I have said something cool? Like 'yeah' or 'course I do'? What is wrong with me?

"Can you go and," he fished out an envelope from his robe pockets, "and give this to her?"

"I g-give that to L-Lily?"

"You know her?" he asked, surprised, and when I nodded, "I didn't know Slytherins could be friends with other houses..."

"How do you know I'm not in Slytherin?" I asked, proud of myself for not stammering.

"Sweetheart, us Gryffindors? We know who we need to hate. And we know we need to hate Slytherins. And you are not part those who we hate, so therefore, you aren't Slytherin."

I nodded and held out my hand for the envelope, "So I g-go and give this t-to her?"

"Yup. Thanks love," he said and I blushed as he handed me the envelope.

"Do I – do I tell her who it's from?"

"No need, she'll know once she reads it."

I wanted to grab something to eat before I went over to Lily, but I could feel him watching me from where he sat at the Gryffindor table with all his mates thumping each other on the backs and cheering louder than ever.

I sighed and walked over to her and softly tapped her on her shoulder, too distracted by my hunger to notice who else was sitting with her. She turned and I told her that I needed to speak with her.

And that was when I noticed the two losers, laughing away, mocking me. The events of earlier today played in my head and I blushed at how vulnerable and ugly I must have looked with my tear stained blotchy face. The memory made me unable to face either of them, so I settled on looking at my shoes.

Lily stood up and walked with me, leading me out of the Great Hall. I wanted to protest, after all, she was leading me away from food, but you should have learnt by now that I am a stupid weak pushover.

"Um... I-I was told to give this to you." I said giving her the envelope. She looked at me curiously, and then nodded, accepting it.

"So how've you been?" I asked her.

"Better. Much better."

"Good. And how are things going at home?"

"Um... about that. Tommie, my parents aren't divorcing. I don't even live with my parents."

"Oh? And here I was, thinking that there was someone else who could feel my pain." Whoops. I wasn't supposed to say that.

She stopped abruptly and stared right at me.

"What? You mean...?" when I nodded, her eyes filled with sympathy and she swept me in a hug.

"Just because I'm not in the same situation doesn't mean that you can't talk to me okay?" she asked and I nodded.

"I-I don't ev-even... I-It's like I don't m-m-matter to them anymore. If an-anything happens to me, all th-they'll l-loose w-will be a m-method of ex-exchanging s-spiteful posts."

"Hey, it's okay. They don't matter okay? That's what I told myself. And I'm telling you it works."

Why would she need to tell herself they didn't matter? And why wasn't she living with her parents? I wanted to ask her, but I would sound so rude.

"They left me, you know." She said then, after a short moment of silence.

What? Her parents left her? What was that supposed to mean? How come I hadn't heard of this?

"When I was six. Now, I live with the Malfoys."

"The Malfoys?" I said, gaping incredulously. She smiled at my expression, but there was effort behind it. As if she was forcing herself.

"So you're upset about it?" I asked cautiously, not wanting her to close up. I was so desperate to know that there was someone else who faced as much pain as me.

"I'm not upset that they left me, living with the Malfoys has been amazing. I'm just confused about why I wasn't good enough for them." When she said that, I deflated a bit, because clearly, she liked living with the Malfoys and she'd put the Potters behind her. I know I was being selfish. I should have been happy that she was getting past her pain, but I wasn't. Happy that is. I wasn't happy. But

the fact that she thought she wasn't good enough made me feel guilty for wishing more pain on her (even if it was indirectly).

"Hey, it doesn't necessarily have to be that it was because you weren't good enough."

"Yeah, I know. Why are we even talking about this?"

"Because I broke down and forced all my problems on you and then pulled out yours as well," I said apologetically.

"No problem. Thanks for this though," she indicated the envelope from James Potter. I panicked suddenly. What if it contained a nasty letter to her from them? It would kill her. And it would be my fault. Even if it wasn't a nasty letter, it was still a reminder of her past.

"Uh...Y-you're wel-c-come. Now I h-have to go eat. I'm sorry, but I need to shut-t this stomach up." Stupid stutter. Even a panicking me lead to my stammer. Nice.

She smiled cheerfully, as if our recent conversation has been erased from her mind, "And I have birthday presents to open."

"Birthday pre- you mean-? Oh wow! Happy birthday Lily! Why didn't you tell me? Now I feel awful for ruining your day." I said, smiling, trying to forget that maybe I ruined her birthday by delivering that letter to her.

"It was nothing. Now go eat." I smiled at her, hugged her quickly, sort of a 'thanks for listening to my chaotic life' and then went back to the Great Hall, feeling considerably better.

LPOV

Dear Lily.

Happy birthday from all of the Potters. We hope that you enjoy fully. We hope you like the little gift.

Enclosed within the envelope was a small tiny little velvet bag. I opened it and turned it upside down in my palm. A delicate bracelet fell out, the sight of it screaming "don't hold me too tight or I'll be dust in your hands".



It was small and silver, with a tiny ball hanging from it. Closer inspection showed that it was a golden snitch, with its feathers wrapped around itself.

I was at a loss of what to do. Should I wear it? Should I go chuck it into the bin? Should I put it bag in the velvet bag, put it in a drawer and forget about it? Should I return it?

Not being able to make up my mind, I quickly fastened it around my wrist (okay, yeah. It took me forever to get it on single-handedly. I didn't "quickly" fasten it), telling myself that it was only temporary and that I would remove it once I decided what to do with it.

Now to delve into my feelings about it. Firstly, I was happy. I was happy that they remembered and that they had the decency to wish me. Then, there was contradiction; for four years, my birthdays were ignored, and now, suddenly, they were sending me presents.

To my horror, I was feeling yearning. Yearning for a life that could have been if I had been different; satisfactory enough for them. Self loathing? It made a short appearance, but was chased away by anger. I finally start to settle down and get used to the idea of not living with my meant-to-be family, and suddenly reminders are being thrown at me.

Then of course, there was a lot of suspicion. I couldn't help but think that maybe they wanted something for me.

Of course, I wasn't paying attention to all my emotions then, I just analysed them later, when we were at the quidditch match and a giraffe of a guy was standing in front of me cheering right after Hufflepuff had scored, such that I couldn't see. If you hadn't guessed, Slytherins were supporting Hufflepuffs (even though we hated every minute of it) just because we couldn't under any circumstances cheer for Gryffindor. We wanted Hufflepuff to win because they would be easier to defeat than Gryffindor when it came to the semi finals and finals.

The human giraffe in front of me sat down once the excitement of Hufflepuff scoring the first goal died down.

"AND PREWITT NOW HAS THE- OH, HUFFLEPUFF HAS LOST POSSESSION OF THE QUAFFLE TO RACHELLE WOOD OF GRYFFINDOR, WHO PASSES IT TO JAMES POTTER. POTTER TO WEASLEY, DOMINIQUE WEASLEY, THAT IS. IT'S HARD COMMENTING WHEN THERE'S TWO POTTERS AND TWO WEASLEYS ON THE SAME TEAM." The commentator's voice boomed across the field as he monitored and relayed the progress of the players. I wasn't very familiar with him, but I knew that he was a Ravenclaw who was evidently supporting the Gryffindor team.

"A NICE AIMED BLUDGER SENT FROM FRED WEASLEY AT DOMINIQUE, AND THEY LOSE THE QUAFFLE. NEXT TIME, AIM AT THE OPPOSING TEAM PLAYERS FRED! HUDSON RACES WITH THE QUAFFLE INTO THE SCORING AREA...AND OH! A BLUDGER HITS HIM STRAIGHT IN THE EYE. NICE ONE TANNER! THE REFEREE CALLS A TIME OUT TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE INJURED."

I turned to Drake and Blake who were whispering too each other fiercely. They looked like they were arguing about something...and it was getting pretty heated.

I would have had poked my nose in and tried to find out what was going on, but the match resumed and my attention was back towards it.

"THE GAME RESUMES WITH THE SCORE BEING 30-70, GRYFFINDOR IN THE LEAD. KYLIE BANKS OF HUFFLEPUFF HAS THE QUAFFLE, AND- HEY? IS IT JUST ME OR DID RAWLINGS OF HUFFLEPUFF JUST DROP HIS BEATER'S BAT? APPEARS HE DID. NERVES GETTING TO YOU HUH RAWLINGS?" the commentator chuckled, but was cut off when a blonde girl came, pushed him off the seat and grabbed the microphone from him.

"KYLIE HAS LOST THE QUAFFLE TO JAMES POTTER DUE TO THE DISTRACTION WHICH WAS RAWLINGS DROPPING HIS BAT. THOUGH I'M SURE THAT IF IAN HERE HADNT POINTED THAT OUT, HUFFLEPUFF WOULD'VE SCORED. IM NOT REALLY A COMMENTATOR BUT I'M PRETTY SURE I CAN DO BETTER THAN IAN." The blonde said, glaring at Ian as he tried to snatch the microphone back from her.

"BACK TO THE GAME. JAMES POTTER HAS THE QUAFFLE AND HE DODGES A BLUDGER SENT BY UH... HENDERSON?"

"HUDSON," Ian said into the microphone, standing next to the girl, continuing his commenting. "POTTER DODGES THE BLUDGER AND MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE SCORING AREA. IT'S AMAZING HOW HE STILL HASNT WINKED AT A GIRL...AND IT'S BEEN HALF AN HOR INTO A MATCH. YO JAMES! YOU FEELIN' OKAY? BECAUSE YOU-"

"SHUT UP IAN. JAMES POTTER STILL HAS THE BLUDGER AND LOOK! HE JUST WAVED AT ME...AND WAIT...WAS THAT A WINK? DID HE JUST WINK AT ME?"

"NO ELOISE. THAT WAS MEANT FOR ME."

"BUT WHY WOULD HE BE WAVING AT YOU? AND WINKING AT YOU? CLEARLY IT WAS FOR ME!"

"HE'S JUST SHOWING ME THAT HE'S FINE."

"I KNOW HE'S FINE. HE'S INCREDIBLY FINE."

"UH, ELOISE? CAN WE GET BACK TO THE MATCH MAYBE?"

"UMM...AHEM, OH YEAH." She said, and I bet she was flaming red right now. Ian took over.

"THANKS FOR HOLDING THE QUAFFLE JAMES! JAMES POTTER OF GRYFFINDOR ADVANCES TO THE SCORING AREA YET AGAIN, AND HE PASSES TO DOMINIQUE WEASLEY, WHO PASSES BACK TO HIM AFTER SEEING THAT A BLUDGER BEING SENT HER WAY. CLEVER GIRL DOM! POTTER AIMS FOR THE LEFT HOOP...AND HE SCORES!" Cheers erupted from the stands as James Potter high fived his team mates.

"WAIT, WHAT'S THIS? THE REFEREE HAS BLOWN HER WHISTLE AND IS INDICATING THAT THE GAME BE PAUSED. WHAT'S HAPPENING MADAM COOPER?"

I saw Madam Cooper shaking her head at Ian and then calling the two team captains and speaking with them. Whatever she said made Dominique Weasley swear and protest while the Hufflepuff

captain went to his team mates with a smile. Then the referee flew to the commentator's box and talked with the two commentators.

"WELL, IT APPEARS THAT THE LAST SCORE HAS BEEN DISALLOWED DUE TO TWO CHASERS BEING IN THE SCORING AREA."

"SO WHAT IF THEY WERE BOTH IN THERE? JAMES POTTER SCORED AND I SAW IT! SO DID THE REST OF THE AUDIENCE!" the Blondie protested. This got a loud cheer of approval from the Gryffindor stands.

"ELOISE, ACCORDING TO QUIDDITCH RULES, ONLY THE CHASER CARRYING THE QUAFFLE CAN ENTER THE SCORING AREA."

"WHO MADE SUCH A STUPID RULE AND WHY?"

"TO OUTLAW STOOGING."

Ian ignored the confused look on the girl's face but took the opportunity to remove the microphone from in front of her.

"BACK TO THE GAME. THE SCORE STILL 30-70, WITH GRYFFINDOR IN THE LEAD. DOM, JAMES? BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!"

"SMITHSON CAPPER HAS THE QUAFFLE AS HE AVOIDS THE BLUDGRS BEING THROWN AT HIM BY TANNER AND WEASLEY, FRED WEASLEY. HE ENTERS THE SCORING AREA...AND WHERE THE HELL IS THE GRYFFINDOR KEEPER? OH THERE SHE IS! SORRY LESLIE, MOMENTARY BLINDNESS ON MY PART."

The Hufflepuff chaser aimed for the centre hoop, making everyone believe that he was feinting, then, abruptly, he changed direction and started throwing at the right hoop. The Gryffindor keeper dived to the right hoop and got there just in time to watch as the Quaffle entered the centre hoop.

The Hufflepuff stand cheered along with the Slytherins. That was a pretty good score.

"WHOA! I GOTTA SAY IT CAPPER; THAT WAS ONE AWESOME GOAL MAN! EVEN LESLIE ROBBINS COULDN'T BLOCK IT...BUT YOU TRIED LESLIE!"

Then I heard the shrieks. Both magnified. The first due to the fact that Eloise-the-Blondie was screaming her lungs out into the microphone as she spotted something in the field, and the other extremely loud because the girl next to me was practically shouting into my ear as Drake and Blake started fighting physically in the middle of the Slytherin stands.

"OH MY FREAKIN' GOD!" I looked up to where Eloise-the-Blondie's eyes were glued and saw what she saw. I missed the part where the bludger was thwacked towards Hudson by Tanner, and I missed the part where Hudson smoothly dodged it. But I didn't miss the part where the bludger zoomed through the air, at the speed of a spark set from a wand and smashed violently against the skull of an oblivious Albus Potter. The force of it flung him off his broom and he collided against the Ravenclaw stands, another obvious injury to his head, and then he fell towards the ground, like a rag doll being dropped from a shelf.

My eyes stayed fixed on the twisted form lying thirty feet below us on the ground, a dark pool forming beside his head as the teachers rushed over. I was oblivious to the fight going on next to me between my two best friends... until of course; I heard another shrill scream in my ear. I turned and saw punches being thrown between the twins as they rolled on the floor, grabbing at each other's hair and clothes.

"Stop! STOP!" I shrieked, but I could barely hear myself over the cries from the audience that had witnessed how Albus Potter had fallen. I so badly wanted to turn around and see what was going on down there, but I knew that I would be of more use if I stayed here than if I were watching his body being levitated to the Hospital Wing.

Naturally, I couldn't do anything to break the boys apart, but I'm sure that if I had tried I would have made a difference. It was a Slytherin fourth year who finally got them off each other and ended the fight. Both Drake and Blake were red as they glared at each other. Their hair was messed up more than usual, and one of them had a bleeding nose.

"WOW." I heard Ian on the microphone as he struggled for words. "THAT WAS ONE HARSH FALL." He managed a weak laugh. "IN CASE YOU WERE BLIND FOR A SECOND, ALBUS POTTER, GRYFFINDOR SEEKER HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL WING... LET'S JUST PRAY IT'S NOT ANYTHING TOO DEVASTATING." He coughed drily.

I saw the Gryffindor team starting to land but a whistle from the referee stopped them as she shook her head. She had a heated conversation with Dominique Weasley, while the rest of the team shouted something furiously. The referee ended the argument with one shake of her head and then flew to the commentator's box again.

"WELL, IT APPEARS THAT THE GAME WILL HAVE TO GO ON WITHOUT ALBUS POTTER UNLESS GRYFFINDOR FORFEITS. ACCORDING TO RULES NO SUBSTITUTION CAN TAKE PLACE AND THE PLAYERS MUST PLAY ON WITHOUT THE INJURED TEAM MEMBER."

Almost all of the spectators groaned, because even though there were chances of Gryffindor winning even without their seeker, there weren't very large.

Fifteen minutes later Gryffindor had managed to score only two more goals, which was the same amount as the Hufflepuffs, leaving the score at 40-90, Gryffindor.

"THE ONLY WAY GRYFFINDOR CAN WIN NOW IS IF THEY MAKE FIFTEEN MORE GOALS AND BLOCK EVERY SINGLE ONE FROM THE HUFFLEPUFFS...AND OF COURSE, PRAY THAT THE SNITCH STAYS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE- DAMN! FERNE BONES HAS SPOTTED THE SNITCH AND SHE- OH! AN AWESOMELY AIMED BLUDGER MAKES BONES SWERVE, AND I THINK SHE HAS LOST SIGHT OF THE SNITCH! NICE ONE TANNER!"

"Now tell me exactly what happened." I ordered Drake and Blake in a stern tone.

They both ignored me. "Fine then. Don't tell me. Have fun solving your problems on your own."

Silence.

"Really Zabinis. What happened?"

Nothing. Stupid idiots were ignoring me.

"Don't ignore me! I want to help you guys! You were both fine in the morning."

"Lily. Please shut up." The stupid twin with the stupid bleeding nose muttered.

I felt myself redden with embarrassment, and I tried to cover it up as anger. "Don't you dare 'shut up' me! What is wrong with-"

"Lily. Please. We're over it. Now you get off our backs please."

Now, I was positively dying with mortification, as the red tinge crept up my neck once again. "Fine then!" I huffed and turned back to the game.

"AND BONES CATCHES THE SNITCH MAKING THE SCORE 190-90. HUFFLEPUFF WINS!"

Cheers erupted from the crowds as the Hufflepuffs hugged and high fived each other. The Gryffindors landed and dismounted their brooms and without a word, marched inside, without showering or changing.

"Let's go," I said, and then got up, hearing Drake and Blake following me. Ness joined us at some point and started fussing over the state of the boys and how brothers should never fight in public.

"So Hospital Wing? And are you guys okay?" Ness suggested.

"Yeah. Thanks." Drake/ Blake mumbled.

Oh, so when I ask if they're fine, it's all silence and "shut up Lily", but when it's her, it's "thank you dear sweet girl"? Pfft. Fine.

As soon as we entered the Hospital Wing, we were greeted by the sight of the entire Quidditch team in their maroon and gold quidditch uniforms, surrounding a bed, which I guessed was Albus Potter's.

We stood there awkwardly for a moment, until the nurse returned, balancing a bunch of potions on a tray, which she set on Albus' bedside table. When she noticed us, her eyes narrowed and then she glared at us. "No more visitors! God knows this crowd is enough! This boy needs his sleep. Watching him while he's knocked out won't do any good!"

"Um, madam?" Ness started, but was cut off when the nurse sent a sharp 'shhh' at her.

"You need to help these boys maybe?" I said cautiously. That's when she noticed the state Drake and Blake were in.

"Go on the beds there." She said to Drake and Blake. "You two," she pointed at me and Ness, "get out."

I scowled at her while Ness stuck out her tongue.

"She doesn't have to be that rude." I nodded and told her that I couldn't agree more.

"Come on. Let's go." I said and we turned around to exit the infirmary.

We were making our way through the throng of Gryffindor quidditch players when someone grabbed my elbow. I turned to see James Potter standing there with a serious look on his face.

"I need to speak with you."

I considered it for a second, and against my better judgement nodded and told Ness that I would catch up with her.

"So how can I help you?"

He acted as if he hadn't heard the question and instead said casually as soon as Ness was out of earshot, "Vanessa Reyes. Is that the sort of company you keep? Her uncle was a Death Eater, did you know that?"

Huh. Her uncle was a Death Eater? So what? The people I live with were Death Eaters. How would he react if I told him that?



"I don't see how that may be of any concern to you." I said blankly.

"Oh, look at you acting all grown up and professional. Do you get into these situations often? I think you do. After all, you have to handle those few people who question you about your past."

I'm positively sure that my eyes flashed dangerously, or maybe there was hurt written all over my face, because suddenly, it was as if he realised what he was doing and his eyes widened.

"Okay. Sorry. Low blow. Forget I said that. Anyways. You have something I need. Something I need to help Ally."

My mind went into overdrive as soon as he said that last sentence. He knew about my Healing.

"He can't stay stuck in this Hospital Wing. I know the nurse won't..."

How did he know? How?

"So I need them."

I knew that they had ulterior motives behind sending me that bracelet. If Albus hadn't crushed his head, there would be some other reason, but the motive was there. They needed my powers.

"And you did steal them...from me no less. So I'm willing to draw up a deal."

Wait what?

"What what?"

"I-am-willing-to-draw-up-a-deal." He pronounced each word slowly, and I scowled at him.

"Get to the point!" I snapped.

"Okay. Chill Princess. When we need the map and cloak, we keep them, when you need them, you keep them. Deal?"

"Map and cloak?"

"The-Marauders'-Map-and-the-Invisibility-Cloak."

"Oh. And why do you think that I will agree to this?"

"Because Lily-pop, just like everybody else, you love Me." he said cockily.

"Oh? And how sure are you about that?"

"Very sure. If that's any sign," he said nodding his head towards my wrist where the dainty bracelet dangled.

"I-that-I was going to return it!"

"Sure you were."

"Well, I don't agree to your deal. There's nothing in it for me, except for a whole lot of problems."

"I could give you something."

This intrigued me. "What?"

But his answer wasn't what I wanted, because he offered me "whatever I would like."

"There's nothing I want."

"I could make you the most popular girl in school. Get all the teachers to love you. Get any guy to date you. Tell you the password to the prefects' bathroom. Tell you the location of the Mirror of Erised. Teach you some of my Quidditch moves. Keep you from getting into any shit with any of the prefects. Anything."

"I don't want any of that. I don't want anything," except for a freaking explanation of why you all left me.

"You know, the head girl is a really good friend of mine."

"So?"

"I don't think she'd mind telling me the Slytherin Common Room passwords and location... and believe me, once I'm inside, I will find them. No matter which tiny nook you shove them into. I could have had done that, but I didn't, because I knew that you have as much right to have them as we do, so why not share?"

"No." I heard myself say after a moment of silent considering.

"Fine then," his face hardened, "I guess the school's finding about how Lily Luna was abandoned by her family."

"What? No. No. No. I'll give you the stuff. Just keep your mouth shut about that."

A definite look of hurt came across his face, I had no idea why, and then it was replaced by triumph.

"So you'll give them to me? And we're going to share them?"

"Yes." I nodded.

"You promise? You promise upon everything that you have and will ever have? You won't break this promise?"

"No, I won't. I promise."

"Then I have something to tell you." his face softened, "I would never ever in a million yearstell anyone about your past. I can't believe that you actually thought I would do something as deceitful and dishonest as that." With that he walked away.

I think that I knew then, why the look of hurt had flashed across his face.

Wow. That was long. 9000 words! Longest ever!

PLEASE READ!

I want to change the title of this fic. Please help me with suggestions as I positively SUCK at thinking up titles...as you can probably tell.

What did you think about Tommie in this?

Lily shows more of her \*ooh, I want presents and people to wish me\* attention wanting Slytherin side. What did you think of that? Remember that she IS a Slytherin.

Drake and Blake also show their Slytherin nature by sort of bullying Tommie, but there's a reason behind it. Any guesses?

Ooooooh, what did you think of the match? I think I did fine there.

Why do you think Drake and Blake fought?

So many questions. Try and answer as many as you can! :)

Loads of love till next time.

~=TMs'M=~

I had this one ready a few days ago, but I didn't post it because I wanted the reviews to hit 150... I realised that the 150th reviewer is my unregistered cousin... which is why I had to wait for the 151st reviewer... which was Pugs189. Congrats!

I finished my exams last week. My holidays just started and I'm going on vacation! So I don't think I'll be updating for a bit more than a month :) but you never know; I just might!

Thanks to all the lovelies who reviewed. You guys seriously rock:

VampirePotter, Jessica682, Emilyderanged, billyvmom, BlueRose22, dobbyonlymeanttomaim, super16simone, Racina Victorine Black and:

Cherry2: Thank you SOO much! You have no idea how much your reviews mean to me! Your titles are really awesome. I wish I was good at making up titles... Yes, there will be clashes between her and her relatives, and as you can see, they've already started. Once again, thanks a million and one!

RavenclawsPartyHard: whoops...sorry about the caps :) I'm glad you liked! Haha, I get where you're coming from when you say that you can't come up with a title. Thanks for reviewing!

Pugs189: lol, too lazy to login :D. Your Drake and Blake theory is interesting, but the mom and dad part would require me to write too much drama... so I don't think it's happening :) I'm really glad you liked. Thanks mucho for the review. Hope you enjoyed the sneakie!

Niamhc123: Thank you so much for the awesome review! Yes, they will get "older", but I just wanted to start it off as them being young. I think your 'perfect family' idea is great. I'll do it some time. I've heard the song, but I never really linked it to this fic. I really appreciate your review and credit! Thanks!

PlasticScene: Thankiew! I'm happy that you enjoyed!

Beliber: Thank you! So I'm guessing that you're a JB fan?

LoVeeVeR: Thanks! Yeah I know. But things are gonna get better for him. Promise!

One 'N' Only: Haha. Thanks, I'm glad you liked it. Many people think that Drake and Blake shouldn't be so mean, but you understand that it is expected since they can't be that perfect. Thanks again!

Rohma: you were the 150th reviewer! Thanks a lot! There's Scor in this one :D

Disclaimer: If any of you are delusional and think I am JK, then I hate to break it to you, but I'm not.

Oh, I decided to alternate POVs in this chapter as well... you guys expect more of it in next chapters :) I find it easier to show plots in different POVs.

On with it.

O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.

"LILY LUNA POTTER! What have you done?"

The Burrow was silent for a millisecond as Rose Weasley's shriek reverberated around the house.

Uh oh.

The tiny red haired girl shrank back into the corner of the room with the pretty blue walls, where she had huddled herself up. It was her most favourite room in the Burrow. It had pretty stars and clouds on the ceiling, and boys flying on brooms.

Lily threw the crayon in her hand forcefully to the other side of the room, where it hit the wall with a clack, and waited fearfully for Rosie to come inside the room. She heard the loud footsteps as her cousin climbed up the stairs. Now Lily regretted what she had done.

The chatter of the Burrow resumed. The kids getting into arguments were a common occurrence when there were so many of them in the house. Nevertheless, Hermione Weasley, as a caution, stood up to check on her daughter and her niece, but was delayed when Ron, who had his ear glued to the Wizard Wireless radio, asked her for a

cup of coffee. The request was seconded by Harry Potter, who sat impatiently waiting for his wife to come from work. Ginny was supposed to be off for Christmas holidays for Merlin's sake!

Upstairs, the door to the room was thrown open and Lily cowered even more as Rose stood towering over her, looking frighteningly like her mother.

"Lily what have you done?" Rose cried, her nostrils flaring.

"I didn't do it. It was Ally. He's a bad boy." Lily replied with an innocent look on her face, but Rose would not be fooled. She had her mother's wit and ability to sniff out lies from a mile away.

"Please don't lie to me Lils." She said pleadingly, sitting down in front of the six-year-old.

"I'm not lying. But you know Ally lied to me yesterday. He's a bad bad boy." Lily didn't really mean it; she loved Ally because he played with her, but she had to get herself out of trouble, and she would do it even if she had to pull in her brother.

"Okay then, what's that?" the older girl said, pointing to the crayon lying innocently across the room, where it had landed after Lily had thrown it.

"A crayon."

"And what colour is the crayon?"

"Daaaaark blue. It's my favouritest colour."

"And where did you get that crayon from?"

"Mummy gave it."

"Do you like the crayon?"

"Yes. Veeeery much!"

Rose smiled. In a matter of seconds, she would have Lily admitting what she had done.

"Do you draw with the crayon?"

"Yes!"

"And what do you like to draw with the crayon Lily?" she asked the smaller girl.

"Daddy and James and Ally and Mummy and Lily... and Rosie too."

"Oh? So you draw on parchment?"

Lily frowned in confusion, so Rose smiled sweetly and said "So you draw on books Lily?"

"Yes."

"Like this pretty drawing?" Rose asked, opening a book which had deformed drawings of dark blue stick figures all over the first few pages.

"Yes. Look, Daddy and James and Albus have glasses!" she giggled, pointing at a face with "glasses" on it.

"You drew in my book again!" Rose shrieked again, remembering why she was here in the first place and trying to ignore how positively cute her cousin looked.

Lily's eyes widened in panic as she realised that she had just admitted that she had drawn in Rosie's book.

"I've told you so many times not to!" Rose said, trying to bring anger into her tone, but she failed miserably when she saw her cousin's adorable green eyes staring at her in panic and regret.

"My mum will be so upset and she won't buy me new books!" Rose whined. She had no idea why, but tears were starting to form in her eyes. Rose hated it when Lily drew in her books, because then her mother would scold her for not taking care of her things, and then she wouldn't buy her new books for weeks.

Lily saw her older cousin crying and she started wailing loudly as well.



That was the scene Hermione walked into when she opened the door to check on the two girls; Rose with tears falling silently down her cheeks, and Lily sobbing wildly.

"Sorry Rosie." Lily finally managed to say, still crying.

Upon seeing her mother, Rose's panic and anger overwhelmed her once again and she turned to Lily with a strict face.

"You always apologise Lily, but then you always do it again. You're a bad bad girl and I don't like bad girls."

Lily stared as her cousin stood up and stormed out of the room.

"Rosie doesn't like Lily?" she turned to Hermione with wide, glistening eyes.

"Of course she does. She loves you Lily. She's just angry right now." she replied, taking Lily's small hand in her own and leading her downstairs.

"I'm sorry Auntie Herni-mione. Please buy Rosie maaaany new books."

"Okay Lily."

"Thank you Auntie Herni-mione."

X.x.X.x.X.x.X

LPOV:

"Remind me again why we are doing this?" I hissed.

"Doing what?"

"Oh I dunno; breathing?" I whispered sarcastically.

"Well, we are breathing because it's necessary for staying alive."

"Ness?"

"Yeah?"

"Shut up."

"You're the one who asked me why we breathe."

"Yes, and I was being sarcastic."

"I know that."

"Then why the bloody hell-"

"To annoy you."

"Ah."

We lapsed into silence and continued walking (more like sneaking) through the dark empty corridors, the only sounds being our soft footsteps and occasionally our murmurs.

Have I mentioned ever how dark it is in the dungeons; even when there are torches flickering and even when your friend's wand is lit up?

Well it is. Extremely dark, oh and extremely cold too. The 'I'm-freezing-my-arse-off' kinda cold. The type of cold that tempts you to go and bury yourself under the blankets. The type of cold that forces you to stay inside the nice hot shower for as long as possible. The type of cold that makes you want to go and hug someone really tight. The type of cold that, right now, is urging me to pull out my wand and curse Ness with every single hex I know.

Why the hell was I doing this?

"Remind me again why exactly we're doing this, Ness."

"Hmm? Doing what?"

"Oh I dunno; breathing?"

"We-ell, you see if we don't-"

"Ness, this is the third time."

"Third time of what?" she asked innocently.

"Third time we're having this stupid 'why-are-we-doing-this' conversation."

"I know that."

"Then why don't you just give me a freakin' straight ans-"

"To annoy you."

"Ah..."

A moment of silence, then: "Ness?"

"Yeah?"

"I hate you."

She stayed quiet and I congratulated myself for getting back at her for dragging me out of my bed in the middle of the night. Well, not actually in the middle of the night; it was just past curfew... nevertheless, I was being deprived of sleep time.

"So... do you like... moose?"

"Moose?" I repeated incredulously.

"Yeah. You know those animals with the huge horn thingies...I think they're called ant-"

"Vanessa? Shut up."

"Aw, come on Lily."

I stayed quiet.

"Lily."

Silence.

"Lily?"

Silence.

"LILY!"

Silence.

THWACK!

"OW! BLOODY HELL NESS! WHAT WAS THAT FOR?" I cried, gently rubbing my stinging cheek. I was pretty sure there was an angry red hand-print on it right now.

"Look. I brought you with me because I need to go to the Hospital Wing to see your brother. I'm in love with him, and if you ignore me-" seeing my offended expression, she hastily added; "yeah, I'm really sorry for the slap and for bringing you with me and... talking about moose... but you have to be there for me, you know?"

Uh huh.

"And just when you realized you loved my brother, you conveniently found the Invisibility Cloak?"

"We-ell... I saw you hiding it before, but now was when I needed it, so now was when I found it."

"Because you have to go and see my brother who is in the Hospital Wing due to a Quidditch injury...and who you are apparently in love with?"

"Well yeah." She said as if it were the most obvious thing.

If you're taking Ness falling in love with Albus Potter seriously, then backtrack and know that she is the type of girl who 'falls in love' within a millisecond. According to her, its love but in actuality, its obsession, or infatuation... and it will last for only a few weeks or a month at the max.

"So what are you planning to do when we get to the Wing?"

"Uh..."

"Stare at him?"

"No! Of course not! I was going to, uh, pray for his quick recovery!" she said, placing a hand on her heart and looking deeply offended that I had suggested that.

She should pursue a career as an actress in the future. Lord knows she's talented.

"Okay Ness, good for you. Now can we please hurry up? I don't want to get pneumonia! And don't think I've forgotten about the slap. I swear you are so dead once I have enough energy to kill you."

XxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXx

JPOV:

I woke up to feel a vague throbbing in my neck. It happens when you sleep at an awkward angle or on a different pillow than usual...or a different bed. Come to think of it, this did not feel like my bed... or smell like it. My bed never smells like some...fruity perfume.

Fruity perfume? Oh. Right.

Isabelle.

Not wanting to think about her right now (not because I'm mean; but because I had to get rid of her soon), I got up and pulled a shirt over my chest (well toned and muscled...of course), then sneaked out of the fifth year girls' dormitory and into my own.

The sight of clothes strewn around; wrappers of chocolates and candies; bottles of butter-beer and the occasional fire-whisky; books stacked in untidy piles; and the forms of seven sleeping boys greeted me.

Ah. Home sweet home.

I took a quick shower and then pulled on my uniform, messily tucking in my shirt and looping my Gryffindor tie loosely around my neck. Running a hand carelessly into my damp dark hair, I smiled at the mirror ("Good morning handsome," was the reply I got) and straightened my glasses.

I have to say it myself; my hair looks wicked when it's wet. It's such a dark red hue that you could easily mistake it for black. Over the years, it had changed from a fiery red to a black that had a slight tinge of red. Maroon, you could call it? No, actually, darker than maroon.

I slung my bag on my shoulder and went to the Common Room which was almost empty, considering how early it was. I decided that I would take a trip to the Hospital Wing and visit Ally for a bit. And look for potential future girlfriends on the way.

Hmmm... Kylie Banks would be a good option. Sure, she was a Hufflepuff, but she was a good Quidditch player and unlike Isabelle, Kylie actually had an IQ above 40. Oh wait. She was dating the Malone guy. I could always charm her into dumping him... but that would be too much work.

Lindsay Arc, Ravenclaw? She was a sixth year, pretty and intelligent. But I had dated her before... and Fred hated her because of her mood swings.

There was this Ravenclaw fourth year who had really bloomed during the summer. I can't even remember her name. But she looked fun to be around. I'll have to ask Fred about her.

Harriett DeSilva? A third year but already quite a looker. She had really awesome hair. Kind of like mine actually, if mine was longer, pin straight and jet black. But she was a Slytherin wasn't she? Damn! Plus, she was a third year. People would think that I, James Potter, was a child molester! But she is no child... she doesn't look like one, that is.

Denise Azure? Perfect eyes, perfect grades, perfect charmer. Fun, confident and head strong. Why hadn't I dated her before, you ask me? She's a Ravenclaw but from two long lines of Slytherins; the Parkinsons and the Azures. No way was I associating with her.

Lyra Nott, fifth year. Almost as good as me in transfiguration (and that's saying something), prefect, quite hot, but, unfortunately, a Snake.

Now that I come to think of it, all the girls that I have not dated, yet are good enough are the Slytherin ones. And it's not like the Slytherin girls are being deprived of handsome lads, because honestly, there are pretty decent looking guys in the Snake House, and there are even the Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw guys who go out with them occasionally (but naturally, none of them are as awesome and gorgeous as James Sirius Potter).

I know I have to keep up my "I-hate-Slytherin-scum" reputation. Once you create an oath, you can never go back on it (It's an unspoken rule between me and Fred). And when Fred and I promised ourselves not to look at any Slytherin girl that way, back in third year, we intended to keep the promise.

Sure, back then we had a huge variety of girls to choose from, but now the numbers had decreased. That's what happens when you keep a girl for a few weeks only. But then again, what's the fun if you have only one girl who stays attached to your hip for such a long time?

Don't get me wrong. I am not sexist. I just want to enjoy myself until I have greater priorities such as exams or work, and have no time for girls. According to Fred, it's also good because then you can have all the fun until you meet that "One Girl"; who you later marry, and then no longer have the opportunity of bouncing between the ladies. This also leads us to the point that going through so many girls will increase the chances of us finding that "One Girl" who will sweep us off our feet.

Not that we believe in any of that shit. But me and Fred, we'll tell ourselves anything if it helps us enjoy life more.

IPOV:

I, Isabelle Diane Cartwright, do give full ownership of my heart to James Sirius Potter; my boyfriend.

Seriously, the fact that we have dated for almost two months has to mean something right? I mean, two months! Usually, with James, it's just a pick and drop kinda thing you know? He dates a girl for a week or two, has his fun and when he's bored with her, dumps her right there, and the next week, has a new lady draped on his arm.

And still girls fawn over him. Can't they understand that he's the type of guy who will (let's face it) at the end of the day break your heart and remain unaffected himself? Can't they get that into their skulls? They should just stop trying and lay off of him.

Because I swear to god, it is getting harder and harder fending all those swooning girls off him. Can't they see that I'm his bloody girlfriend? I am pretty sure that I never acted like these wenches. I never threw myself at him. And that day when I jumped him in the corridor was totally justified because he was about to break it up with that Daphne girl anyways. Plus, he was definitely willing and not refusing at all. And, if I hadn't done it, we wouldn't be dating right now, which means that he wouldn't have found the love of his life (me).

If he loves me, that is.

Wait, of course he loves me! Two months, Isabelle. Two months!

Does that mean anything to him?

I get really confused about James sometimes; I mean I love him and all, but he never acts as if he feels the same way about me... or anyone else for that matter (that is, except those who are his family or close friends, of course). When you see him talking with his friends or one of his cousins, he's always fun and open and friendly, but when it comes to anyone else, he'll be reserved. Not reserved in an "I'll be shy and quiet" kind of way; he'll still flirt, and crack jokes and make cheesy remarks and charm the teachers and students alike...but he won't be... I dunno, I can't explain it.

He won't act as if he truly cares about anyone other than himself, his friends and his family. It's like nobody else matters that much.

And that does not feel good if you're his girlfriend. Why can't he be open and funny and light hearted with me?

Sure, he'll always be funny- he's James Potter after all- but it's not the same when you're telling jokes about and making fun of others and when you're telling jokes or past experiences about yourself.

It's like he doesn't...trust me.



But maybe he does and I just can't see it! He did spend two months with me.

I sighed dreamily as I opened my eyes and turned on my scarlet and gold bed, expecting to find James still sleeping peacefully next to me, but to my huge dismay, I was alone.

I quickly dressed up (how unusual for me) and then went down to breakfast, looking for my boyfriend, hoping with all my might that he wasn't in a hidden corridor making out with a random Slytherin girl (but my Jamesie would never do that. He would never do a Slytherin girl no matter how pretty or clever or funny or James-Compatible she is. Everything is flushed down the drain if you're a Slytherin...well for us Gryffindors at least... the ones that matter anyways...except when it comes to the devilishly handsome guys in Slytherin...they could never be hated...by me and my friends and the rest of us that matter, that is).

In the Great Hall I was directed by Marlene Thomas (I won't explain about her, she doesn't matter), to the Hospital Wing (that's where James supposedly was), so I walked the short distance to there.

"James! You left me!" I pouted playfully when I saw him sitting on Albus Potter's bed.

"Good morning Isabelle, you look good today," he said charmingly. I smiled dreamily and leaned in to kiss him softly, but he pulled me against him and deepened the kiss.

This, was my (and many other girls') idea of heaven.

My hands automatically went to his hair and my fingers braided into his silky locks.

Have I ever mentioned how much I love his hair? Well, I do. A lot. It's the softest and messiest and you just want to go and bury yourself in it. When I die, I want my grave to be James Potter's head.

Wait, did I just say that? Merlin, I'm crazy. That's what kissing James Potter does to you. All rational thought goes flying out of one ear, and only stupid nonsense remains inside your head.

Back to his hair. Today, it was damp and smelled of his shampoo. It was all dark and black and... Merlin, I am in love with this boy and his hair.

Someone cleared their throat behind me and James broke the kiss, pushing me away.

"Ally! You're awake!" he said with a huge grin (I wish he would look at me like that; with all that love and caring in his eyes).

"Well, duh, it was kinda hard sleeping with all those moans. I swear, this one could challenge Moaning Myrtle," he said, pointing at me.

"Well, that's rude of you." I huffed, feeling humiliated in front of James.

"Oh, and kissing in front of an injured minor's bed is not rude at all?" he said, but before I could give a response he turned to James.

"You wouldn't believe what happened last night James!"

"What?" James asked enthusiastically, his voice dropping to a whisper.

I sighed dejectedly, knowing that i was forgotten, and walked back to breakfast, hoping that James would follow me like a loving boyfriend would...

But he didn't.

X.x.X.x.X.x.X.

LPOV:

"Hey Lily?"

"Yes Ness? Hey, look, that rhymes; yes Ness...haha, yes Ness!"

"Uhhhh...what did you feed her Ness?" Drake/ Blake asked a guilty Vanessa as they stuffed their mouths with lunch.

"Nothing. I just, well, kept her awake till late last night...and woke her up early today.

"And she didn't bite off your head?"

That made me giggle; honestly, how could I eat Ness' head? I would choke on those blonde curls in seconds. The image of me, with blond hair spilling from my lips as I chewed on something huge, cracked me up and soon my head was on the table in the Great Hall, cackles escaping from my mouth.

"Ok. What did you guys feed her?" I turned around in my seat to come face to face with the stomachs of Alec and Scorpius.

"Hi guys! Guess what! Ness rhymes with yes!"

"She had too much sugar at breakfast to keep herself awake during the day." Ness explained dutifully.

"Clearly it worked." Alec commented. I stuck my tongue out at him, but then shoved it back inside my mouth when I remembered something.

"Hey you guys, thanks for the birthday letter last night. It made me happy. I like being happy!" I said, with a grin on my face.

"Yeah. We were stuck in detention for looking out of the window during class time, so we couldn't wish you in person." Scorpius said rolling his eyes.

"And we couldn't get you a present either." Alec added apologetically.

"That's okay. Lucius got me a wand holder. It's sooooo pretty! Ness got me boots, did you know that? They have fur on them! And they're blue! I love Ness. Did you know that? She makes me happy! Did-"

"Right. Anyways, let's head to potions Scor," Alec said, glancing at me weirdly.

"Oh Ness! I have to go to the Hospital Wing to get my gloves. I left them there last night. You guys go to History of Magic. I'll catch up! Don't go to sleep! I'll tell Professor Binns that you're a naughty girl."

...~...

"Well what a surprise this is. Lily Luna has come to visit us!" I heard James Potter say to me as I went to get my gloves from the Nurse's office, where she had probably kept them.

"Yes! I came to visit you! Did you know that cow's milk isn't good for a baby? A human baby, that is."

"Really? You came to visit us? Why?"

"Because I'm happy! And I love being happy! But you know, if you feed a baby cow's milk, it won't be happy like me."

"Lily, have you- have you been drinking?" Albus said frowning.

"Drinking? Drinking what? Cow's milk?"

"Never mind. Tell us why it is that you're here." The older Potter questioned.

"I came to get my gloves. They're green and pretty."

"Did you leave them here when you came here last night, by any chance?"

"Well yeah, actual- Hey! How did you know?"

"Ally here, told me in the morning. He was awake when you made your little visit."

"Yeah, my friend wanted to see him."

"Your friend?" Albus asked, "I didn't see any friend."

"She was hiding under the Invisibility Cloak. I had to get out because I dropped my wand and it rolled and rolled and rolled and rooooooled!" I giggled.

"You told a slimy snake about the cloak? Are you crazy? Now they'll steal it! I want it back right now!" James growled.

"I don't think so. You forgot the magic word! Say the maaaaaagic word." I said in a sing-song voice.

I think that angered him because his jaw clenched and he spoke in a low tone, "I think I deserve to get it back without saying the magic word since I was the one who stole it from dad."

"Li-ar li-ar, cloak on fi-re! You didn't steal it, he gave it to you." I said matter-of-factly.

"No, he gave it to me, and then took it back because me and Fred and Ally got into a fight over it. After that, I had to steal it from his drawer. See?"

"Oh."

"Yes, oh. Now go bring them."

I have no idea why, but minutes later I was back in the Hospital Wing with a bag containing the two possessions in my arms, along with my satchel book bag. This time I noticed that there was a pretty brunette girl leaning into James shoulder with adoration clear on her face.

When she saw me, she didn't even look twice at my face, but was instead glaring at my green and silver tie.

"James. Here you go." I said holding out the duffel bag.

"Ew James! Why is a Slytherin talking to you?" the girl said in a high pitched voice.

"Uh, maybe because the Slytherin has actual brain cells." I said imitating her tone of voice.

James chuckled slightly, while his girlfriend fumed.

"Who are you anyways, you puny little firstie?" Was this girl seriously dumb? Didn't she see the red hair? Didn't she remember me as Lily Luna; the Potter who was sorted into Slytherin; or the girl who came to school a week late; the girl who shouted at the Great Hall for not clapping for her at her Sorting; or the girl who got food in her shoe and then hopped around the Hall; or the girl who made a

drama out of joining the Quidditch team; or the girl who had tried to jump off a tower?

"I am an important enough witch that I could easily destroy your whole pathetic life." I said imitating one of Astoria's prim and proper acquaintances. Don't ask me why I did it though... remember; I was sugar high.

When her eyes widened, I smirked and made a mental note to join the acting industry along with Ness. I mean, I was ten and I had this fifteen year old girl quivering in her fur trimmed boots.

"You stupid thing. You really think you, a ten year old, could destroy me? What have they been adding into the pumpkin juice?" she snorted.

Okay, so maybe she wasn't shaking with fear, and maybe her eyes just widened due to surprise.

"I'm his sister; didn't your tiny brain know that? He makes me happy. He could destroy you if I asked him to." I said, grabbing James' arm and clutching it to me, knowing that I couldn't lose to this bimbo.

To say she was shocked is an understatement. And let's not forget James who was gaping at me as if I had just laid an egg... oh yes, and let's also acknowledge my mind which was shouting its brainy lungs out at me for doing what I had just done.

"Oh...uh well... Then you're not a very good sister are you? You didn't even visit Albus once. Besides, you're disowned."

All the sugar induced euphoria was drained out of my system when I heard those words. The blood rushed to my face and I felt my cheeks stinging as if Ness had slapped both of them repeatedly last night. I was pretty sure that the blurring in my vision was due to tears and that the "you're disowned" phrase wasn't actually echoing around the hospital wing... just in my brain.

Then came the anger, and I was shocked to notice that it was after the pain.

I opened my mouth to shout at her some and show her what a stupid dumb ugly fat hag she was (even though she wasn't ugly or

fat), but was stopped when I saw the way James was glaring at the stupid dumb ugly fat hag. The look was so mean and cold that it made even me flinch. Okay well, not really, but if this were a book, then the author would have written that.

"Isabelle. Apologize and leave. It's over between us." He said with steel in his tone.

"And by the way; she did come to visit me." Albus said curtly, breaking from his silence.

She looked shell shocked... And murderous when she glanced my way.

"Fine! But you know it is good your family got rid of her. Imagine if she was sorted into Slytherin while being a part of..."

I didn't stay to hear the rest of what she was going to say. I had already heard enough to bring the tears to my eyes once again, and before I knew it, anguished sobs were battling to be let out.

I bolted, dropping all that I had in my hands.

SPOV:

Apparently my father was the best at potions in his year. And you know; I'm the best in my year. But just like my father, I only perform well if I'm interested. Interesting is brewing awesome potions and watching how each ingredient reacts with another to form what. Not interesting is listening to Professor Greengrass lecture the class about how badly we performed in the essay he had set as homework. Well, I for one know that I did excellently. The red 'O' marked on my paper proves it does it not?

So then why did I have to listen to him explain the properties of different types of snake fangs again? I mean maybe the class is dumb, and maybe they all can't remember what was taught in last week's lesson, but why did I have to suffer.

Alec looked pretty bored, and he was drawing uselessly on his parchment. According to him, his E grade gave him the right to ignore the professor's teachings. I agreed with him.

"Mr. Malfoy, since you are clearly not paying attention, would you go to the Care of Magical Creatures professor and ask him for a sample of snake fangs? And on your way also ask Nurse Janice for a vial of Class C Snake Bite potion."

I nodded my head enthusiastically and stood up.

"Make sure he gives you freshly removed fangs. I have enough stale ones in the store."

I rushed out of the classroom, not wanting to stay there a second longer. It felt so good to feel all the jealous glares when I got to leave the lesson while the rest had to be subjected to boredom. My uncle was a really fun man who made his lessons enjoyable, but if the students didn't get good grades, he droned on and on, explaining it again.

I think he did it to punish us for the lowly performance.

I climbed up the millions of stairs that would lead me out of the dungeons and into the Great Hall, taking my sweet time. It was while I was strolling through the halls leading to the Great Hall that it happened.

Now you guys must be thinking 'Whoa. What is this 'it' that happened?'

Well, this 'it', my friends, is a small tiny body hurtling into me at the speed of sparks set off from a wand, and then breaking into huge sobs. The force of the body jumping onto me was so much that I found myself stumbling for balance, while supporting the weight of the 'it' as well.

Not easy, I tell you.

For a second after I had regained my balance, I was too shocked to do anything. I just stood there with my arms by my side and the 'it' – now recognised as a girl- with her arms wrapped around my torso and face buried in my chest.

After blinking a few times, trying to come back to my senses, I looked down to see a short figure with bright red hair that was swept into a ponytail which was hopelessly falling loose.



Oh Merlin. It was Lily.

"Hey Lily? Are you okay?"

She stiffened when she recognized my voice, but then relaxed again and all I got in response were more sobs.

"Come on Lil, what's wrong?"

Still no answer. She buried her face further in my shirt.

"Lily! You're ruining my shirt!" I whined jokingly. No response.

"Seriously Lily. Are you okay?" I asked once again when she seemed to have quietened a bit.

"How can I be okay Scorpius? I was thrown out! I was left because I was useless and unsatisfactory!" she said, her voice muffled by my shirt.

A little awkwardly, I walked into the deserted Great Hall with Lily in my arms and settled down in a hidden corner. She stayed silent, and I kept my mouth shut as well, knowing that if I said one wrong word, I would be facing a very distraught Lily.

I don't think I'd ever seen Lily cry before. She was one of those girls I couldn't picture crying because she always was so strong and sure of herself around us.

Okay, so maybe she wasn't that strong and sure of herself, but the way nothing seemed to faze her, and the way she always expressed her negative emotions through anger, and the way she would always have sarcastic comebacks for those who insulted her made her seem immune to crying.

She would argue with Flint if he worked us too hard. Even that time we had detention with Goldstein, she had looked ready to break down, but she hadn't...not in front of me and Alec at least.

I gently stroked her hair as I waited for her sniffles to stop, and after a while, they did. About a minute after that, she finally looked up and showed her face.

And man, she looked bad.

Her eyes were all sad and anguished and of course red. The tip of her nose was a pink colour along with her tear stained cheeks. Her lips were still trembling, and Merlin she looked so pained that I couldn't even link the girl who rhymed 'Ness' with 'yes' just this morning, to this one in front of me.

"Now are you feeling better?" I asked softly, trying to lace as much concern in my tone as possible.

Either it didn't work, or it worked really well, because the next thing, Lily was crying once again, though this time, she hid her face in her hands.

Her shoulders rocked heavily as she leaned her back against the wall and pulled her knees up to her chest. I was at a loss of what to do, but after much consideration, I slung my arm around her shoulders and she rested her head on my shoulder.

"Scorpius, what's wrong with me? I mean if Narci and Lucius and Astoria and Mr. Malfoy and you can love me, then why can't they? I mean, they're my own family! The only problem Ness has with me is that I don't wake up on time and that I can't help her out when she needs to decide 'outfits' or 'lip gloss shades'. And Drake and Blake only get annoyed if I take Ness' side instead of theirs. And Annabelle, Ellani, Valerie, Rochelle, Sarah and Fiona don't have any problem with me. So what's wrong with me?

"I know I have many problems and weaknesses now, but I didn't when I was six! She said that they wouldn't leave me. They promised! And the next day, they're all gone.

"I don't know what would have happened to me if Narci hadn't come along. What would have happened Scorpius? Would I be sitting on a pavement right now begging for money? Or would I have been taken in by another family who didn't know I was a witch?"

"But that didn't happen, Lily. You're meant to be with us." I explained, but I doubt she heard me.

"What would have happened if I hadn't been born a Potter? What if I was a muggle, going to normal school, with no witches or wizards and no wands and no vampires?

"Or what would have happened if I was born in the Malfoy family? At least I would feel as if I actually truly belonged, and that my blood accepted me."

"Lily, we do accept you. And to us, you are like our blood." I said, trying to comfort her, but she ignored me and continued talking.

"What would have happened if they hadn't left me Scorpius? I wouldn't be crying right now, that's for sure. Maybe I would be a Gryffindor with all my cousins and brothers. I would have come to school with the rest of the first years, and no one would stare and point and whisper about me. I wouldn't have to deal with Matthews' ugly remarks. I would have gotten birthday letters and gifts from my parents and aunts and uncles and cousins and brothers. Goldstein wouldn't hate me. I would be a part of a family Scorpius. A family whose blood I share! With my mum and dad, and Teddy and James, and Albus and me."

"But hey, you have Grandmother and Grandfather, Mother and Father and I right?" This time, she heard me and acknowledged me... And started crying again.

"Yes, but I also have lost m-memories and a brain that talks to me as if I'm dumb, and P-Professors that hate me just because I'm a Slytherin, and people who p-pity me because they think I try to commit suicide and people who whisper about me because I'm a Potter who doesn't want to be one, and people who-who hate me for seeking attention and people who're afraid to get to know me b-because I may be as bad as the 'other Slytherins'. And I also have menacing vampires who try to k-kill and control me, and freaky nightmares about said v-vampires. Then I also have a p-power because that's what happens if you're an intelligent h-half vampire. I also have m-millions of lies that I've told, and thousands of people that I've hurt and so many secrets that I've kept. Scorpius, what is the one good thing about me?"

I just sat there gobsmacked, unable to answer her question. Holy mother of Cheeseballs!

H-how? What? "V-vampire?"

Her glistening green eyes widened and her mouth parted into an 'O' of shock. Her face filled with fear and panic, but the next second, it was blank again as Lily's back hit the wall and she passed out.

MPOV:

"Miss Reyes? Why is it that Miss Luna still hasn't joined class?" Professor Goldstein asked the Slytherin girl.

"I dunno ma'am. She was with us at lunch, now I don't know where she is." The blonde girl replied.

"Very well. As soon as you see her, please tell her to come to my office."

"Yes professor."

I watched as the girl turned in her seat to talk to the twins and saw their confused expressions.

"Ugh! I don't get this!" Samantha Finnegan said from beside me. I sighed and turned to help her summon a quill from the professor's desk.

"I'm pretty sure that Summoning Charms aren't supposed to be taught in first year." Samantha scowled.

"Yeah," I said absent minded, once again staring at the empty seat beside the blonde Slytherin girl. I wished I could go and sit there. In a place I was meant to be in. And I could've been there; I could've been where I was supposed to be. But I wasn't, because little Miss Perfect had stolen my place. She was supposed to be sitting where I was, and I was meant to be on that side. Across the room.

I was meant to be in Slytherin.

She was supposed to be in Gryffindor.

She had stolen my place and for that I would hate her forever. They say that the Sorting Hat never sorts someone incorrectly, and that in the end, it's depends on where you want to be sorted.

But I know that they're wrong. Because I sure as hell didn't want to be sorted into Gryffindor.

I wanted to be in the house that my family has been in for ages. I wanted to be in Slytherin.

But then she comes and wants to be placed in Slytherin. So what does the Sorting Hat do? It decides that it will put me in Gryffindor, so that there's enough space in both houses.

I know that she came later, and the question arises of how the Hat had known it had to sort me into Gryffindor before she arrived. But I also know that we live in a magical world, where time travel is possible, and ancient artefacts such as the Hat are infused with enough magic to perform the time travel.

It would have been easy for it to go back in time and put me into Gryffindor. After all, she wanted to be a Slytherin. What can the Hat do but oblige to her wishes? She's Harry Potter's daughter isn't she? She's the one that matters.

X.x.X..X.x.X.

Okay REALLY IMPORTANT!

\*I'm changing the name of this fic because I am not at all satisfied with it. Thanks to Cherry2 for the suggestions. So please, please, please tell me which of these you want the title to be:

-Potter by name, Slytherin at heart. -Potter by name, Malfoy at heart.  
-Falling into tides of the past. -Unforgettable past, Unrelenting present, Unattainable future.

Secondly:

-Wow. Matthews is seriously misguided isn't he? Or is he? -AHHHH! Scor knows! What do you think will happen? -Lily really lost it there didn't she? First she's sugar high, and then she's low on life. (I can't help but imagine her being drunk after writing about sugar highness.)-What did you think about the start? The part with Rose and six year old Lily? And what about the "why are we doing this" part? -I really loved James in this chapter. What do you think? Ooooh,

Isabelle...any thoughts?-I hope Lily's ramblings make you understand that she thinks that her life could've been very different and she's torn between being grateful, and hating it.

Oh, and PWEEEAASEE do me a favour and write in your review what you liked most about this chapter. It can be a quote or a scene or any copy paste from the chap. This is so that I can try and do more stuff like that in later chapters :)

Much love!

~=TMs'M=~

## Chapter 14

A bit of shameless advertising. I've posted my first ever one-shot, so please go check it out! It's called Blonde bombshell, Brainless bimbos.

Back to business: thanks to all my amazing reviewers, y'all are the best:

Pugs189, Jessica682, MILLIEPRUE, super16simone, Racina Victorine Black, VampirePotter and:

Cherry2: I love you and your reviews. That's all I can say. And that you are totally awesome, did you know that? ...and that you should register because I want you to do the character/scene thing! If you want to, that is :D

Niamhc123: thankiew so much!

Helen: thanks... =)

One 'N' Only: Thank you!

LoVeeVeR: Thanks mucho!

Beliber: thank you! I'm not an obsessed fan, but I have to admit, JB's a good singer :)

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter... But getting such awesome feedback from such awesome reviewers makes me understand the quirks of being JK.

SPOV:

You know what? November sucks. Big time.

As in, come on! Couldn't it at least rain once in the whole month? Or snow? Or (I know this is far off) couldn't the sun show itself even for a few minutes?

It's not the cool-but-sunny October, and it isn't the freezing-but-awesome (due to the snow) December. Oh no; it's the I'm-stuck-in-the-middle November... Where going in the grounds for a stroll is out

of question, and staying inside with moody, snappy students is unbearable.

I sighed hopelessly and flung the book that I was reading (or rather trying very hard to read) unceremoniously on the floor of the Common Room.

I hated life right now. Alec wasn't there to join me in my misery since he was in detention (Teacher: Professor Greengrass. Offense: Sleeping in class. Punishment: Scrubbing cauldrons), I had a huge pile of homework to do (and I hadn't even touched it yet), Flint had scheduled a Quidditch meeting in about an hour (feel sorry for me as you imagine how I'll freeze my arse off, flying in the biting cold wind), I hadn't got the seats next to the fireplace (many were free but a group of grouchy fifth years were in that vicinity glaring daggers at anyone who came near them), Claire Carlton had tripled her attempts at trying to grab my attention (she follows me around twenty-four-seven), I had just got an A in Herbology (which is not good at all), my mother was still not feeling better (but Grandmother was still at the Manor, caring for her), and the main reason; Lily was ignoring me (okay, not ignoring, that makes her sound like a snob...more like she was avoiding me).

And I understand that she had reason to. But it had been two weeks. Two entire weeks, and still she would freeze at the sight of me and then hastily make an exit, leaving her friends staring after her. It would have been fun watching her get flustered at the mere sight of me, had it not been...the total opposite of fun.

She couldn't avoid me forever, and she knew that as well as I did, so couldn't she just give up and act normal? The whole "Freeze, Blush, Turn-around-and-run-away" routine was getting quite old.

If she saw me and I looked back at her, she would blush furiously and stand there for a while, after which she would be seized by panic and try to make her getaway. One time she dropped her books and the other time when she tripped over a seventh year's foot was pretty hilarious. I won't even mention the time she ran into a wall.

So I tried to give her an easy time (see what an awesome guy I am?); if I saw her coming anywhere near me, I would look in the



opposite direction and totally ignore her. It was obvious that she was most humiliated if I noticed her.

At least if she thought I hadn't seen her, she wouldn't panic and run into walls. Which is pretty much why I haven't had a word with Lily in a while...and it is also why the letters to my mother and grandmother turn into lies as soon as I start reassuring them that I am indeed 'talking to Lily and keeping an eye on her and making sure she's fine'. They-

Why the bloody hell am I talking about all of this? The answer to that is pretty obvious and I'm sure you all know it, right? If not all of you, than at least those of you who have rambled nonsense in your head just so that you don't have to think of that one thing; just to preoccupy your mind with other thoughts so that it doesn't stray towards those unwanted or forbidden thoughts; just so that you can distract your brain and prohibit it from venturing into those thoughts.

And that is exactly what I was trying to do; distract myself from thinking about what Lily Luna had told me in a state of hysterics two weeks ago.

What she had told me about herself.

NPOV:

"Hey Lily, you know that list of words Professor Willow gave us to define? Well, I can't find the meaning of de-elling anywhere!" I said to Lily as we walked down the stairs from our dormitory to the Common Room.

"Yeah, that's because it isn't a real word. It's used as an abbreviation for-" she froze suddenly and her eyes widened, resembling those of a Knurl. But a pretty cute Knurl. I mean, Lily had really amazing eyes, and the way they were currently almost double in size made them seem even more striking. People don't usually look at her eyes. Her bright red hair is what catches everyone's attention. Even I noticed her eyes only after I had started spending a lot of time with her.

It's not like I'm trying to say that it's hard to notice Lily's eyes. Don't think that I'm trying to present her as 'not-so-beautiful' because I'm a jealous best friend. No way.

I'm just saying it because usually, when people have beautiful eyes, it becomes their most prominent and striking feature. But for Lily, it only becomes prominent and striking if you spend enough time with her to start noticing all the emotions that play in her eyes, or the way those green orbs of hers darken when she reads or is completely engrossed in doing something, or how they seem extremely shiny when she's in the sun, or how they can change from fun and playing to haughty and superior in a matter of seconds, and when-

Wait, does this make me sound creepy? Because it shouldn't. I just notice tiny, insignificant details like these.

And I hope you know that I'm not jealous of Lily. I mean, I love Lily-

"I hate you Ness." the redhead in question said abruptly.

What the hell? Had she just read my-

I didn't get to finish that chain of thought because Lily roughly seized my elbow, and the next thing I know, I'm being dragged back up the stairs, stumbling and tripping, trying to yank my arm out of Lily grasp. Thankfully, the crazy idiot stopped at the first landing and leaned against the wall, panting heavily.

"For a Quidditch player Lily, you sure are unfit."

"I hate you."

"Yes. You mentioned that. Can we now move on to discuss why it is that you hate me?"

"This is entirely your fault!" she accused, glaring at me.

"Huh?"

"Don't pretend as if you don't know-"

Light dawned on me as I realised what she was saying, and what the previous two minutes had been about.

"So you're saying that it's my fault that you constantly have to run away at the sight of Scorpius Malfoy?"

"Yes!" She huffed "If you hadn't dragged me to the Hospital Wing, I wouldn't have left my gloves there and wouldn't have had to go to get them and then run into my brother's girlfriend who made me cry and then I wouldn't have had to face Malfoy while I was crying hysterically! The whole 'crying like a stupid five year old in front of Scorpius' incident was totally your fault!"

If you're wondering whether Lily has told me her secret, then yes, she has. She told me all about the "Abandonment from the Potters" and the "Adoption from the Malfoys" and the whole "Crying like a stupid five year old in front of Scorpius" incident.

I tried to tell her that he probably wouldn't hold the whole "Crying like a stupid five year old in front of Scorpius" incident against her, but she seemed so scared and embarrassed that I knew something else had happened as well.

I rolled my eyes and sighed, "Lily, it has been two weeks! Two bloody weeks! Are you going to hide from him forever? And you have Quidditch practice tonight. I don't think the 'Hey-Flint-I-can't-come-because-my-dorm-mate-has-Osteoporosis' excuse is going to work again."

"Osteoporosis." She corrected me blankly. I rolled my eyes.

"What is that anyways? It sounds like a disease in which your pores get-"

"I dunno. I read it on a milk carton."

"And you just decided to make me a victim of this disease? How are you so sure that it isn't something that people get if they have worms eating their gall bladder? Now everyone will think I have worms that eat my gall bladder!"

"Ness, firstly; they wouldn't mention a disease in which worms eat gall bladders on a milk carton. Secondly; I told Flint 'my dorm mate has osteoporosis' not 'my dorm mate called Ness'. Thirdly, I bet no one knows what Osteoporosis really is, especially Flint."

"Yeah but-"

"Why are we talking about a disease?"

"Fine. You wanna talk about Malfoy and how to continue avoiding him; then talk." I said examining my nails casually.

"On second thought, Osteoporosis is a very interesting disease. How about we stay on that topic?"

"Right. You should have realised by now that I can see right through you, Lily."

"Ness, I hate you."

"The feeling is muchal."

"It's mutual."

"That's what I said."

"No. You said muchal."

"Nope." I countered, knowing full well what I had said and what I was supposed to say.

"Ugh! I hate you Ness!"

"The feeling is muchal."

"Merlin Ness, why do you like irritating me so much?"

"It's fun." I said simply, honestly and with a bright smile on my face which was sure to get her more irritated.

I love Lily... but more than that, I love annoying her.

APOV:

Remind me to never ever go to sleep in class again. My hands are practically battered and bruised. Not to mention smelling of Merlin-knows-which potions.

It's not fair. I should be allowed to sleep during Potions if I'm managing to pull off an E grade, right? I shouldn't be awarded

detention for dozing off during a lecture on a topic that I already understood.

Unfair.

And I'm pretty sure that Scor was sleeping too, but does Greengrass give him detention? Oh no.

Unfair.

I had to miss dinner because of stupid detention!

Unfair!

Contemplating the unfairness of it all, I decided to head upstairs to the Hospital Wing where I would get my hands checked out; they were stinging pretty damn much right now.

Today really wasn't a good day. Actually, the past two weeks have been pretty pathetic, considering how Scor has been in a rotten mood. Lily isn't talking to him...or me. According to Scor, I'm guilty by association, even though I have no idea what he or I am guilty of doing.

Claire Carlton has been following him around nonstop, putting me in as much of a sour mood as him.

Scor thinks that I shouldn't be put off by her, and he apologised because he felt that it was his fault I couldn't "get a moment of privacy" if I happened to be near Scor since she was always around.

But he didn't need to apologise for that. I didn't mind the fact that she was following us around. What I did mind was that she was following us around because of Scor. Not because of me.

That's right; the subject of my affections (I know that sounds a bit extreme, but my tired mind couldn't think of a better term) was obsessively obsessed with my best mate... not with me. \*Insert sad face that will win over the entire female population to my side\*

LPOV

Oh God. Oh Merlin. Oh Hell. Oh Heavens. Oh Supreme Power. Oh God. Oh God.

Help me!

I'm locked in a girls' bathroom.

In the middle of the night.

With the lights switched off.

In vampire form.

It didn't sound as scary when I had noticed my darkening hair and changing eyes in the girls' dorm, and decided that since I didn't have the map or the Invisibility Cloak, I would lock myself in one of the bathrooms in the corridors. But now that I was locked in one of the bathrooms in the corridors, I was terrified like hell.

Maybe I shouldn't have switched the lights off. Sure, a dark washroom would fend off any students, but at least I would be feeling a little bit safe.

And maybe I shouldn't have chosen such a deserted, remote bathroom. Sure, the chances of someone entering here were minimal, but at least I would know that I wasn't that far off from safety.

Perhaps I should have told Ness that I was leaving the dorms for the night. Sure, she would have asked questions, but at least I would be reassured that someone out there knew where I was.

Thank the Lord that at least I had one thought to keep me happy tonight.

Scorpius didn't hate me!

I had been so sure that the reason why he had been ignoring me for the past two weeks was that he was repulsed by what I was. Why else would he pretend to not notice me? I had been filled with self loathing the past fifteen days. I mean, I had blurted out my entire life story to him! What if it hadn't been Scorpius who I had hurtled into?

What if it hadn't been the guy who already knew about my "family" issue? What if it had been a total stranger?

But then again, maybe I wouldn't have confessed everything to a total stranger. I highly doubt that though. I've realised that when I cry, I break down completely and not even a shard of rationality remains in me. I say everything that's on my mind, regardless of who I'm babbling to, what I'm babbling about and where I'm babbling.

I lose control of my tongue.

That is why I am promising myself that I will never ever cry in front of anyone again. In private, yeah, but never in public, where there are people who I will be able to babble to.

Anyways, back to Scorpius not hating me.

I had gone to Quidditch practice, knowing that Flint would kill me if I missed a fourth practice session. Our match was drawing nearer, and Flint said that next time, he wouldn't care even if my dorm mate had "spotted Voldemort's reincarnate".

So it was obvious that I couldn't have missed today's practice.

I remained as far away from Scorpius as possible, and if I saw him fly head towards me while chasing the snitch, I would veer sharply in the opposite direction.

Thankfully, it was a game session, and so, unlike during drills, I didn't have to train alone with Scorpius.

We had decided that for the upcoming game, I would be playing Chaser while Scorpius would be the Seeker. That is why during practice, I was zooming across the field with the quaffle tucked under my arm, with Flint trailing behind me, ready to catch the ball if I lost possession. In drills, the Chasers are all in one team, and still it's each Chaser for himself. I can pass the Quaffle to someone, and then I and the other Chaser have to try to get it from him. He can then pass it to someone else or try to score. The Keeper has to try and block the throws from all Chasers. Beaters have to aim and hit Bludgers at everyone, including the other Beater. The Seeker has to work on catching the Snitch and avoiding Bludgers.

I was so intent on scoring past Ramón, that I didn't notice the Bludger heading straight towards me. I'm pretty sure I would have been seriously injured had Scorpius not appeared out of the blue and shoved me and my broom aside.

Once I had managed to right my broom (which was pretty quick), I turned to nod my thanks to Scorpius. He smiled at me and winked.

And I knew we were okay. He didn't hate me.

I didn't know why I suddenly felt so light and happy, or why his "being okay with me" meant so much to me. I think it was because I feared that ruining my ties with him would ruin my ties with the Malfoys. Or maybe it was because I thought that if we became enemies, he would tell my secret to everyone in Hogwarts. Perhaps it was more than that. Maybe Scorpius meant a lot to me, even though we didn't spend much time together, and I just didn't realise it.

Whatever it was, I was glad to have his acceptance and the thought of his wink and smile was what my mind was on while I sat on the floor of a toilet cubicle in a deserted bathroom.

I remembered how once when I had gone to the Astronomy Tower at night, following the directions from my newly acquired Marauders' Map, he had said that he wished I had blonde hair so that I could be his sister. I have to be honest, but when I used to be younger, I used to wish the same thing. I used to hate having red hair that was a Weasley trait and green eyes that were perfect replicas of Harry Potter's eyes.

I used to hate looking like them.

I wanted to look like a Malfoy. I wanted to be a Malfoy.

When I had told Narci what I thought about my looks, she had explained to me that what I look like shouldn't remind me of who I look like, but instead, my looks should remind me of who I am.

I didn't really understand her, and I still don't, but the way she said it made me love the way I look.

Okay, so that's a lie.



I don't like the way I look.

I knew what Narci was trying to tell me was that I look perfectly fine, but I couldn't ignore how much I resembled a...

...Christmas tree.

Yeah I know. Awkward analogy.

But seriously, I'm the closest humans can come to being Christmas-tree-like. I have red hair, green eyes. I am extremely thin. Scrawny would be a more appropriate word. If I was a little bit taller and dressed in my green Quidditch robes, I'm pretty sure I would be up in people's sitting rooms with tinsel and glass balls hanging from me.

Yeah, I'm not one who obsesses about looks, but even I have to notice how weird-looking I am.

I think I would be lovely looking if I had a little more flesh covering my bones. Okay, not a little more, a lot more. And I wish I was a little bit taller.

In fact, I'd be perfect if I also had platinum blonde hair and gray eyes.

I remember I had told Scorpius that I liked my hair and eyes, and I do, just not on me. They were beautiful features, but they didn't look right on me.

At least according to me.

Well, you're wrong.

Oh real-? Shut up!

I think you're meant to be a red head.

Yeah, I think so too.

So then-

I'm meant to be a red head, but I don't want to be a red head.

And the eyes?

They're awesome. Ness says so too.

And?

I wish Malfoys had green eyes.

Why?

So that I wouldn't have to dislike the colour of my eyes just because they're not "Malfoy colour". I wish they had green eyes.

Maybe they do. Maybe Lucius' dad or mum did. Or their dad or mum.

Yeah. Maybe.

I think your eyes are prettier than the Malfoys'.

I think so too.

Of course you do. I am you.

To be honest, the only other beautiful eyes I've seen apart from mine are the Dragonov ones.

You know what? I think being a vampire also boosts ego.

I think so too. 'Cause currently, my eyes are prettier than anyone else's.

Except Ryan Fyrsea's.

Oh yeah. He had amazing eyes. The colour and their glimmer and how the emotions played in them, and how-

Oh Merlin. Are you... crushing on Ryan Fyrsea?

Are we. We're the same person.

I realise that but- he just left you. He was so rude.

He must've had a reason.

So you like him?

I never said that! Of course I don't like him! He's too old for me. He's too rude. He pries into what doesn't concern him. He's full of himself.

Wow. You worse off than I thought.

What's that supposed to mean? I do not like him! I could say exactly the same stuff about James Potter! He has beautiful eyes and he's too old, he's rude sometimes and puts his nose into others' business and he's arrogant and full of himself. And most of those apply to Alec as well, and Flint and Donovan Dragonov.

You could also say the same about Scorpius Malfoy.

What? No I can't! How the hell did Scorpius get into this conversation?

Same way Alec, Dragonov and Flint did.

Exactly what are you suggesting?

Nothing, nothing.

How about we stop talking about eye colours and Ryan Fyrsea and Scorpius Malfoy?

What about Flint?

Why do you want to talk about Flint?

I don't.

Then shut up!

That's a good idea, considering how you need to pay attention to the footsteps...

Footsteps? Damn it! Oh God.

I heard the echoes of the steps in the corridor, and I heard them approaching.

Cursing silently when the door to the bathroom opened, I scrambled off the floor and as quietly as I could manage and sat myself on the cistern of the toilet just in time to hear a murmured "Lumos Azenith" and the floating candles in the entire washroom to be lit up.

I was sure that no part of me could be seen from the gap under the cubicle door, so I let myself relax for just a second after which a violent burst of panic clutched my heart.

What if it was James or Albus Potter? What if they had seen 'Lily Luna' on the map and come to investigate? What if they unlocked the door and saw me with hair black enough to be coal and purple freakin' eyes?

Just as I thought it, I heard the barely audible whisper of "Alohomora", and my heart beat tripled in seconds, loud enough to be heard by my ears.

Oh God. Oh Merlin. Oh Hell. Oh Heavens. Oh Supreme Power. Oh God. Oh God.

Help me!

JPOV

Merlin, how I wish Denise Azure wasn't from a Slytherin lineage.

This is seriously unfair. The first girl that catches my attention in something other than the 'looks department' is an inbred pureblood! Not that I'm saying she's ugly. She's really pretty actually.

She has the most beautiful blue eyes I've ever seen. The azure shade is even prettier than Rose's ocean blue, and that's saying something. Up till now, I used to think that Rose's eyes were the best shade of blue that exists, but I stand corrected.

Denise Azure's eyes are just that; azure. They're a perfect light blue that shines and stands out, and... God, they're just like pools water glimmering in the sun. Honestly, they're so deep and shiny and... Blue.

I'm in love...

I mean, who couldn't fall in love with those stunning eyes?

And- Wait. Did you just think I meant I'm in love with her? Oh no no no no no. Sorry mate, but James Sirius Potter does not fall in love... except if it's with eyes. Then it's possible. I can definitely fall in love with eyes.

And coupled with her ebony locks and-

You're probably thinking that I'm vain for complimenting her only on her looks, but that is not true. Her personality is as good as her face; I was just getting to that part. She's bashful and blush-y when she first speaks to you, then you see her real side. She's fun and feisty, charming and cheerful, intelligent and intuitive, clever and crafty, and can still manage to blush if you pass a compliment.

How I know all of this, you ask? Well, I was assigned to work on a Transfiguration project with her. At first I thought that I would have to do all the work since I was James-Potter-the-Transfiguration-whiz and she was the useless-girl-obsessing-over-James-Potter, but once again, I stood corrected. After I had written only a few lines about the basics of Human Transfiguration as an introduction to the essay assignment, she placed her hand on the parchment, therefore stopping me from writing.

"Aren't I supposed to be helping?"

"Do you want to help?"

"Of course I do! I can't let you spoil my grade by messing up an assignment!" She huffed haughtily`.

"Oh? So I might get us both a 'Poor' grade if you don't give your input?"

"A 'P'? No. That would be in the best case scenario. I was thinking that you would earn me a grade along the lines of a "Troll"."

It wasn't until I saw her laughing eyes that I realised she was joking. And that was when I was struck by the awesome-ness of her eyes.

Merlin, why am I getting sappy over a pair of eyes! Anyone could have beautiful eyes!

Rose has beautiful eyes. So do dad, Albus and Lily. And let's not forget Louis. I think I'm missing someone. Oh that's right; me!

And that girl, what's-Her-Name, that nobody talks much about. Her aren't that pretty, but they're empty, you know? And you might find this creepy, but those eyes are unforgettable! It's as if nothing and nobody can fill emotion into them. Oh, and Tracy's eyes looked nice when she applied all that colour on her eyelids and elongated her eyelashes and put glitter on the edges at the Halloween Ball last year when she was my date.

Teddy's non-metamorphmagus-ised eyes are pretty cool too. They're a nice friendly grey. Auntie 'Mione and mum have deep, warm eyes as well.

And at this rate, I could even say that Draco Malfoy has striking eyes.

Okay, so now I'm getting sappy over many pairs of eyes.

What is wrong with me?

I think it's the lack of sleep. I mean it's around 2:30am!

Mum would say it's my own fault that I miss sleep. And usually she's right, but today was unavoidable.

Denise and I had met up in an empty classroom after curfew to complete our assignment. At first I was one hundred percent sure that she wanted to pull a move on me. I mean, who meets with the most handsome guy in Hogwarts, in an empty classroom, after curfew, to complete a project... which was due a week later?

I learnt my answer by the time midnight came around and all we'd done was laugh and joke and tease while working on the essay. No moves.

A half hour later, she excused herself and hesitantly hugged me goodnight. I told her that we could meet here again tomorrow night, and that I was sure that we would complete it within the next few days. I also mentioned how that would be a relief as I really didn't want to stretch this out for long.

That got us started about how hectic fifth year is and how busy we were. She told me about her extra peer tutoring sessions and I told her about my Quidditch sessions.

Another half hour later, she was telling me about her complicated third year, the main highlights of which were Hogsmeade trips.

"I had so much fun on the first trip! My friends and I went to the Shrieking Shack, and we went to WWW, and to Honeydukes. Oh Merlin, don't even get me started on Honeydukes!"

"Yeah. It's awesome."

"The second time I went, it was snowing- just before Christmas. I had to-" she stopped mid sentence and then laughed nervously.

"I took up your whole night with my stupid stories. I'm sorry."

"It's no problem, but it's best if you go to sleep now."

"What about you?"

Merlin, she was so perceptive. Deciding not to lie, I told her that I would ride my broom for a while. She didn't question me, or reprimand me, or ogle dreamily at me; just nodded and waved and then left the classroom with a sweet smile.

Couldn't all girls be like her?

Now, coming back inside the castle, I pulled out the Marauders' Map from my pocket and inspected it. It felt good to have this old piece of parchment with me again.

My eyes searched for the dot with the "Caretaker Agnes. RUN!" label, but jerked to a stop when they spotted someone in one of the unused corridors.

What was going on? It's late at night! All students should be in their beds, especially little first years. Out of curiosity, I decided to go there through one of the secret passageways and investigate.

How weird the result had been, I can't begin to tell you.

TPOV

Tommie Bryan,

I thought I taught you better than to skive off classes! I pay tuition for your school and your classes! Surely you realise that you are being a selfish, ignorant, waste-of-money! I do not want to hear from your school again unless it is to convey good news.

Maybe skiving would be acceptable if you didn't require these lessons for your future career, but since you possess no talent whatsoever in Quidditch, you have no choice but to pursue a career that will require an educational degree.

As you know, to attain that educational degree, you will have to be educated. I do not want to pay for someone's education if it will all go to waste. Money doesn't grow from trees.

That reminds me; tell your mother that she is a manipulative, lying hag. We had both agreed that she would be paid 500 galleons for the entire catering, including the cost of decorations, invitations, and refreshments. I will not, in any case, let her have her way again. I agreed to get married to her and look how that turned out. I agreed to have a kid with her and look what came out of that. I agreed when she burdened me with the duty of paying your tuition. I agreed many more times when she came up with schemes to get my money. I will not agree this time.

Oh, and before I forget, stay at school over this Christmas Holiday. I have many business plans and won't cater to your needs. Try not to go to your mother's; you'll turn out just like the evil, selfish banshee if you spend too much time with her. Perhaps you already are a bit like her in manner, because you surely aren't like me. Unfortunately.

I hope the teachers have no other problems with you.

No need to write back, I won't be at home. Your owl won't be able to find me.

R. Lyle.

Oh, so it was "R. Lyle" this time, huh? No "Your father"? And no "Take care"? Oh wait; there was never a "take care".



I'm useless at Quidditch, and according to my 'parents', I'm going in the same direction as far as academics is concerned. I can't make friends, I can't look good, I can't be brave, I can't be-

I can't be anything.

What's one thing I'm good at?

Conveying spiteful letters between the people who brought me into this world? Hearing myself get insulted by the same people? Getting bullied by stupid Slytherins who have no hearts? Being pitied by teachers who have no idea what I am going through? Wishing I was different? Dreaming? Hoping?

Crying. That's what I could do without effort. Even now, tears were rapidly leaking from my eyes, leaving hot trails on my cheeks. Soon enough, the loud sobs would break out, and I would end up waking up one of the girls unless I walked out of here.

He didn't even want me to visit him on Christmas. That's how much he loved me. Wonderful.

I wiped the tears away but new ones kept on replacing the old ones. By the time I reached the Common Room, I was crying hysterically, like I do every time.

You would think that crying so much would have given me practice to control the sobs, but instead, they seemed to get worse every time. Probably because I had a new grief to add to the list every time.

Or maybe because I lost more control every time.

Or maybe because I understood more of how useless I was every time.

Or maybe because I lost more of myself every time, and the tears were for the part of me that had just been ripped apart and thrown away.

You know, I think I'll become a writer. I'll write a book about a girl who is a part of an unstable family, and what she goes through could be classified as worse than physical abuse. And that she

skived off one class because she was in the Hospital Wing, and got a letter from her so-called father, scolding her that she was wasting his money. And telling her that she had no future and she would be able to accomplish nothing in life. And that he didn't want her to spend Christmas with him. And that she was worthless and was turning out to be evil and selfish just like her mother, who he also described as a "manipulative, lying hag".

And who signed off with R. Lyle.

Yeah, I think I'll do that. Then what will Mr. "R. Lyle", say about me not having a future or career?

I agreed to have a kid with her and look what came out of that.

Yeah, what came out of that? An incompetent, unworthy, inept, unskilled, silly girl, who was a waste of hard earned money and unable to do anything that required a brain

Why couldn't I be someone else? Why couldn't I be Sharon Onrix? I bet she had no problems. She had perfect grades and perfect friends and perfect parents and perfect little siblings.

Or couldn't I be Dominique Weasley? She was a beautiful girl, a Quidditch success, had a nice family, and an awesome, caring boyfriend, good grades, and loved by everyone.

Or couldn't I be-

Why am I doing this to myself?

Why did I let people and emotions walk over me? From now on, I would never step out of my way for others.

Standing up from the stone floor I had been sitting on, I wiped at my eyes and tried to recognise my surroundings. Some weird, empty corridor with few torches and few windows.

Freaky.

Deciding that I would accomplish nothing until I calmed down completely, I headed to the nearby bathrooms, planning to splash ice cold water on my face. I was a little surprised (and scared) when

I noticed that the bathrooms were completely dark, but I pushed own my fear and continued, reminding myself of my recently made promise; I would never back away from anything.

I lighted the floating candles with a simple spell and started inspecting my face in the mirror. I was halted, however, when I heard a slight scuffing sound from inside one of the cubicles; the only one that was occupied.

I couldn't see any feet from the gap at the bottom of the door, so I knew that whoever was in there wasn't there to 'use the facilities'.

It was probably a rat...

Come on Tommie. Don't back away. Don't be scared.

I think I unlocked the door more to fulfil my promise than out of curiosity. I had always been inquisitive, but I was always able to suppress that urge to know. This time was no different, and if I hadn't made that pact with myself, I would have just turned and walked away.

More like ran away.

But once I had pushed open the door, I was relieved. It was just a girl in there. About my age, shiny black hair and startling violet eyes... and she looked pretty panicked right now.

A look of relief passed over her face, but then immediately her perfectly slanted eyebrows creased into a frown and her eyes took in my appearance.

Okay, so maybe I'm not beautiful, but she doesn't need to stare at me like that. Awkwardly I cleared my throat.

"Have you been crying?" she asks me.

"Uh, n-no. I usually get like this i-in the c-cold weather. The winter d-doesn't suit me. Flu and colds and f-fevers." I say. Surprisingly, she doesn't notice my stuttering. Or she's probably just pretending not to.

"Oh." Then she seems really uncomfortable and suddenly blurts out, "So what's your name?" then slapping her forehead as if regretting the question.

"Tommie Bryan. You?"

"Linn Dragonov." She says quickly, then flinches as if she's said something unpleasant and wants to take it back.

"What are you doing sitting here in a dark deserted bathroom?" I ask, trying a shot at humour.

"Oh nothing. Just making sure that the plumbing is in order." She says, and I have to laugh at that.

"I uh- need to go now." I say after another uncomfortable silence during which she fidgets in her position on the loo cistern and I stand awkwardly at the door.

Quickly, I wash my face and then bolt from the bathroom, the girl's stunning eyes still imprinted in my head.

In my haste, I didn't notice where I was going and instead found myself climbing up the Shifting Staircases leading into a corridor as equally deserted as the previous one.

Fortunately, there were no ghostly beautiful girls with freakishly violet eyes up here.

Unfortunately, there was a guy who walked out of a wall and pointed his illuminated wand at me.

"Tommie Bryan?" he asks me.

"Yes." I'm still squinting.

"What the hell are you doing here at this time?" he asks rather rudely.

"Uh. I was g-going to the Ow-Owlery...and I g-got l-l-lost." I say. Wow. I was on a lying spree wasn't I?

"I don't believe you but-"

"Who's there?"

Agnes the caretaker. Dang it.

"Shit!" the guy swears and then throws a soft cloak over me, pushing me into a wall... which I pass through.

I know I'm not in the corridor any longer; still I don't dare move a muscle. Seconds later, I'm pushed aside when another body enters the tunnel.

The cloak thing is pulled off of me, and in the dim light, I see him press a finger to his lips, indicating that I should keep quiet. But that's not what makes me stumble and fall to the floor. It's the fact that I finally realised who I'm walking with... It's Potter.

James Potter. Seriously.

What am I supposed to do now?

"Uh... thanks." I say cautiously when he helps me up.

He grunts in response. Not a rude, animalistic grunt; just a 'yeah. Sure' kinda grunt.

Silence.

No wait: awkward silence.

"Um, h-how d-did you know m-m-my name? And where I w-was?" Oh Merlin. Why the hell do I have to speak when I know that my stupid stutter is going to make its appearance?

"Shh. It was better when it was quiet." He says. I would have called him exceptionally rude for that comment, but I could tell that he said it because he didn't want to answer my question.

Girls would die of joy if they got to spend an hour with James Potter. Not me though. I couldn't wait for it to end.

"You're in Ravenclaw right?" he breaks the silence.

"Uh...yes." I reply.

"What do you think of Denise Azure?"

"The fourth year-"

"-with the pretty eyes. Yeah," he says, cutting me off.

I nod, as if that was what I was going to say, but actually, I was going to say 'the fourth year Drama Queen'. Because that's exactly how she was. Not in a bad way. She just exaggerates things a little too much. According to me, that's her one and only flaw.

I can totally see her and James Potter together. They're two perfect people, with two perfect lives and a perfect future.

"She's cool." I say congratulating myself on the fact that I managed two words without stammering.

"She is isn't she?"

"Oh yeah. Sh-sh-she's perfect. A l-little dramatic- b-b-but not i-in a bad w-way of c-c-course."

"I don't like her." he states, his distaste clear on his face.

Silence.

"She's trying to act as if she has no more than platonic feelings for me. Everybody has more than platonic feelings for me! Except Freddie that is. And maybe my mum."

I think he notices how my eyes triple in size because he laughs and adds, "Okay, so everybody outside of my family and the general male population of Hogwarts. Anyways, how's the third Potter doing nowadays?"

I look at him blankly... on purpose (I'm the new-and-improved-and-brave Tommie now remember?)

"Sh-she goes b-by Lily L-Luna now."

"But that doesn't mean she isn't the third Potter. So how is she? Last time I saw her she had just been ticked off by my infuriating witchy (yeah, he didn't say witchy) ex."

"Uh. She's d-doing great," I say, making sure to let him know that Lily can cope perfectly without them. The thing I hate more than anything else is families making your life difficult, which is exactly why I plan to take revenge on this particular family.

"You know, the Slytherin versus Ravenclaw match is coming up." Ugh! Why does he have to start on Quidditch?

"Yeah."

"Who d'you reckon's gonna win?"

"Both teams look pretty good. It was sad you guys lost against Hufflepuff."

"Yeah. But it doesn't stain our reputation. Everybody knows Al would've caught the Snitch if he'd been in the game."

"Definitely. I'm supporting Ravenclaw in the next match- it's my House, but I'm pretty sure that Slytherin will win."

"I'm thinking of going green for this match."

"What? Really?" I say incredulously. Everyone knows how anti-Slytherin James Potter is.

"Yeah. I think Slytherin will trample Hufflepuff in the finals and they deserve that for feeling so smug about winning us. And I'm putting my money on Slytherin for this match too. They have a darn good team from what I've heard and seen."

"Agreed. But Ravenclaw might win. They have Weasleys..."

"Yeah. Rosie's an awesome Keeper and Louis is the best Chaser Ravenclaw has ever had."

"Uh huh."

"Hey! You know what?"

"What?"

"You haven't stammered!" his face is plastered with a huge grin.

Really? I hadn't noticed. And I doubt it's true. I never not-stutter when I'm nervous. But I wasn't nervous was I?

Of all people, James Potter was the person I wasn't feeling nervous around.

I stay quiet. He stays quiet.

"Well, we're here. You can go to your Common Room if you take a left from here."

I nod my thanks and start to walk away.

"G'night. I hope I made your life easier." He calls out after me. It's said in a joking way, but it's as if there's a deeper meaning behind the words and he knows that.

I'm starting to think James Potter knows about my... family issues. Or maybe he just pities me like the rest of the student body because of the fact that I'm a loner and always quiet and one of those that don't matter.

Sigh. Perhaps the whole new-and-improved-and-brave Tommie is pointless.

Perhaps I'm meant to always be pitied.

LPOV

Once again, I'm in the dark bathroom, my door locked, my backside hurting from sitting on the marble floor for so long, and my body longing for moonlight.

I had read a bit from the book Mr. Malfoy had sent me. I had found out that moonlight was the main source of energy for vampires, which was why they were nocturnal creatures. Sunlight was a threat to them. It doesn't burn them, or kill them on the spot, or make them sparkle. It diminishes the energy they obtain from the moon, and



therefore, if they stay in the sun, they become weaker and weaker until they are left powerless and die.

I dunno why I'm talking about sunlight and dying vampires. Maybe it's because I feel so drained right now that I could probably be on my deathbed. Actually, I don't think the floor of a bathroom can be a deathbed. I mean, it's all cold and hard and marble-y. Wait! Moaning Myrtle died in a bathroom. That means the bathroom floor was her deathbed. Oh, or maybe it was the toilet seat that was her deathbed. But that can't be called a deathbed.

Merlin, why does this floor have to be so cold? I am freezing my rear sitting here. Yeah, I understand that it's November and that December will be coming soon and there'll be snow, and Christmas and it'll be freezing, but I wouldn't be sitting on the floor of a bathroom, so I don't particularly care.

Wait.

Oh wow.

Oh Merlin. How stupid am I? I should be put in Stupid Prison. In fact, Azkaban should have a section for people who are sentenced due to stupidity. I mean, what about those guys who committed a crime because someone brainwashed them into doing so? They weren't evil, they were just stupid. And what about those people who endangered themselves and others because of their stupidity? Like that blind man who tried to help an old lady cross the road (yeah, that was a part of a joke Drake/ Blake told me, but it could have been true). He could have gotten them both killed. For that action alone, he should have been put in Stupid Prison... along with the old lady who asked for his help. They really should have a Stupid Section in Azkaban.

Oh wait, I take that back. There shouldn't be one because then surely I'd be convicted and I don't want to end up in Azkaban do I? Because I have to be the most stupid person to walk this planet. Even stupider than the blind man who helped the old lady.

Because not using your wand to heat yourself up while complaining about how it's freezing has to be dumbest thing anyone has ever done.

Apart from crushing on Ryan Fyrsea, that is.

Ye- Hey! I DO NOT like him. Why do you pop up when you're least needed?

I'll have you know that I'm always needed by you, and I'm always there.

Oh really? I didn't see you around when I was freezing and you definitely weren't the one that just suggested using my wand to warm myself.

Umm... technically you never see me around... Anyways, I really didn't want to be around while you ranted on about deathbeds and Stupid Sections.

I bet you were the one that placed those thoughts in my head in the first place.

Firstly, I am your head; I can't place thoughts in myself. Secondly, I knew you were gonna blame me for your idiocy and that's why I wasn't around before.

You're tormenting me when I'm weak and am going through emotional pain and trauma over dying! Being a bloody vampire without moonlight isn't easy. I don't think I like you.

Good to know that you hate yourself.

Ugh! Shut up and go away. I don't need you and your annoying self around when I'm on my deathbed!

Oh God. There she goes again.

O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.

So what did you think? Tell me which parts you liked best!

Oh, and I'm changing the name of the fic to Potter by Name, Malfoy at Heart, so next time, don't expect Potter Totter.

Till next time my green and purple Skittles! And red and yellow... and orange ones!

Oh, and remember to go read my one-shot! :)

Hearts and Hugs :)

~=TMs'M=~

## Chapter 15

Thanks for the reviews guys! You make my day worth waking up :)

Super16simone, Jessica682, Pugs189, LoVeeVeR, VampirePotter  
and:

Cherry2: I sent you a PM on your Snowflake Pixie account :) Thanks!

One 'N' Only: Thanks a lot! Yeah, I think I will continue with the different POVs.

PlasticScene: lol, who isn't falling for that guy? I promise more stuff about him will be coming up. Thanks for the makes-me-smile review :)

Helen: yeah, I agree with you completely :) thanks!

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter... however, I DO own -the newly named- Potter by Name, Malfoy at Heart. Yes, you're supposed to be jealous ;)

(This is so cool!)

I can't do this. I can't do this. I can't. I can't do it. God what am I going to do? I can't do this.

"LILY! Get up and out of bed!"

Shit.

Is it morning already?

I quickly snap my eyes shut, acting as if I was still deep in sleep like I am every morning... as opposed to lying awake in bed the entire night without getting a wink of sleep; hyperventilating every few minutes; contemplating whether or not to go and purposefully accidentally break my hand; hiding my broom in the cupboard under the sink in the bathroom; un-hiding my broom and apologising to it for stuffing it in a cupboard under a sink in a bathroom; freaking out over the fact that I was talking to my broom; freaking out over

tomorrow; trying to count rainbow-coloured-sheep but failing miserably; and finally giving up on trying to sleep, giving up on forgetting about tomorrow and then continuing to hyperventilate after every few seconds.

Yeah, I had a pretty awesome night.

Not.

Maybe if I didn't wake up-

"Lily! Wake up! I swear if you're not up in the next two seconds I will pour water on you!"

Ok, so pretending not to wake up: bad idea.

What should I do? Think Lily, think!

I think I'll just stick to Plan A and not wake up. So what if Ness waters me like a Mimulus Mimbletonia?

"Lily! LILY!" I hear Annabelle approach my bed, shrieking like a mad woman. "Liiiiileeeee!" Oh Merlin, somebody go check if the windows are still intact, because I'm pretty sure Annabelle managed to reach pitches higher than the Fat Lady ever has... and that's saying something. You can hear that woman's annoying-as-nails-scratching-a-blackboard voice all during History of Magic and DADA on Monday mornings.

Not pleasant, let me assure you.

"Why isn't she waking up?" I hear a concerned Ness say.

"I thought she's like this every morning?" Belle's statement is more of a question.

"But she never takes this long!" Ness shakes me. I allow my head to loll from side to side, but I have to say it, it made my neck hurt like hell. Merlin, Ness is strong.

Okay, ow. That jerk really hurt. I think I cricked my neck. Ow. I hold my breath lest I cry out because of the pain.

"What's wrong with her? Oh Merlin, what if she's dead?" Ness whispers with so much fear and panic that I feel a swell of love for the blonde... and maybe a bit of guilt for making her go through this just for my own selfish reasons.

"Vanny, she is not dead. She is perfectly fi-"

"OHMYGOSH SHE'S NOT EVEN BREATHING!"

Wait- what? Oh hell. I hadn't even released the breath that I had held in. Wow. So I've been declared dead by my best friend.

Am I happy? Hell yeah. Now I won't have to get out of bed.

"I have to go call a Professor! Stay with her!" Ness shouts out as her footsteps leave the dorm and I can really hear tears in her voice. I love that girl.

Okay. I seriously need to exhale. I need to exhale now. I need to inhale! I NEED AIR!

I think I'm actually going to die. Oh Merlin. I ca-

Dammit! I exhaled and inhaled.

I didn't get enough time to curse myself because I got distracted by the sound of the bathroom doors being flung open and a harried voice shouting.

"Lily! Lily? Oh Merlin Lil, say something!" it's either Drake or Blake, sounding extremely dramatic. Seriously, if someone told you that I'm dead, then ordering me to say something won't bring me back to life. If I were actually dead, that is.

Speaking of which, why hasn't Belle told them I'm alive? I'm sure my enormous-gulp-of-air was a huge giveaway.

"I- I got her w-wand." Belle chokes out, entering the room right on cue. Humph; figures. I'm dying over here and she goes to get my wand from my robes.

How pure blood-ish. It's a tradition in the pure-blood community that if a wizard dies, it should be made sure that he has his wand with

him as soon as possible. I have no idea why. And she should know that I'm not pure-blood and don't require my wand while passing out of this world. If I were actually passing out of this world, that is.

But I'm not complaining. In fact, I'm thanking the Supreme Power Above that she wasn't there to witness my enormous-gulp-of-air.

"Lily! Come on!"

"Get up Lil!"

These guys really love me don't they? It's good to know that people who love me surround me while I leave them to go to a better place. If I were actually leaving them to go to a better place, that is.

"Lily! M-Merlin Li-Lily! Don't do this!"

Aw Ness, I'm sorry, but I have to! I cannot, in any circumstances, wake up and face this day. I can't. However, you do sound rather odd when you cry.

"Lils! Please!"

"Miss Luna?"

Wow. If I really was dying, then my soul would be bursting with glee at the amount o-

Oh Merlin. Was that Professor Greengrass?

"Do you think she did this to herself intentionally?" And Nurse Janice?

Wow. I am definitely going to hell after this. If I were actually dying, that is

I really hate Nurse Janice right now. I mean, isn't she going to check my pulse or anything? Oh no. She's just going to take the word of a panicking first year and spread rumors about me killing myself, yet again. I don't like this woman.

Can't she bloody see that I'm breathing? Even if I'm doing it as slowly and inconspicuously as possible, can't she see it? She is a

trained nurse! Not that I want her to see that I'm alive. It would just be good to know that I have a qualified and useful nurse next to me as I die. If I were actually dying, that is.

I feel a cool hand take mine and I feel tears well up in my own eyes. How much pain am I putting these guys through? My existence shouldn't matter this much, and neither should my removal from existence. If I were actually being removed from existence, that is. Hell, this is becoming my line isn't it? I just keep thinking that I'm actually dying. Pretending really gets me into the role, doesn't it?

"Excuse me Janice, correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't she supposed to not have a pulse if she's dead?" Professor Greengrass. Damn it. I should have known that having a sane person around would ruin my act. Now what?

I feel the cool hand release mine, and another, more feminine one grab it. "Ah yes."

That is definitely disappointment that I detect in her tone. I hate this woman.

"What? Wait. What! What? She's what?"

Umm...human? A girl? Lily Luna?

"She's bloody alive? How the hell? Why the hell is she alive!" Wow Ness. I love you too.

Greengrass tuts at her language, but doesn't say anything.

"You know, you can even see her breathe if you look closely..."  
"Who was the idiot that pronounced her dead?" Drake and Blake say.

Just then, the bathroom door is thrown open and I flinch as it collides loudly against the wall.

"What happened?" come the enraged roar of none other than Daniel Flint.

Shit.



"Nothing Mr. Flint. No need to panic." Nurse Janice tells him condescendingly.

"You better hope that it really is nothing lady! I have a Quidditch match I need to win and it won't be possible without my Chaser! Now give her a slap and get her on her feet. If you can't, then I'll assume that she is, indeed, dead, and I think that would require for me to panic!" he snaps angrily.

At least there's someone who doesn't care that I'm dying. Wait, he does care, but just because I'm on the team.

Shit. The team. The match. The game today.

Damn. Damn. Damn.

If I stop breathing again, what are the chances that I'll be declared dead once again?

None? Wonderful.

Well then, let's do this thing. Now or never.

I stir slowly and moan as if I'm in pain. Thank Merlin I know a little bit of acting from hanging around with Ness.

There is a stunned silence as I roll over and frown in my "sleep", taking a deep breath and releasing it with another moan. I flicker my eyes open, squinting as the light hits them.

"Lily? You complete, total, utter idiot! What is wrong with you?"

I frown at Ness as if I have no idea what she's talking about.

"Morning to you to... and the rest of you who are here for some reason..."

"You died and came back to life Luna... as far as I've heard. Wanna explain why? I'm waiting for you in the Common Room with the rest of the team so that we can enter the Great Hall together like we Slytherins do before every match, and the next thing, this girl here is freaking out about you dying. Any opinions? Inputs? Explanations?"

Oh Merlin. Shit. Shit. Bloody socks of the Devil in Hell! Now what do-

"I have Osteoporosis."

"What?"

Holy mother of Merlin's son! Where did that come from? What is wrong with me? Why am I claiming to have a disease in which worms eat your gall bladder?

"Ms Luna? Why are you claiming to have a disease in which your bones become brittle at the age of sixty and above?"

"Bones! Uhhh... I mean... yeah! Bones! Right! I uh... think I'm pretty umm...delirious right now. I think I have a... uh fever... wait... I... I think I'm getting pneumonia!"

"No, I think you're just a bit confused. Get the sleep out of your eyes and I'm sure you'll be fine."

"But- but she wasn't breathing this morning. I swear!" Tell them Ness! I'll love you forever for doing this!

"She was probably holding her breath while sleeping. Quite a common occurrence."

"Oh."

"Well, good to know everything is okay. Everyone, down to breakfast! Good luck for the match." Professor Greengrass says before he walks out with Nurse Janice, who tells me that I should come see her as soon as possible.

Yeah, right. Like that will be happening.

"You gave us a right scare there Lils." Drake/ Blake says with a huge grin.

"Thought you were gonna die." The other twin says.

"I di-" I really didn't get to continue my sentence because the body of my best friend (that's Ness, if you're wondering) is thrown on me (knocking the breath out of me, mind you) and she starts calling me

all the foul names in her vocabulary, all the while hitting me with a cardigan that she found next to my bed. Let me tell you, the buttons on that thing hurt. And let's not forget her weight squashing me to death.

"Osteo- bloody- porosis? Who are you kidding? You stupid, idiotic, lying, bloody, b-"

"Hey! Hey! That's my Chaser you're ruining!" Flint says as he pulls Ness off of me. Whoa it feels good to not have her beating the hell out of me.

"I swear Ness, being this violent will get you nowhere!" I wheeze out.

"And being such a bloody liar won't get you anywhere either!" she snaps back, glaring at me murderously.

"I'm sorry. I just-" Stop. I cannot tell her that I was scared and so pretended to die.

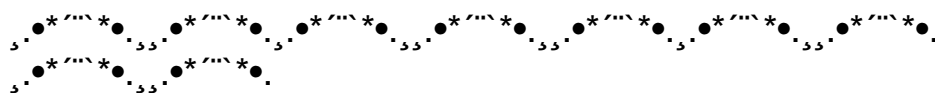
"I just felt ill. In fact, I still feel a little dizzy...and— ow- my head hurts."

"We'll get some breakfast into you and you'll be fine in no time." Flint says enthusiastically, before barking out "Go change into your Quidditch uniform! We're waiting in the Common Room."

I sigh and desperately look at Ness who continues glaring down at me. I swallow impulsively and get out of bed (yes, I was still in bed), grab my Quidditch kit and head to the bathroom while the rest follow so as to leave the dorms.

"And by the way, this osteoporosis? By any chance did you catch it from your infected dorm mate?" Flint says mockingly.

Busted.



Six frustrated men in green Quidditch garb are what I have to face when I finally manage to come downstairs with my broom hanging pathetically from my right hand. Flint especially looks pissed off.

"I'm here." I say feebly, trying to calm my nerves.

"Well, it took you long enough, didn't it?" the Captain growls and then stands up from where he was sitting on one of the couches. The rest of the team follows suit and in a matter of seconds I'm surrounded by intimidating, tall, humungous males.

At first I thought they were gathering around me so that it would be easier for them to beat me to a pulp, but I realised soon enough that it was actually so that we could leave the Common Room together and head to the Great Hall... together.

And come to think of it, Flint was the only one who had looked murderous and intimidating in the Common Room. Ramón's attention had been focused on his broom, the tail of which he was inspecting, frowning every so often. Lawrence was intent on reading a book with a thick dark black cover, his broom propped against his shoulder. Justin was lounging lazily on the couch, an easy grin on his face.

The three of them looked casual and at ease but I could tell that they were as nervous about the game as I was... okay, maybe not as nervous as me. They weren't quaking in their Quidditch boots, they didn't have their stomachs going haywire, they weren't playing their first match ever, and they hadn't stayed awake all night fretting about today's game. They weren't the ones panicking their rear ends off.

At least Scorpius and Alec looked to be as edgy as me. Alec's face was unusually pale, and grave as opposed to the cheerful grin he always displayed. He kept fidgeting with his broom, tapping his feet, picking on his uniform... yeah. He's clearly panicking.

Scorpius, ever the Malfoy, had a perfectly blank mask on his face. With his tense jaw and deep breaths, you could tell that he was just trying to hide his nerves from the rest of us... though he wasn't succeeding.

Neither of them greeted me.

It felt good to know that I wasn't the only one hyperventilating.

Anyways, back to entering the Great Hall surrounded by the Slytherin Quidditch team (which I am a part of \*yes, I am boasting\*), feeling incredibly small and not to mention nauseous.

Just outside the doors of the Hall, Flint pauses and looks at us, "It's gonna be fine," he says in such a reassuring way that I actually believe him for a second, but unfortunately reality hits again and I feel my stomach do a cartwheel that would've won a gold medal in the Olympics (yes, I know what the Olympics are... They're as much magical as they are muggle). I swallow hard, taking in deep breaths, trying to calm my erratic stomach.

Flint looks pointedly at Alec, Scorpius and I one more time before he turns back around pushes open the giant doors.

My breathing stops as every head in the Hall turns towards us and every eye looks us up and down. I feel dizzy with the amount of looks we're getting, and reality hits me once again, this time, harder than a rubber band that's snapped against your skin.

I'm going for a match. A Quidditch match. For the Slytherin team. My first ever match. I'm going for my first ever Quidditch match.

Black dots start tango-ing in front of my eyes, my insides suddenly start feeling incredibly hot and I'm fairly sure I'm sweating (even though it's pretty cold outside), my body is refusing to move, except for swaying slightly... but that's not voluntary; it's just me about to fall down.

And then it just happens.

My Olympic-gold-medallist stomach heaves and my oesophagus performs anti-peristalsis, and lo behold; there are the contents of my jumping stomach spilling out on the Great Hall floor with a splash loud enough to catch the attentions of the few idiots who weren't already gawking at us.

And you know, it's not even they type of vomit where you just wipe off your face and walk away, oh no. It's the other type.

Shall I elaborate? I can still feel my stomach jerking up and down. Some of the puke is flowing down from my nose (it's gross, I assure you) and I'm choking a bit because clearly some of the vomit went in

the wrong pipe, my teeth feel all weird, like someone scrubbed them with sandpaper, there's a vile taste in my mouth, my breath is coming in heavy gasps and there are tears falling from my eyes (but they're not because I'm crying...yet) ... oh and let's not forget the puke on my shoes, on my hands, on my face and in my hair.

My eyes snap shut, and then I can feel myself starting to cry. I don't need to open my eyes to find every student's eyes on me. I can feel their stares. Why does stuff like this always happen to me? And why are they all just staring? Can't they go back to eating? Or at least help me?

It's Lawrence and Ramón that come to my rescue. Lawrence quickly cleans away the vomit with a swish from his wand and then conjures a bunch of tissues that he hands to me. Ramon grabs me by my elbow and gently but firmly leads me out of the Great Hall, away from the stupid idiots (called students) who were laughing and making disgusted faces. Most of them anyways.

"Wow. I'm pretty sure that got all of Hogwarts to root for Slytherin." I say drily, rinsing my mouth once again, glad that he hadn't taken me to Moaning Myrtle's bathroom where there's hardly ever any water. That didn't, however, excuse him from bringing me to a boys' bathroom.

Ramón just chuckles, but stops himself when he realises that he wasn't supposed to take it as a joke.

"I told them! I told all of them! But no, you're just sleepy. Wash the sleep from your eyes and you'll be fine. I said I was dizzy and delirious and I told her that I was getting pneumonia, but does she listen to me. Oh no, I'm the little girl who tried to kill myself. Why should I be taken seriously?" By now, I grumbling furiously to myself, not paying any heed to Ramón who's laughing his butt off. Glad to see someone's enjoying this.

"So are you ready to go back?" he asks when I've brushed my teeth for the eighteenth time and the toothpaste tube is almost empty (yeah, I'm exaggerating a bit).

"Does it look like I'm ready to go back?" I snap at him, while washing the few strands of my hair that were... affected by the recent tragedy

(yes, that's exactly what it was, no matter how much Ramón might disagree).

"Let me get that for you," the guy in question says and then spells my hair back to its previous cleanliness.

"Thank you." I say, grateful, but slightly annoyed because I was using it as an excuse to pass time. "I –uh, still have to clean my shoes." I say and quickly start wiping at it with wet loo roll so that he doesn't do it for me.

"You know, you can't stay here forever."

"Yes, but I can stay until the second before the match starts."

"I hope you know that I won't be staying with you?"

Dang it. I really didn't want to waste time here alone. "Fine. I'll stay by myself." I say, but he must have seen a contradiction on my face because he chuckles, shakes his head, waves his wand (to clean my shoes), then snatches my hand and drags me out of the toilets.

"I hate you." I hiss at Ramón from behind the rim of my goblet of pumpkin juice (which, by the way, I have no intention of drinking), using it to hide my face from the stares of idiot students who can't get enough of Lily-Luna-who-barfed-a-disgusting-barf.

"Lily, be serious. If you hadn't come out, these people would still be gossiping. At least Flint told them that you were sick and dead when you woke up. Now they won't think that it was nerves... which I am sure it was." The Hated One (Ramón) says in reply.

"Wait, you told them I was dead in the morning?" I say, turning my head to face Flint.

"Yeah. Now eat."

"No. I will not eat."

"Yes you will!" four more voices join Flint's for that statement. The Hated One (who I hate, if you haven't guessed), Lawrence (who I've thanked profusely for helping me out), Justin (ever pretending to be a role I'm supposed to look up to) and James Potter.

"Ugh! You people don't understand that I am-"

Wait. James Potter! Excuse me, but are my eyes functioning properly?

"Uh, what are you doing here?"

"Just came to wish you guys luck." He says with a casual grin (which Lindsay Horr, sitting a few seats down from me, swoons at).

"Thanks." Alec says politely, his face still white as ash. I think my puking made him feel worse.

"Yeah. No problem. But I came for something else too..."

"No Potter, for the last time, we aren't going to lose our team points just because you want the Hufflepuff Captain's nose broken!"

"Relax! I'm not here to ask you that... though it would be awesome if you did. I had to make sure Lily here is okay. I heard she d-died?" Well, so there is something James Potter is afraid of.

"I'm perfectly fine, thank you." I say, glad that he wasn't making me eat.

"Good. Now eat! I want to see Snakes winning this match and then trampling Hufflepuff in the finals."

"Will do." Justin says with a grin and thumbs up.

With a wink to the still-swooning Lindsay Horr, he struts away, back to his Gryffindor admirers, some of whom are surprisingly sporting green clothing. Hmm... I guess whatever James Potter does, goes.

..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..

"Okay men..."

Oh Merlin.

"...We can do this!"



I can't do this.

"... We cannot fall."

What if I fall?

"...we cannot injure ourselves."

What if I injure myself?

"...We cannot harm our team members."

What if I harm a team member?

"... We cannot let the Quaffle in the hoops!"

What if I let the Quaffle in the hoop? Oh wait, I'm not Keeper.

"... We cannot let them Bludgers hurt one of us."

What if I let- oh, I'm not a Beater either.

"... We cannot let the other team get the Snitch."

What if I miss- Right, I'm not Seeker for this game.

"We cannot score in the wrong hoops."

WHAT IF I SCORE IN THE WRONG HOOP?

"...we cannot fail,"

What if I fail?

"... and we cannot lose!"

What if I lose?

"I... I can't do this." I say faintly, interrupting Flint's pep talk. My heart is slamming in my chest so hard that I'm pretty sure it's leaving bruises; my breath is coming out in shallow gasps; my hands are shaking slightly; my forehead is damp with perspiration, even though I'm freezing... and I'm pretty much panicking.

Flint looks unfazed by my announcements. Shaking his head, he says "Don't be such a girl Luna. I pulled you onto this team for a reason, and I swear to God, if you don't get out there and give your best, I will make sure that everyone finds out what a pathetic, terrified little chicken you are. You too Scott, Malfoy. Got it?"

I wasn't sorted into Gryffindor for a reason; I don't have the foolish, impulsive bravery in me. However, I was sorted into Slytherin for my pride. And that was what made me nod.

"Good. Now let's go over this once more. Bulstrode, Fledge, you need to keep Bludgers as far away from Malfoy as possible. They'll aim to get him out of the game fastest." Justin and Lawrence nod, while Scorpius looks ready to faint.

"Nott, don't focus on one hoop. Keep all three of them in sight."

"Luna, Scott, play as a team. Don't hog the Quaffle. Try to pass it around as much as you can. It'll throw the Ravenbutts off." I swallow and try to nod, but the movement makes my head spin and the few sips of water I had at breakfast seem to be resurfacing.

I take a huge breath and close my eyes.

You can do this. You can show all of them. Lily-Luna-who-barfed-a-disgusting-barf will now be Lily-Luna-who-bagged-the-Quidditch-game.

"And against them will be playing the Snakes- uh I mean, Slytherins!" we can hear the commentator say.

"Are we ready?" Flint says loudly, his voice echoing around the Slytherin locker room. Alec, Scorpius and I barely manage to nod, while Justin and Lawrence let out whoops as we shoulder our brooms and walk out of the locker rooms, following the lead of Scorpius.

Thank God I'm not the Seeker. Imagine being the first one to step out-

Shit, everyone's mounting their brooms. What do I do?

Mount your own broom maybe?

Ah yes. Good idea.

And with a kick, I'm in the air, feeling the air whipping around me.

You know how some people say that as soon as they mount their brooms and are in the sky they forget all their fears and no longer notice all the eyes watching them?

Well, they're liars. I can feel them watching me as the Captains shake hands and when the balls are released. I can feel them watching.

But then the Quaffle is in my hands and I blind-sight them. I know they're watching, but I can ignore them. And I can start to enjoy myself.

"SLYTHERIN CHASER AND CAPTAIN FLINT HAS THE QUAFFLE AND HE DODGES THE BLUDGER THROWN AT HIM. PASSES TO LUNA, CHASER, WHO ENTERS THE SCORING AREA AND- LOSES THE QUAFFLE TO WELDON OF RAVENCLAW- OH! A NICLEY AIMED BLUDGER DISTRACTS HIM AND SCOTT OF SLYTHERIN HAS POSSESSION. HE PASSES TO FLINT WHO... PASSES TO LUNA WHO PASSES TO SCOTT WHO... SCORES! HANDY PASSING THERE BY SLYTHERINS. THE SCORE IS 10-0 TO SLYTHERIN.

"I HEARD JAMES AND FREDDIE WERE ROOTING FOR SLYTHERIN. AMAZING ISNT IT, WHAT ONE INJURY TO ALBUS POTTER'S HEAD CAN DO?" it's the Ian guy who's commentating again. It's actually fun listening to him, but I'm not really paying much attention there seeing as how I have the Quaffle and- a bludger is zooming right towards me!

"OH! THE YOUNGEST SLYTHERIN PLAYER IS THROWN OFF BALANCE BY A BLUDGER SENT BY ALAN PORTER... BUT SHE QUICKLY PASSES TO FLINT WHO ZOOMS OFF AND – SCORES! THAT MAKES THE SCORE 20-0.

"RAVENCLAW KEEPER, ROSE WEASLEY, PASSES TO ELLEN BRYANT, CHASER AND CAPTAIN, WHO DODGES LUNA AND PASSES TO HARRIET MICHELL WHO SPEEDS TOWARDS THE

HOOPS AND SCORES! OH NO WAIT, IT'S BLOCKED BY RAMÓN NOTT, SLYTHERIN KEEPER WHO QUICKLY PASSES THE QUAFFLE TO FLINT. OH! A BLUDGER BY LIONEL HUBERT MAKES HIM LOSE POSESSION, BUT LILY LUNA GETS THE QUAFFLE AND ENTERS THE SCORING AREA AND... SHE SCORES! 30-0 SLYTHERIN! RAVENCLAW REALLY NEEDS TO PULL THEIR PANTS UP IF THEY WANT TO- OH! LOUIS WEASLEY MAKES AN AWSOME GOAL! NO SURPRISE THERE; HE'S A WEASLEY ISN'T HE? 30-10, SLYTHERIN. NOTT THROWS THE QUAFFLE AND- SHIT! THAT BLUDGER NEARLY KNOCKED RAVENCLAW SEEKER, HARRY STANHOPE, OFF HIS BROOM! FORTUNATELY, NO HARM DONE.

"LUNA HAS THE QUAFFLE AND SHE'S SPEEDING ACROSS THE FIELD DODGING RAVENCLAWS QUITE IMPRESSIVELY. SHE PASSES TO SCOTT, WHO HAS RAVENCLAW CHASERS HEADING FOR HIM- HE PASSES QUICKLY BACK TO LUNA WHO RACES AHEAD... AND PASSES TO FLINT WHO... SHOOT- BUT ROSE WEASLEY MAKES AN IMPRESSIVE SAVE! NICE ONE ROSIE!"

An hour or two later, the score is 90-70 to Slytherin, and everyone is waiting expectantly for the Seekers to catch the Snitch.

I am so tired, I can barely manage to hold the Quaffle, which is why every time it comes towards me, I catch it and quickly pass it to Flint or Alec, not bothering to try and score.

Quidditch is draining. Especially when you're a Chaser. From now on, I'm only playing Seeker. Speaking of whom, why is Scorpius staring at me? And ugh! Why is Flint passing to me? I don't want the bloody Quaffle! And shit! Why is there a Bludger heading towards me?

Thunk.

Ow.

You know, that thunk sounded kinda hollow. Why is that? My head isn't empty!

"Oi Luna! You okay?" Flint calls out from across the field. I nod to him, even though I feel a teensy bit dizzy.

For the rest of the game, my mind drifts in and out; not registering whether I'm in possession of the Quaffle, whether I've scored or not, whether I'm passing or not. However, the insignificant little details are those that I'm perfectly aware of.

Like how one of the Slytherin goal hoops has a dent on it; like how Rose Weasley gets a frown on her face every time we score (that frown is very familiar); like how Ramón leans down on his broom whenever a Ravenclaw approaches to score; like how Ellen Bryant, Ravenclaw Captain has really nice blue Quidditch boots; like how Louis Weasley has the nicest hair (except maybe for Scorpius'); like how the Ravenclaw Beaters are twins and are perfectly coordinated; like how the Gryffindor stands are filled with green and silver... and like how Narci and Lucius aren't here.

Scorpius finally catches the Snitch (but he was waaaaay up in the air and nobody really found out until he descended, brandishing the golden ball for everyone to see) and everyone is cheering or jeering. I, myself forget about my slight dizziness and join in the team hugs (which Flint says are unprofessional, but who cares?).

"PARTY!" Justin shouts out excitedly, at which Flint shoots him a glare (it's probably unprofessional to have a party after winning a match).

"Good game Luna, Scott, Malfoy. I've trained you well." Flint says jokingly, thumping Scorpius on his back, and then we all head back to the Slytherin changing room in awesome moods.

"You know, I think they've forgotten about Lily-Luna-who-barfed-disgustingly." Ramón teases as I pull off my boots.

"Lily-Luna-who-barfed-a-disgusting-barf." I correct him, unable to stop myself from grinning at his loud laughter.

"Whatever. My point is; you were panicking for no reason."

"No reason? Are you crazy? I had every reason to panic! What if we hadn't won the-"

"But we did."

"But there was a chance that-"

"There was no chance at all that we could have lost." What is with this boy and not letting me complete my sentences?

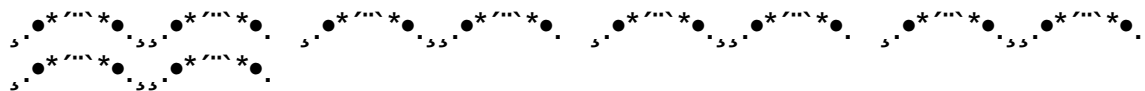
"Ugh! You're not even letting me finish! The only-"

"Luna, just shut up and go change." He says, but not unkindly.

I take a huge breath and make a show of how much effort it is taking me to not snap back a rude reply.

"And you still haven't thanked me for helping you out this morning..."

"Oh? Really? I guess I forgot." I say with a sweet smile and then head into the showers.



"This sucks."

"Yeah..."

"I mean, it wasn't only them who won you know?"

"Yeah..." I say again, absently running a brush through my hair.

"Seriously! Half the goals were scored by you and Scott. If Malfoy hadn't caught the Snitch-"

"Yeah..."

"I think it's a bunch of nonsense if you ask me."

"Yeah..."

"Lily!"

"Yeah...?"

"Won't you stand up for your rights?"

"You know Ness; I don't really think that it's my right to be at a Slytherin party at the age of eleven." I say, twirling the hair brush in my hand.

"But you helped win the match! And so did Scott and Malfoy! You should be allowed."

"Nope. What's the point? Third years and under aren't allowed for a reason. God knows what those guys are doing down there."

"Don't you wanna find out?"

"Nope." I tugged the brush through a knot, making me wince.

"Fine then. Lie here and get pushed around by those who steal your rights-"

"It is not my right to go down there and party with the rest of them, Ness! Even if I did help in winning! What good would it do me, an eleven year old, if I went? None!"

"Hey! Wait! I shouldn't even be talking to you!"

"Why? Afraid you'll become a victim of 'stolen rights' like me?" I say sarcastically.

"No. Just that you bloody pretended to die of osteoporosis this morning. Do you know how scary that was?"

"Yeah, you already mentioned that when you attacked me in the morning. And it's osteoporosis." I say,

"Lily what the hell is wrong with you? You're acting so... ugh! I'm trying to be nice-" I scoff and she glares at me "-but you just continue with your sarcasm and- Please. Do me a favour, and drop the attitude."

"Oh, so I'm the one with the 'attitude'?" I reply drily. God, this girl can be so irritating!

"Yes! Just tell me what's wrong!"

"Nothing! Nothing's wrong!" I say, then hurling my pillow forcefully across the room with the hand that wasn't holding a hairbrush.

"Right. You expect me to believe that? Like you expected me to believe that you were dead? Like you expected everyone else to believe that you had osteoporosis?"

"It's osteoporosis! How many times do I have to tell you before it finally gets through your thick head?"

"As many times as it takes for you to act normal." She snaps meanly.

"That doesn't make sense."

"It does... to normal people."

"Doesn't!"

"Does."

"It doesn't!" I am literally ready to explode at her right now.

"Does!" can't this stupid girl shut up once in a while? I hate her and her mouth.

"It bloody doesn't make sense!"

"To you." I really want to punch that nose of hers. A lot.

"To everyone!" Why is she so calm? Why am I the one shouting? And why am I the one wanting to bloody throttle her? I really want to slap the hell out of her. Seriously.

"What is going on with you?"

"Nothing! You're the one with the problems! Can't you bloody get lost?" I shriek, probably loud enough to be heard in the Common Room where the music is blaring loud enough to deafen.

My fury is beyond its boiling point, but when Ness smiles at me pityingly, then turns and starts to walk out of the room, I combust. Before I know it, the hairbrush has left my hand and is hurling towards her with great speeds.



"Ow! Lily what is wrong with you?" the blonde girl shouts in bewilderment, cradling her head.

"Whoa! Ness, are you okay?" Annabelle and Valerie say simultaneously, getting up from where they were sitting on Valerie's bed. I'd actually forgotten they were there.

"Oh yeah, take her side." I mumble, but neither of them replies... and I start feeling guilty.

"Is it safe for us to come?" I hear Ellani say from the bathroom.

"Err... yeah..." Annabelle says to her, after a brief glance at me.

"We heard the umm...yeah, that." Sarah says entering after Ellani. All of them huddle over Ness, who tries to shrug them off. Then, with a sympathetic look sent my way, she walks into one of the bathroom cubicles, rubbing her head.

I avoid the eyes of the rest of the girls and bury myself under the blankets of my bed, hating myself for how I had acted.

A moment passes, and I can hear the silence in the room. The sun is just starting to set; I can see the sky darkening above the waters lapping at my window.

Muffled music from the Common Room can be heard, and I'm grateful that there's at least some sort of sound in the room.

More moments pass, and I don't realise when I nod off into a light sleep.

The sky is dark when I wake up, and I can tell that I've slept for not more than fifteen minutes. The music is still blaring downstairs. The girls are whispering, probably about me. Ness is still locked in the bathroom stall. And I am still feeling guilty.

Very guilty.

Why was I so mean to her? She's always been a good friend... even though she slapped me once just because I was ignoring her... why was I ignoring her anyways? Oh yeah. She was talking about moose

and Albus Potter. And there was this other time when she told me I was stupid because I was trying to avoid Scorpius. And the time she raised her eye brows at me when I spilled out my "family issues" at her, and told me to "man-up" and stop acting so depressed... even though I wasn't depressed at all, just angry. And when she dragged me from Defence Against the Dark Arts just to get a mirror. Let's not forget that it ended with a fight against Gryffindors. But the boots she gave me for my birthday were awesome. I love how she reacted perfectly when I told her how much I hate the Potter's for leaving me. How she always laughs when I trip, but is always the first to help me up. And the-

"Hey Ness! I'm sorry!" I shout, fighting with my blankets, trying to get out of bed. "I'm really sorry!"

I stumble across the room and into the bathroom, and then stand outside the only cubicle that's locked.

"Ness! I'm really sorry! I promise I'll never again tell anyone that you have osteoporosis. And I'll listen to you when you try to make stupid conversations. And I won't grab your hair for support when I trip. And I won't judge you for liking Albus Potter. I won't leave you to complete the potion by yourself when you're annoying me in Potions. I won't feed your quill to the herbivorous plant with the mouth in the greenhouse during Herbology. Oh. And I swear I will never ever throw a hairbrush at you ever again!"

"Apology accepted. Though next time, there's no need to talk to an empty bathroom!" I hear her call out to me from the next dorm.

"You know what I said was a lie? I just said all that stuff to make you forgive me. Cuz seriously, I will never stop feeding your quill to the plant, or answer you when you start talking about moose, and then the grabbing-your-hair-when-I-trip isn't really under my control..."

"Shut up Lily, and tell me what happened to you." she says, and I want to go and hug her tight enough to kill her.

"Astoria's sick, and I haven't heard from any of them since... forever. And none of them came for the match. What if something's happened?"

"Lily, you are so dumb. Why don't you just go and talk to Scorpius?" she says, and I mentally kick myself for not thinking that up myself.

"Yup. I'm definitely dumb." I say, then head leave my own dorm, to go to the second year boys' one.

The Common Room is a sight to behold. Food and drinks and people and clothes litter-

Oh god. Is that-?

I am seriously scarred for life.

I run the rest of the way to the boys' dorm, trying to avoid looking down from the banister. It's a good thing the third years and under aren't allowed at these parties.

Thankfully, Alec opens the door on the first knock. I push him aside and quickly close the door, trying to forget what I had just seen.

"Hey. Do you know where Scorpius is?" I ask him.

"Um, yeah. He's in the bathroom. HEY SCOR! LILY WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!" he hollers in the direction of their bathrooms. Not a second later, Scorpius steps out of the bathroom, his hair appearing darker due to it being wet.

"Didn't you just shower after the mat- never mind. I have to talk to you."

"I gathered that much when Alec shouted it out to the whole world." He says, pulling on Slytherin robes over his jeans and polo shirt.

"So...umm..." I start, feeling the eyes of all the Slytherin second year boys' eyes on me. Scorpius senses my hesitance, "how about we head to dinner and you tell me what you want to tell me?"

"Perfect. I'll meet you at the statue in five minutes." I say, running off to tell Ness that I was going for dinner early.

Scorpius is dutifully waiting at the Knight with the broken Sword statue.

"I'm guessing those guys won't be coming for dinner?" I say, jerking my thumb at the people busy partying.

"They have enough food with them to last the night," he replies, "so what did you want to talk about? Because I have something to tell you as well."

"You first. What I have to say will pretty much ruin the mood." I say, anxious to hear what he has to say, though I have no idea why.

"My news isn't that joyful either, but whatever. I got a letter from Father. He says that mother is still unwell and grandmother and grandfather are staying with them at the manor. So you're staying with us at the manor too over the holidays."

"Oh? She's still not well? That's actually what I wanted to speak to you about. How long is it to the holidays anyways?"

"About two weeks."

"Hmmm. So I'm staying at the Manor?"

"Yup."

"Cool." We sit down at the Slytherin table in the Great Hall.

"Hey. Why were you screaming earlier?" he asks after a few seconds.

"Oh, you heard that?" I say sheepishly, "I kinda had a row with Ness."

"Vanessa? She's a nice girl."

"Hey! Stop hitting on my friend!" I say jokingly, hitting his shoulder. He chuckles and shakes his head. "I take it you made up with her?"

"Yup. How can I not? However, I did doubt her forgiveness when I threw a hairbrush at her head."

"What! She shouldn't have forgiven you!"

"I was stressed! And I apologized!" I defend myself.

"That doesn't really count if you've just chucked a hairbrush at my head." He says with a smirk.

"Scorpius?" I say, my tone becoming grim.

"Yes?"

"What's wrong with your mother?"

His face falls slightly, but he hides it immediately, being the Malfoy that he is. "I dunno. But I hope it goes away. Soon."

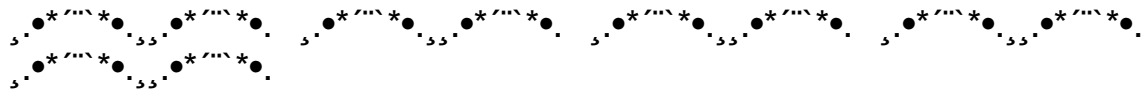
"I hope so too."

"Can't wait till Christmas Holidays when I get to see her."

"Yeah. She'll be fit as a fiddle by then. We'll all have a lot of fun."

"Hopefully."

"Hopefully." I repeat, not daring to think about what would happen if she didn't get better.



So whatdya think?

Do me a favour and PLEASE tell me what you guys want to see in coming chapters.

Oh, and please tell me what country you're from, okay? If possible, that is.

## Chapter 16

AN: hey guys! I know this is late. I had to re-write this whole chapter because I wanted to change its content...

And the chapter is dedicated to PlasticScene. Hopefully it'll make you smile and forget about your brother for a while.

Thanks to the kick-ass people who reviewed:

BlueRose22, Dang. me, MilliePrue-BellatrixLestranger, Jessica682, super16simone, Emilyderanged, LilyLunafan622, LoVeeVer, Dobby'sPolkaDottedSocks, Pugs189 and:

TickleThePaintedPear: Hahaha... patience little one, patience :)

...: Thanks :) and you ummmm... kinda didn't sign your review, thus the full stops.

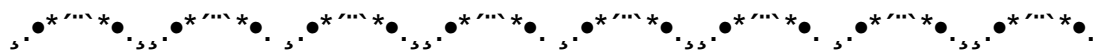
Cherry2: Thank you so much! I'll put a Rose POV in this just for you... to explain the whole Quidditch thing. Oooh, I can't wait to see what you've planned for your scene thing :)

Kate: thank you :) I did the Potter/Malfoy interaction!

PlacticScene: I am really sorry! This chapter is DEFINITELY dedicated to you. I hope you feel better...

Credit for the creation of George Apple Seed goes to Emilyderanged.  
I hope I did a good job.

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter... but I do own HP7 part2...  
be jealous!



RPOV

"I can't believe he did that!"

Knock knock.

"I mean how can he just do that?"

Knock knock.

"I cannot believe it!"

Knock knock.

"What has this world come to? Honestly!"

Knock knock.

"He picked them over-"

Knock knock.

"WOULD SOMEONE GET UP AND CHECK WHO THE BLOODY HELL IS KNOCKING?" I screech and when no one stands, I grit my teeth and go slide the compartment door open, mumbling angrily.

"Anything from the trolley, my dear?"

I huff and slam the sliding door with as much force as I can muster, without even sparing another glance at the old lady. On any other day if any other person had done that, I would've given them hell for it, but here I am now; being such an evil cow myself.

"I cannot believe he did that!"

"Come on Rosie, chillax! It happened ages ago." Louis says, as always cool as a cucumber.

"This is not the kind of thing that fades over time." I say, my rage now directed at him.

"You're blowin' this way out of proportion," he says, returning his attention to Ashley Faucet, my best friend and Louis' newest interest.

I snort, knowing full well that I am, in fact, blowing it out of proportion. But today really isn't one of my days and I'm ready to pick up anything that I can use as a way to vent out my frustration.

"Ashley! For Harry Potter's sake, get off my cousin!" I say, hating myself for being so annoyed with everything.

"Jeez Rose! What's gotten up your arse today?" Louis says (he's still cool as a cucumber though), and I'm just about to smack his blonde head when the compartment door slides open, unfortunately stopping me.

"Well, look who it is. James Traitor Potter. Or should I make it James Snake Potter?" I say, contemptuously.

"Hey Lou, I think you should get off Faucet. You're pissing Red off... and she's throwing it on me." The Traitor says to Louis, while shaking his hand the "family way". The Potter/Weasley 'Family Handshake'. I think it makes them feel special. I do it too. Everyone in the family who's Teddy or younger than him does... its "family spirit".

Yeah right.

More like "I'm-feeling-high-and-mighty-for-myself spirit".

"That is not what's pissing me off! Okay, well it is a little... if you could just, you know, stop being so... intimate! And you James! How do you just... come in here without knocking? And why did you... I mean..." I trail off, knowing that I've forgotten what I was about to shout at him for.

"Okay, what's bugging you Red?"

"You!"

"Me?" he says, his head cocked to the side and eyebrows scrunched up in confusion. I can almost see the James Potter that all girls fall in love with at first glance. Almost.

"Yes you! You were supposed to root for us at the match!" I blame him, remembering the excuse I was using to be angry.

"Match?" he says, and I want to smack that puzzled look off his face.

"Yes. The match. In which you supported the Snakes!" I say, knowing that I am acting way out of character.



"Rosie? Are you okay? Did something happen?" James says. Ugh, why is he concerned? Can't he be mean?

This is the reason why I can like my oldest cousin... and enjoy his company. He can be completely clueless and utterly stupid and totally arrogant at times, but if it comes to me or any other girl in the family, he's always the first one there to hear you out and provide comfort... or humour in Roxie's case. I think he got that from Aunt Ginny, since Uncle Harry positively sucks at dealing with people's emotions... including his own. It's a good thing he's got Aunt Ginny around to tell him that the boys dissecting Hilbert (Fluer's sister, Gabrielle's, annoying half breed pygmy) is not okay.

"No. Nothing's wrong." I snap at him, regretting my tone when I see his concern growing.

"Look, I wore green for the match cuz Slytherins have a chance of beating Hufflepuff in the finals."

"Oh, and we didn't?"

"No, since you won't be here and no other Ravenclaw is even close to being as good a Keeper as you." he says, shrugging and taking a seat next to mine.

"I am!" Louis breaks away from Ash, long enough to proclaim himself as a good Keeper.

I wrinkle my nose in disgust at him (yes, I know I'm being unfair, especially since he's such an awesome cousin) and shake my head. "Firstly, you're nowhere near as good as me. Secondly, how are you managing to listen to us when you're so occupied with my friend over there?"

"I multitask." He winks charmingly, and I roll my eyes, holding in the smile that's trying to break out.

"Ah. You multitask. Tell us, Lou, what else have you been doing apart from eavesdropping on us and-"

"Well-"

"So anyways, back to Lou being an incompetent Keeper." I interrupt before he can start describing his activities with Ash.

"Hey! I am a perfectly perfect Keeper." (He says this coolly, of course).

"Keep telling yourself that."

"I will."

"No you won't."

"Yes, I will."

"You'd be lying then."

"Nothing wrong with that."

"Yes there's something wrong with that."

"You lie all the time."

"No I don't!"

"Yeah you do. You just lied when you said that I'm an incompetent Keeper."

"THAT WASN'T A LIE!" I holler.

"It was."

"IT WASN'T!" Note how I'm shouting and he's being the ever cool cucumber. He should just paint himself green and go mate with a courgette.

"OKAY!" James holds out his hands and eyes me wearily.

"Lou, even if you are a good Keeper-"

"Which he isn't." I interrupt. They ignore me.

"So Louis, since you're such a good Keeper, we're supposed to clone you and put 'Lou The Idiot 1' as Chaser and 'Lou The Idiot 2'

as Keeper, I'm assuming?" he says in a such a serious way that I can feel the corners of my lips tugging upwards, not to mention my anger which is starting to ebb.

Louis shrugs and says nothing. I push in my urges to start shouting.

"My point is, Ravenclaw would not have been able to win Hufflepuff by a huge margin, like I want it to be. Thus, me supporting Slytherin. Plus, it was Lily's first ever match. No harm in cheering her on right?" I don't say a thing (not even to correct James' tacky English) since the "Lily Topic" is one that I'm not much informed of. None of the kids apart from Teddy, James and Albus know the whole story... and even that I'm not so sure of.

"Now will you tell me why you're angry? Cuz of it has to do with Travis then he'll be missing a few of his teeth pretty soon." James says, and I can tell by his tone that he's dead serious, and by the looks of his face, so is Louis when he nods his head in agreement.

If they hadn't brought up Travis again, I'm pretty sure my anger would've been abandoned by now. Just the thought of him makes me want to grab someone's head and mash it on the wall. I mean he called me a teacher's pet? I get that I suck up to teacher's just to get good grades, but I'm not the one who went and snitched to Professor Greengrass just because someone hexed me. But then again, no one did hex me. No one would ever dare to.

That's not the point though. The point is that even if someone had hexed me, I wouldn't go running to a professor. And I know that the Thronslime Hex I did on him had to have stung quite a bit, but I think that it's what he deserves. He deserves it for intentionally tripping me, causing me to slam against a wall, the vial containing my Potions project to break and a disastrous potion to explode in the Potions room. I still have a burn mark on my arm, but I'm satisfied because he has many more.

Obviously I had to tell the professor that I tripped by accident since us Weasley/Potters never snitch on anyone. It's unacceptable. And now, just because of Travis Marcus, I have lost five percent of my final Potions grade.

Life is unfair.

That's not the reason James and Louis (and probably the rest of the Weasley/Potter guys and Dom) are ready to beat him to a pulp. It's because this is the twenty-third (yeah, I may be exaggerating) time he's done something to aggravate me since I beat him in Care of Magical Creatures last year. He thinks that I can hold the "Know-It-All" title without acing CoMC. He's sour because I beat him in the one subject he's known around school for.

I know that I'm not talented in CoMC, and topped it just because I have excellent memory and question-answering skills, and I swear I would have let him go back to the top if he hadn't started acting like such an arse. Because let's face it, if someone is a douche to me, I'll never let them have their way. It's the truth. My mum says holding a grudge will bring me down. She says that its dad's hugest flaw and now mine... apart from our fear of spiders of course.

I do feel guilty at times, because Travis was known around the castle as the "CoMC guy", and he has real skill in the subject, unlike me, who can barely manage to look at a Jarvey in the eye and not run away when it starts hitting on Ash or me (and in some disturbing cases, Louis).

That's not the most prominent reason why he's on the family's "Most Wanted" list either. It's because he cheated on me. At the start of the school term.

All the guys in the family were already against Travis since he was the boy who got me to start dating him at such a "young age" ("I'm almost fourteen," I had protested to deaf ears) and this (Travis cheating on me) gave them an excuse to box his ears in. I had stopped them though, knowing that if I did nothing, it would seem as if it didn't affect me at all.

I think I worked.

"Red...? So should I round up the guys and beat the crap outta-"

"And Dom. Round up the guys and Dom." My blonde-haired, pixie-faced, awesome cousin corrects materializing and sitting on a seat beside James.

"You know what I mean."

"Yeah, I do. Anyways, I gave my tennis ball to some guys. They were cute." She says, bending down to tie her laces.

"Thank Merlin you gave it. What's the point of a ball that's so miniscule and can't even fly?" Louis says, and we all know he hates it when Dom bounces her tennis ball and makes that "tap tap" noise. That's one situation in which Louis can never remain as his cucumber self.

"You know-"

"Knock knock." Someone calls from outside the compartment.

I look around at the permanently parked bums in the compartment, sigh hopelessly and then get up to slide open the door.

A girl carrying her bag, a few books and an arm load of candy stares back at me with wide, observant eyes. The slim stalk of a cherry sticks out from her mouth as she chews on the fruit.

"Hi." I say, smiling at the girl. I swear she could be Tinkerbell's reincarnate, this one.

She nods back, swallows her cherry, spits out the stalk and then smiles at me widely.

"Hi! I'm Apple Seed."

"Umm... okay." I say, planning on how to punish the idiot who confounded or hexed this girl.

I mean they made her think her name was "Apple Seed". How mean can you get? And what have they done to her clothes? She's covered in... brightness.

Sure, it looks cute in a weird, spunky kinda way, but it obviously went against her wishes, right? Or is she wearing red shoes, a neon green top, shorts and tights according to her own will?

Yeah, I don't think so.

Since James, Dom and Louis are with me, there is only one other person who could've done this.

"FRED ARTHUR WEASLEY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THIS GIRL?" I shout, making sure my voice is heard in the entire carriage.

"Huh? Am I looking that dishevelled? It's just that I was looking for something and-"

"Come inside," I say kindly, stepping aside to let her in.

"So Apple Seed, what can I do-"

"Apple Seed? That's your name?" James says incredulously, and even Louis has resurfaced from Ash (who looks like she's ready to pass out) to stare at Tinkerbell. Thank God for Dom who's at least sane enough to not laugh.

"No shit Sherlock." She says, rolling her eyes playfully. And just like that, in one sentence and gesture, she's been accepted. Anyone who has a funny bone (the metaphorical one) in their body is a friend (at least according to James, Fred, Louis and Dom... and usually what they say is accepted by the family).

"What kind of a name is that?" Louis says, grinning teasingly.

"Well, my actual name is George. But everyone calls me Apple Seed. I have no idea why though. They just catch it when they hear anyone else call me that. Apparently, it suits me."

Tinkerbell Reborn suits you more, I think to myself.

"So Fred didn't do this to you?" I ask, relieved.

"Nope. Anyways, can I leave my stuff here?" she dumps her luggage on the seat without waiting for an answer and then rubs her upper-arms, as if carrying her luggage made them sore.

It probably did.

Tinkerbell Reborn thanks us and then starts to walk out.

"Oh wait!" she says, turning back around. "Do you think I'm allowed to open like... a business in Hogwarts?"

"A business?" James asks her, eyeing her quizzically.

"Yeah. To like, help people find out stuff, or figure out things. Or find lost items, you know?"

"Ooh ooh! Could you find my stash of Wheezes that Agnes confiscated? I've searched everywhere for it! They were prototypes from Uncle George! It's not fair that she took them! Could you please find them? Please?"

I called Dom sane? I stand corrected.

"I could..." Tinkerbelle Reborn says and Dom squeals in delight. A very rare occurrence for her, I assure you.

"So you're a detective then?" James asks.

"I guess..." she answers, and then seeing our surprised faces, begins to explain herself. "I'm really observant. And I have a knack for remembering and keeping track of things. It would help people... and I can make money." She finishes with an enthusiastic grin.

"Hell yeah!" James tells her.

Typical.

If it has to do with making money, James will support anyone. I think he likes it when people want to fend for themselves or at least take a step towards it. I have no idea why, though. He's weird like that.

"So you'll find the stuff for me?" Dom says, and I shake my head hopelessly.

"Yeah... but I'll have to charge you extra since it might get me into trouble..." Little Tink says, and I can see her eyes glittering in anticipation.

"No problem. How much?"

"Seven sickles."

"What? That's too mu- Okay. Fine then. Start searching." And with a dazzling smile, Dom has assigned Tinkerbelle Reborn her first case.

"Cool. So, I'll be leaving now. See you around."

"Oh! And I love your converse!" Dom adds, just having to make a comment about the girl's obnoxious choice in clothing. I turn to glare at her but one look at my cousin tells me that she's being sincere.

**"!"**

"Christmas spirit, huh?" I say, indicating to her green top and red high tops.

"...No." she says slowly, looking down at her attire, as if it just clicked to her she's wearing Christmas colours.

"Umm... right. Bye." I say awkwardly, as the girl bounces out of the compartment after picking up another cherry from the mass of things she's left on the seat.

James and Louis busy themselves picking through her belongings as soon as she's out of sight.

"You guys are hopeless." I sigh as Dom leaves the compartment after promising that she'll help pound Travis as soon as I say the words and that someone should give Ash something to eat or drink if she is to remain alive.

"Seriously, completely, entirely hopeless."

"Hey! Don't say that! You're no longer angry, thanks to us. We rock." Louis says, and I can imagine him in a cool cucumber salad with cool dressing and cool ice cubes and cool everything.

I don't think I like cucumbers anymore. It's not fair that they're the only ones who got the "cool" gene.



LPOV

"I cannot believe I liked him! How could I have been so gullible! Father was right when he said all boys are evil."



"Wasn't your Father a boy once?"

"Lily, I don't know if you got the evil, mean, manipulative gene, but you brother sure did. Wait, no! Obviously you got it too, since you didn't even try to stop me when I was falling hopelessly in love with him!"

"I did."

"How could I not have known?"

"You were being stupid. Still are." I say, staring at the passing scenery from the window. My first Hogwarts Express ride is being dominated by Ness' meaningless words. Joy.

"I was so blinded by him and my love for him."

"Uh huh. Now can you tell me what happened?"

"How could I have fallen in his trap?"

"Ness, tell me what happened!" I plead for the eighty-third time.

"I mean, he called me dumb! He said I was as blond as my hair! That doesn't even make sense Lily! It's like me telling you that you're as pale as your skin! I'm not pale! And I happen to like my hair! What's wrong with being blond? What's wrong with being pale? Nothing! And you know, it wasn't even my fault! I was just an innocent buying stander!

"By-stander." I correct, giving up, yet again on trying to pry out of Ness what happened. She's been rambling on about the same thing for the past three days, making no sense at all. I considered physically hurting her to get her attention, but after the "Hairbrush Incident", I can't bring myself to.

Maybe if I shake her or slap her lightly or something, I'd snap her back to being normal.

"Ness! Listen to me!" I say, shaking her.

"What? Why should I listen to you? What if you manipulate me like your brother did?"

"Ness!" her head jerks from side to side as my grip on her shoulders tightens and I shake her violently.

"VANESSA JULLIET REYES!"

"That's not my middle name!"

"I know."

"Then why did you say it?"

"Because I don't know your middle name and using three names is usually more effective when you have to get someone's attention."

"Oh."

"Yeah."

"So... are you evil?"

"Shut up Ness and just tell me what happened."

"How can I tell you what happened if you want me to shut up?"

"Just. Tell. Me."

"Haven't you been listening to me?"

"I have, but honestly, you make no sense at all."

"Okay. Fine. So there I was all nice and innocent, going to Professor Greengrass to talk about the Holiday Research Assignment. I mean, no one in my family has majors in Potions, so how am I supposed to do the research? I mean I could check in our library, but that's something I just can't do. I'm-"

"Can't or won't?"

"Huh?"

"The library. You can't go or you- Never mind. Back to what happened." I say, remembering that we're off topic.

"Yeah, I was worried about my Potions grade. So I went to the Potions classroom where the fourth years had just ended their lesson and Albus Potter was there too; brewing potions for credits or something and I thought "hey, it's my lucky day" but alas, it wasn't. I talked to Professor Greengrass, and by the time I was preparing to leave, almost all the fourth years students had left. Professor Greengrass went to his office and I started to go for lunch, but your brother stopped me. He stopped me and talked to me! He told me to add a hair of a Clabbert into his cauldron every third time that he stirred. And I did. I did it perfectly! I swear I did better than I do in Potions class!"

"And then?"

"The room exploded!"

""Don't exaggerate."

"Okay, it didn't explode, but there was like a huge BANG and lots of smoke and yucky smell."

"Uh huh."

"And I thought it was my fault. So did Albus Potter. He shouted at me called me as blonde as my hair and that Slytherins can't do anything right and that people like me should stay out of things they know they'll mess and that I'm so spoilt I probably can't even dress myself. I mean, who does he think dresses me? Who else could have such an awesome taste in clothes? He was so mean!"

"Well, you exploded his potion."

"No! I didn't! When I was walking away like I didn't care, I saw that it was some fourth year girl who was tripped by a guy and her potion vial fell and exploded! It's not fair! It wasn't my fault!"

Well, at least she's not infatuated with Albus Potter anymore, I say, trying to ignore the voice in my head that wants me to join her in criticising Albus Potter. True, he was very rude to Ness, but I would've reacted the same way if I thought someone had exploded my potion.

"Maybe-"

"Check what we got!" cut in the two identical voices of Drake and Blake as they enter the compartment bouncing a small bright green ball.

"It's a ten-us ball." One of them says, as if it's the most precious thing they've set their eyes on.

"Is it muggle?" I ask, wondering why I've never heard of it if it's magic.

"Yup. They play ten-us with it."

"Where'd you get it?" Ness asks, staring at the ball quizzically, probably wondering why it doesn't fly.

"A girl gave it to us. A pretty awesome girl, mind. Even signed it for us. Dom Weasley. The one on the Gryffindor Quidditch Team. She's your cousin, eh?" Blake/ Drake says, holding it out for me to inspect.

"Yeah," I say absently, looking at the chunky letters scribbled on the neon surface of the ball.

"Why'd she give it to you?"

"Oh. She saw us setting colour-bursts on the train doors. Said she was proud of us, like we were her kids or something, and helped us set the ones that were too high up for us." Drake beams, obviously feeling very accomplished.

"She had the ball with her. Drake here asked her why it was so small and if it could fly. Said it was a muggle ten-us ball. Gave it to us, she did." Blake joins his brother in the grin-fest, and I shake my head.

"I wonder how they play ten-us. What do you reckon they do with it?" Twin One says, examining the ball from every angle.

"Whoever catches it first- Oh wait. It can't fly..."

And just like that, we're discussing muggle sports and how they're played.

"Guys, we'll be at the Platform soon. Better pack up our things." Ness says about an hour or so later, and all of us start fruitlessly shoving candy and pastries and playing cards in our bags, regretting buying so much food.

"What do we do with all this stuff?"

"I have no idea. Why did we buy so much!"

"Oh hell, should we leave it here? Or carry it in our hands?"

"You could give it to me." a voice suggests from the open compartment door and we all turn to see a blonde, chirpy-looking girl in bright clothes. Ness scrutinises her and rolls her eyes. Rude, isn't she?

"I'm Apple Seed. Wanna give me your candy?" she says, looking at us with startlingly observant eyes.

"Sure, have it all." Drake says, pushing a huge load of food into her hands.

"Thanks," she beams, and then goes back out.

"Apple Seed? Her name's Apple Seed?" Ness snorts when the girl is gone.

"Vanessa, don't pretend you dislike her for anything else other than her clothes." One of the twins says, and I can't help but feel that it's an accurate statement.

..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..\*~\*~\*..

"Astoria! You came! How are you?" I burst out, as soon as I see her standing next to Mr. Malfoy at Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ , not caring that no one knows about my living with the Malfoys. I run towards them, forgetting that Ness, Drake and Blake are still inside the train.

"Considerably better." She says hugging me, but I can see how pale her skin has become, how her eyes are lacking their usual brightness and how her hair is falling limp instead of in the usual golden bouncy curls.

"That's good." I say, but even to myself my voice sounds weak.

"Go call Scorpius. We have to go to the Manor. Lucius and Cissy are waiting." She smiles and points to where a group of Second Year Slytherins is huddled, Scorpius being a part of it.

I nod and make my way to them, returning with Scorpius and Alec.

I jerk to halt however when I notice that another family is approaching the spot where Astoria and Mr. Malfoy are standing, but then am tugged along by Scorpius who gives me a reassuring look and a pat on the back.

Scorpius hugs his mother, and from the look on his face, I can tell that even he doesn't believe Astoria when she says that she's fine. Mr. Malfoy puts his hand on Scorpius' shoulder starts steering him away and it's obvious he's dying to get out of here before they reach us, but Astoria gives him a look and holds him back. My stomach is doing flip flops and they increase in speed and intensity when they approach us.

There is an awkward silence, broken by Hermione Weasley who smiles politely and Ginny Weasley who extends her hand to Astoria.

"Mal- Draco. Good to see you."Hermione says.

"And you Astoria." If they've noticed her weak appearance, they don't mention it.

I push myself further behind Astoria's legs, trying to make no sound and draw no attention.

Mr. Malfoy nods. "You too, Granger, Potter, Weaselette, Weaslebee." He says it courteously, but it's not enough because Astoria squeezes his hand, looking at him meaningfully, and he sighs in defeat... I think he'd forgotten that they're married now.

"Excuse me. I meant Hermione, Harry, Ginny, Ronald... And Theodore. And the many other kids I see but do not know the names of." He says, adding greetings as a tall man with blue hair joins the group with Rose, Hugo, Louis, Dominique, James, Albus, Fred and three other girls in tow.

The kids smile and carry on greeting their parents.

Thankfully no one has noticed me yet.

"LILEEE!"

Dammit, I spoke too soon. Every head turns towards me as Ness runs across the Platform excitedly and gives me a tight hug. Scorpius puts his arm around my shoulder, trying to comfort me as I tense and shut my eyes tightly. He obviously knows that I'm ready to kill myself (and Ness) due to the amount of stares I'm receiving.

"Guess what!" she grins, and I realise that the hug wasn't a "good bye, see you next term" hug.

"He apologised! I'm in love again!" She shrieks, clapping her hands and I have no idea who she's talking about until she sees everyone and pales drastically as soon as her eyes land on Albus Potter.

Busted.

There's silence for a few seconds which feel like hours.

"So... uh... Ahem... So you're going to continue reading the series? And who even told you apologised? I thought you said you were ditching the books since Hans was a douche." I say, unable to see her humiliated.

"Me! I told her!" Says Alec, out of the blue. He's the only one who's caught on what is happening and what I am trying to do.

"Ugh! Now you're back in love with the books and I have to suffer. She doesn't let us switch off the lights at night until she's satisfied with where she's placing her bookmark." I tell everyone as they watch in confusion and shock.

Though I think that has to do mostly with seeing me.

All the kids are still gawking at me and then the Malfoys and then back at me and back at the Malfoys and- you get my point.

The adults don't look that frazzled, though I can't help but notice how Harry and James Potter are glaring daggers at Scorpius' arm which is still around my shoulders.

"So which book is this that you're reading...?" Hermione asks after clearing her throat in the silence.

"Ummm... The Twelve Strikes...?" Ness says uncertainly.

"I've never heard of it."

"Yeah. Not many have. I just found the series in our library at home. I've been addicted since." Ness replies, and I've got to give her credit for her smooth lies. Hermione, however, still looks unconvinced.

"Oh yes. She's been urging me to read them for a long time too." Astoria chips in. Draco pulls her closer to himself, his arm around her waist.

Hermione nods and there's silence until out of nowhere Apple Seed skips over to us and hugs Albus, telling him to take care and that she'd see him at Christmas. She smiles to the Potters while a look of confusion is shared between Rose, James, Louis and Dom. Albus nods and grins back at her and I can practically see the smoke coming from Ness' ears.

"Let's go look for Drake and Blake." I suggest to her, wanting to get away from here.

"No need. There they are." She replies bitterly, as Drake and Blake approach us tossing the green ball back and forth between them.

"Hey Ness." "Hey Lils." Say the twins as they reach us.

"Oh! It's you guys!" Dominique waves to them happily and Drake and Blake look quite pleased with themselves as they send her their million dollar grins.

"Lily, Ness, we gotta go now. Mum and Dad wanted to meet you, but we're running late, so remember to so that next term okay?" One of them says.



I nod and high five each of them, who turn back to me when Ness ignores them.

"What did you throw at her this time, Lil?" Blake asks jokingly and I roll my eyes.

"Nothing. She's just homesick. Can't wait to get home and read her novels, can you Ness?" I say slyly.

She sighs and awards Drake and Blake a smile when they ask "Novels?" confusedly.

"See you next term guys!" they say simultaneously, turning to leave.

"I'd better go now too." Ness says. "Thank you soooo much for helping me in Potions and taking me to the Hospital Wing that night and throwing a hairbrush at me."

I grin and hug her tightly. "Have fun reading okay? Hans really is a douche. Even if he apologised."

"Yeah... but there's still a chance that deep down, he's a really nice guy. I mean he apologised right?"

"Whatever you say Ness. Bye!"

"I'll write to you. I think." She says, and that makes me smile.

"And you! Don't forget to send me a Christmas present!" I shout after her as she retreats, laughing at my demand.

"Hey Harry, I have to go. Mum and Dad wanted me there early." Ron Weasley says.

"Yeah, I'll come with Ginny, my kids and Molly. I don't know why she's taking this long. You take the rest." Harry Potter replies, staring at my wrist, where the bracelet is still hanging. I don't know why I still wear it. Seriously, I have no clue.

"We'll be taking our leave now as well," Mr. Malfoy says, bowing his head slightly and then we walk away to the Floo Stations. Alec says his goodbyes and goes to his mum who's waiting at the Floo Stations.

For no particular reason, I look over my shoulder at the people a few yards behind us.

The Blue-Haired guy is carrying a tiny first year girl on his shoulders (I can't see her clearly, but she's presumably Molly), who's shrieking and clutching onto his hair tightly. James has his arm slung casually around his mother's shoulders, as if they're the closest of friends, and I can tell he's asking her for something or trying to weasel his way out of trouble. Ginny Weasley obviously isn't falling for it, as her face is set sternly. However, the strict expression melts and is replaced by amusement at something James says. Albus walks alongside the Blue-Haired guy, tugging on the little girl's leg, who screams even louder. Clearly she doesn't like heights. Harry Potter pulls his wife away from James, who protests, but gives up and moves on to annoying Albus.

I hate myself for it, but I can't stop myself from thinking that it could've been me. I could've been that girl. Of course, I wouldn't have been shrieking like a Banshee, but I could've been there instead of her.

It could've been me.

NPOV

Ow. Ow. Damn, this bag is heavy.

Maybe I shouldn't have brought so much stuff with me. After all, it was Christmas break and I was going home. I had everything there.

But I had to. I couldn't just leave my stuff back there.

Where is Lily when you need her help in hauling around heavy bags?

I sigh and continue lugging my bag towards the Floo Stations, throwing it down and kicking it every so often. Needless to say, I was attracting some very strange looks.

I took my time pushing through crowds of students and huddles of families, not wanting to get home early. My parents had to go to a funeral, and if I reached home before they left, they might as well

drag me along. And no way was I going to a funeral. I'd sooner sell all my hair products than attend a funeral. They're so... jarring. It's like funerals are events that give reality an opportunity to not just hit you, but more or less beat you up.

I was already depressed enough, thanks to one Albus Severus Potter telling me I was dumb and spoilt.

It wasn't even my fault! I added the Clabbert hair just like I was told. He should've gotten the facts right before starting on me like that.

I know it might seem as if I'm over reacting, but this isn't just about my unreciprocated love anymore. It's about him accusing me, and hating me for something I didn't do.

Okay, yeah. So it's mostly about the unreciprocated love. I can't argue that-

"Ummm... Vanessa?"

Whoa, speak of the Devil. I mean, think of the Devil.

"Oh! Albus! Call me Ness. Or Vanny. Please. Vanessa's just too... my grandmother's the only one who calls me Vanessa. And I'm pretty um... sure that you're not her. I mean obviously you're not her, so you should, you know, call me Vanny. Or Ness. Like everybody else."

Shit Ness! What is this? A ramble-fest?

I tilt my head downwards so that my hair can hide my face. What is wrong with me? I'm supposed to be angry with this guy! Not spluttering like a love-sick moron.

"Err... Yeah. I wanted to apologize...?"

"Well, it's bloody well time!" I say, just to slap my hand on my mouth once the words are out. From acting like an idiot to being embarrassingly rude? What is going on in my head?

Albus, however, smiles apologetically as if what I said was perfectly acceptable.

"You're right. I'm really umm... sorry. You didn't do anything. But even if you, you know, had done something, I shouldn't have shouted at you. I had no right to call you-"

"As blonde as my hair?" I cut in, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah." He says, and I can see that he's starting to blush with embarrassment.

"As spoilt as milk left out for a week?" I add, unable to stop myself. My dad would've had a coronary if he heard me being so rude.

"That too."

"Unable to dress myself?" I say, but I keep my tone light to tell him that I'm just joking.

Thankfully he gets the message and his eyes twinkle with amusement and his lips quirk up into a smile. There's a moment of silence in which I take time to lose myself in his eyes. Beautiful, shining orbs, so much like Lily's that I'm jolted forcefully back to reality.

What have I been doing? This is Lily's brother. The one from the family that kicked her to the curb. Okay, not literally but-

"It was Rose's."

"Huh?" I say stupidly, blinking a few times.

"It was Rose's potion. The one that exploded." He elaborates.

"Yeah. I know. I saw when the guy tripped her."

"Merlin that bloke needs a good pound."

"Because he tripped her?"

"He's been an arse lately."

"Oh. So what are you reading?" I say, nodding my head towards the book in his hand.

"Oh. History of Magic. How James Rizzio and Anna Brook reconstructed our school after the Battle of Hogwarts.

"My mother knows them. They got married right?"

"I have no idea. Which is why I'm reading this, I guess. Can't flunk History of Magic when it's almost entirely based on my family." He shrugs. At my look of surprise he adds, "Second year HoM focuses on the Second Wizarding War."

"Oh joy." I say and then realise that I kind of implied his parents are boring. "I mean, I'm sure it's very interesting, but the amount of droning that you have to listen to!" I correct hastily.

He looks at me, his eyes filled with amused disbelief.

"Don't look at me like that! I think that out of the entire History of Magic, the First and Second Wizarding Wars are the most gripping. And the Goblin revolt of 1466."

"You're a weird girl, you know that?"

"Yeah. I've been told that by Lily several times..." I say jokingly.

"So you umm... read that? In your free time?" I ask, trying desperately to change the subject.

"Uh huh. It's interesting."

"I don't like to read." I blurt out and then feel extremely stupid. He probably thinks I'm a dumb thing who can't read. "Except the occasional novels that catch my eye in our library at home..."

"You have a library? Cool."

"Yeah." But it's hardly ever used.

"Well, I uh, I have to go. It was nice talking to you."

"Same. See you around."

"Later."

And just like that, I'm love with Albus Potter once again. And he doesn't think I'm dumb or spoilt. I'm even starting to think that my love for him isn't entirely unrequited.

Happily, I skip towards the Floo Stations, keeping my eyes open for Lily so that I can tell her everything and say goodbye to her. And ask her or the Malfoys to shrink my bloody bag. It's being a real pain and I have half a mind to leave it her in the middle of the platform.

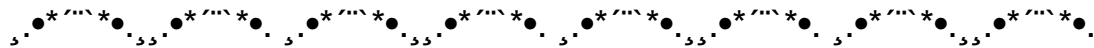
Fortunately, I spot the unmistakeable flash of red that's Lily's hair and rush to her screaming her name. I don't care if people are staring. I'm too happy to care.

"Guess what! He apologised! I'm in love again!" I say, hugging her with enthusiasm.

I love life.

At least I did until I saw the huge mass of read heads and noisy children and Albus Potter right there, smack in the middle of them, staring at me confusedly.

Bloody brilliant.



TPOV

Wow. Another Christmas that I'll be spending at school... alone. But I guess it's better than going home. If I can even call it that.

Is a home supposed to be cold and daunting, with everyone speaking in clipped tones and you being given hateful looks? Is it supposed to be a place where you are less yourself and more a person you are expected to be? Is it supposed to be occupied by people who don't spare you a second glance? Is it meant to be a place where no one talks to you unless it's to criticize you?

Because I have two homes, my mum's and my dad's, and both fit the ugly description above.

I sigh and order myself to stop wallowing in self-pity. No good will come out of that. Except that it's very satisfying and it'll help me pass time.

I wish Luke had stayed with me, but he and his family had to go to a wedding. It was on Christmas. The wedding I mean. A Christmas Wedding.

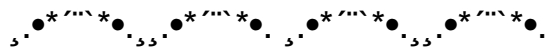
Weird.

The Ravenclaw Common Room is so silent that all I can hear is the sound of my breathing, the crackling of the fire and the scratching of my quill against parchment as I compose a letter to my mother. It mostly contains all the mean things my father said in his previous letter, but I've made them a bit subtle, so that I'm not the one that gets thrashed for being "disrespectful" and "ungrateful".

I could avoid the hateful words entirely, but I agree with them. It's a way for me to be able to stand up to my mother. And when I relay the rude things my mother tell me to send to my father, I'm standing up to my father.

It makes me feel good, in a strange, twisted way.

Yeah, I know I'm messed up.



I hope you liked how I connected all the POVs in some way. Oh, and the chapter isn't in order, so if anyone's confused, the first part of LPOV is first, then the RPOV, then the NPOV and then the second part of the LPOV. The TPOV can fit in anywhere.

Important! Do we want something serious to happen to Astoria? I don't... but give me your thoughts and opinions and what you want to see.

Well, to those of you who wanted Ness/ Albus, there you go :)

To those of you who wanted Potter-Malfoy, there you go :)

To those of you who wanted Lily on-looking the Potters from afar and longing, there you go :)

And I'm sorry if I made Rose look like an ungrateful little witch, but I guess it was one of her bad days. Sorry.

Lots of love till next time!

Review :)

~TMs'M=~



Chp18